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ELIZA R. AND MARY M. GREENWOOD
AUGUST, 1919

SHE LIVES IN HOPES;

OR,

CAROLINE.

A NARRATION FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

BY MISS HATFIELD,
OF MANCHESTER.

(BY PERMISSION) DEDICATED TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess of Orange and Nassau.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."
POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

WILMINGTON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY BONSAL AND NILES:
ALSO, SOLD AT THEIR BOOK-STORE, NO. 173, MARKET-STREET,
BALTIMORE.

1802.

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DEDICATION.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Princess of Orange and Nassau.

MADAM,

WHEN *an authoress, anxious for the fate of a virtuous heroine, looks up for a protector, she naturally aspires to one in whom the excellencies of her sex are concentred. Illustrious from birth, and pre-eminently distinguished by the most exalted virtues, the beloved sovereign of my noble patrons,* the niece of the immortal Frederick, condescends to shelter my first literary effort under the auspices of her name.*

At the Hague, madam, I admired, in England I revere, your virtues——It was from the homage of the heart, Princess, that I humbly entreated permission to lay Caroline Harman *at your feet. Unvanished—with truth for her standard—religion and reason for her guide, the protection of*

* Late countess of Wasner; general Baron and Baroness de Constant Villars.

your royal highness will prove a passport through the difficulties she has to traverse, and your approving smiles confirm my hopes that she has acted right.

That your great and exalted merit, madam, may secure to its possessor a manifold reward of happiness in this probationary state; and in a future one, an unceasing bliss, is the fervent prayer of,

Madam,

Your royal highness's

Most grateful and

devoted servant,

S. HATFIELD.

London, April 16, 1801.

She lives in Hopes.

Oh Hope! delusive flatterer, to what precipices and dangers dost thou lead thy credulous followers! Tempted by the good thou holdest out, they pursue with eager steps; then wearied—sink ere they attain.

CHAPTER I.

ALTHOUGH ancestry be adventitious, and, in the opinion of all wise men, incapable of conferring happiness; yet there are few or none, who do not derive gratification from being able to trace an honourable or respectable descent. That of the family in question was once honourable, and continued so for centuries: but, from the many revolutions incident to states and men, its titles became extinct, though its descendents never ceased to be truly respectable.

Embosomed in the luxuriancy of one of the most fertile and romantic villages in Devonshire, rose to the passing eye, the neat and hospital mansion of Mr. Harman; who,

blessed in the society of an amiable wife, and five beautiful children, thought his happiness unequalled, and incapable of addition. An attachment to agricultural employments, made him a constant inhabitant of this little paradise, in the cultivation of which he experienced the most tranquil enjoyments; and justly was a proof, that a man possessed of a taste for rural quiet, the scenery of nature, and books, was the most enviable and independent of created beings.

Mr. Harman was the eldest of seven children, and married the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Walton, a gentleman, who, by strict integrity and great application to mercantile concerns, was enabled to leave a handsome portion for his family. Mrs. Harman, being in a few years the sole survivor, became possessed of the remainder of her father's property, which, though it had suffered some diminution, still afforded her a very affluent fortune. But how, inadequate was this gift to compensate the loss of that invaluable blessing, of which it pleased the great Disposer of events to deprive her! For only a short time were they allowed to enjoy this acquisition, ere the most excellent of men, while in the prime of life, paid the debt of nature.

From an event so fatal to the future happiness of herself and family, the widowed parent sought in vain for the bosom of con-

sanguinity, whereon to weep the loss of her beloved husband. Deprived of her own relations by the inexorable hand of fate, could less have been expected than that Mr. Harman's kindred would, in such a moment, have offered the consolation of affectionate sympathy; particularly as that gentleman, on his death-bed, requested his father's care and protection of his only boy, who from an early indication of a high spirit, he feared would prove too great a charge for his mother, in addition to the care of her four infant daughters, the youngest of whom, Caroline, (our future heroine) was then of too tender years to have the remembrance, even of his person. The father of Mr. Harman, however, apprehensive that a burden which he was not disposed to bear, might be thrown upon him, determined, in concurrence with the rest of his family, not to become liable to so great a charge, and actually dropped all intercourse with the widow and her children. Indeed, every friendly sentiment had long ceased between the old gentleman and Mrs. Harman; the former having prevailed with his wife, though with great difficulty, to assign over to him her settlement, which at her death would have devolved to Mr. Harman or his progeny, alledging that they were provided for by their mother's fortune; and, so rigidly did he adhere to this conduct that af-

ter his own death, and that of two unmarried aunts, and an uncle, the inconsiderable sum of fifty pounds was all that was left to be divided among these children. Thus were they cut off both from their father's family and their birthright.

When Mrs. Harman became a widow, she determined to fulfil all the duties of her situation, by devoting herself to the education of her children. To facilitate this design, she removed to her native town, that she might avail herself of the assistance of some excellent masters who resided there. She sent her infant son to a preparatory school in the neighbourhood, at which it was her intention he should remain until a more advanced system of education became necessary for him. Discovering an uncommon quickness and sagacity in this youth, she afterwards destined him for the practice of the civil law, and at a proper age he was articled to a gentleman eminent in that profession.

Nor was Mrs. Harman less careful in the education of her daughters, for which task she was eminently qualified; but as it frequently happens that the mistakes committed in the education of the elder, are corrected in that of the younger branches of the family; so it was with our heroine Caroline, whose education was the most complete. In attractions of the face she was excelled

by all her sisters;—for both in features and complexion she was their inferior. Her advantage was that of figure, which was elegant and finely turned; she was above the middle size; her countenance and her eyes were remarkably expressive. Sensible, however, of a mediocrity in exterior accomplishments, she resolved to cultivate to the utmost the more valuable, though less dazzling qualifications of the mind. Our heroine had some difficulties to struggle with, in a very high spirit, which sometimes required maternal restraint. Her heart, full of candour, was susceptible of the tenderest feelings. She had a lively humour, and a taste which led her to cultivate those branches of education which were recommended to her by the wise judgment of a discriminating parent—a parent who, studying her natural bias, took particular care to accommodate her instructions to the disposition and genius of her child. Caroline was a girl of too much solidity to be content with the superficial knowledge which satisfied many of her companions: the employments of the needle, with the elegancies of music and the pencil, were but the relaxation of her lighter moments; yet free from the pedantry sometimes attached to literary pursuits, her serious hours were devoted to the study of the best French and Italian, as well as English authors. Indeed, Caroline

Harman was frequently, and with great justice, held out as a pattern to her associates.

When Mrs. Harman's eldest daughter, a very lovely woman, had attained her nineteenth year, she received an invitation to the metropolis; and in the amiable family of Sir James Clarendon, in Berkley-square, enjoyed all the pleasures she had anticipated. Miss Harman soon made her captives; but her election fell upon a young gentleman of considerable fortune and reputation in the mercantile world, whose public character and accomplishments, as well as private virtues, afforded her strong hopes that he would meet with her mother's approbation. On receiving the application Mrs. Harman gave immediate orders for her daughter's return; —on the wings of love she was quickly followed by Mr. Sanford, who, having soon adjusted every preliminary, returned with his bride to town. In this event, Mrs. Harman felt all the delights of a happy mother; arising from a well grounded hope of an elegant and lasting establishment for her child.

The education of Caroline being finished, Mrs. Harman proposed giving her family a change of scene by passing a season at Bath, having no doubt of her daughter's deriving much improvement, from an introduction to the amusements of that polite and fashionable city. She accordingly took a genteel house, saw the best company, and

again was happy in the amiable appearance of her children. Our heroine, though then not sixteen years of age, had already distinguished herself among her companions, but never seemed conscious of her superiority or boasted of her conquests. She had, however, so completely vanquished a Mr. Vere, a gentleman with whom she had frequently danced; that he was not long ere he gave her a very gallant proof of his attachment. Caroline was awakened one morning by the most exquisite strains of music, and heard a voice say, "Stop, George, this is the window of my angel." Curiosity induced her to look, and by the assistance of the moon-light, she immediately discovered her enamoured partner. Her vanity was certainly flattered on this, as well as on many other occasions, for she often received the most striking proofs of Mr. Vere's partiality: at church, and in company, his eyes were ever devoted to her, but he never had the felicity to discern in her's the favourable sentiments he sighed for; Mr. Vere was not the man destined to subdue the heart of Caroline Harman.

The serenade became next morning an interesting topic at the breakfast-table, though no one but Caroline knew what had produced it. Miss Jane Harman, indeed, suggested, that it most likely was some of her sister Caroline's admirers; "For," she

added, " you don't know, mamma, what a number she has already." To this Mrs. Harman replied, " Your sister, child, is yet too young to engage any attention from the gentlemen ; and it must have been some young musicians who were playing in concert, without meaning any particular compliment." However, in the course of the day, the servant who attended Caroline, after many intreaties that she would not be angry at what she had done, drew a letter from her bosom, " which," she said, " Mr. Vere had so earnestly requested her to deliver, that she could not find in her heart to refuse him ;" adding, " that he was the civilest and politest man in the town, and that she was sure no lady could object to him." With a countenance not free from anger, yet smiling, her young mistress opened the letter, charging her, at the same time, never to repeat the liberty.

" Will my beloved Miss Harman permit the sincerest of men to offer his first and ardent love to her acceptance ? In vain have I endeavoured to suppress the aspiring wish of exciting in your bosom sentiments in my favour. The most anxious doubts deprive me of peace, and the only consolation I have is, the hope that you will call me to happiness. Ah ! let me not cherish in vain so dear an expectation ! Suffer me, I entreat you, to

make an application to your mother. It is only in sharing my life and fortune with you, that I can find them worth the possession of

Your devoted

H. VERE."

"Sukey," said the young lady, "I am certain my mamma would be highly displeased if she knew I had received such a letter. When you see Mr. Vere, I desire you will tell him not to write any more to me."

"Had you not better give him a few lines yourself, Miss? said Sukey, "for I should be sorry to see the distress of so nice a young gentleman."

"I am not accustomed to write to young gentlemen," answered Caroline; "nor do I wish for the love of Mr. Vere. I am also sure that my mother would not allow of his visits; and if my sister Jane knew of this letter, she would certainly inform her of it; for you know, Sukey, she has always been jealous of my few admirers. However, I am determined never to accept of him again for a partner, as he always takes that opportunity of talking to me of his love, and it is very disagreeable to me."

"Well, Miss," rejoined Sukey, "but I am to meet him this afternoon, when I promised to give him your answer. You had

better write, and desire him not to be so troublesome. But, dear me, if I was in your place! tho', to be sure, I am but a servant, and you must know best whether you could like him or not; for, as the saying is, every body has not the same taste; tho' I am sure Mr. Vere is exactly the man to mine. Pray, ma'am, give him as kind a refusal as you can."

Persuaded by her servant, Caroline wrote her lover the following laconic answer.

"SIR,

"I am much obliged by the honour you have done me, but beg leave to decline that, as well as any application to my mother on the subject.

I am, sir,
Your obliged,
C. H."

For some time Mrs. Harman had sanctioned the addresses of a respectable young clergyman to her second daughter, Eliza, who was then in her nineteenth year; but, as the preliminaries to their union could not be adjusted to the mutual satisfaction of the parents, the young people were obliged to suffer all the distress arising from a separation. In order, therefore, to soften the pungent effects of such an event, Mrs. Harman permitted her daughter to accept an invitation

(which had often been repeated) to pass a few weeks with a particular friend. This visit, notwithstanding the excellent motives from which it took place, became the source of very unpleasant consequences; for Eliza, desperate from her late disappointment, by which she thought her future happiness was for ever destroyed, rashly made an engagement with a gentleman in every respect unworthy of her; and, though a woman of a very superior understanding, she formed during this visit, a most unhappy union. The effect which this had upon Mrs. Harman may easily be imagined. Never had she so much felt the cares of a mother as when her children arrived at an age to form their future connections for life; and this of her second daughter filled her with apprehensions of what might hereafter happen to the two yet unmarried. Mr. Vere had offered himself a warm candidate for the youngest, but was refused on two accounts —the youth and disinclination of her child; which, to her, (as a mother who only aimed at the happiness of her children), were insurmountable difficulties. The lover pleaded that he would wait any length of time, which, together with his assiduities, would, he was certain, finally effect his wishes. He was permitted to try the experiment, but proved unsuccessful; for, in a short time, a most cordial invitation was received from

Mrs. Stanford, for Caroline to spend the winter in town; and before the end of the month she had the pleasure of embracing her sister in Berkeley-square. This event was an interruption to the hopes of the captivated Vere, which he had not foreseen; he had considered the journey as too remote to destroy his project, in which he had flattered himself with complete success. What then was his consternation at so sudden a separation from the object of his ardent pursuit, who was now to embark in all the gaieties of the metropolis, and, he doubted not, to be surrounded with admirers! To such apprehensions a disappointed lover sets no bounds.

Mrs. Stanford had a brilliant reception in the first circles, in which none were more distinguished for loveliness of face, and a deportment equally dignified and conciliating. In so respectable a sphere, Caroline ran little risque of plunging into the vortex of folly. Her manners, naturally graceful, had received the most captivating polish; in unison with her mind, they were elegant, gentle, and animated. With what delight did Mrs. Stanford perceive and listen to the admiration which her sister excited, for all those virtues and accomplishments which are truly estimable; her manners were so strikingly agreeable, that she gave the ton among the younger part of her sex to whom *he had been introduced.*

CHAPTER II.

NO sooner had Mrs. Harman reconciled herself to the loss of Caroline's society, than she was alarmed by an event of the utmost consequence to herself and family, from an unexpected difficulty in her affairs, which plunged her into an irremediable and ruinous chancery-suit; and, as her opponents saw their advantage in the process, they could not be brought to listen to any overtures of accommodation. Information of this unforeseen circumstance soon reached the happy party in town, and occasioned such a drawback upon their felicity as may easily be conceived. Young Harman, with the most brilliant talents, was still pursuing his studies in the Temple. Accompanied by Mr. Stanford, Caroline immediately flew to him, and learned the hazardous state of their fortune, which was confirmed in a term or two; for what with the expences arising from this unfortunate affair, the payment of the marriage-portion of her two daughters, and the incidental charges of her son's professional studies, Mrs. Harman was driven to the necessity of mortgaging a considerable part of her property, and of re-

trenching her former expensive style of living.

This painful news no sooner was known to the faithful Vere, than he hastened to Mrs. Harman, and intreated her influence and consent to attend Caroline in town. "You had before, sir," said she, "my permission to endeavour to gain the approbation of my daughter. Your disinterestedness is highly honourable to her; but allow me to say, that if I do not misunderstand her character, you will find an increased difficulty in her misfortunes." Considering Mrs. Harman's suggestion as merely her own apprehension, Mr. Vere instantly set off for town; and, in more urgent terms than ever, solicited Caroline's acceptance of his hand and fortune. She was no less astonished at his sudden appearance than at his generous offer. "What! (exclaimed our heroine) shall I prove myself unworthy of you, by accepting your hand to shelter myself from the impending danger? No, Mr. Vere, I cannot submit to become your partner at such a moment, and under such circumstances. You have gained my esteem, friendship, and admiration. Love, and fortune, I have not to give you, without which, at least the former, I will never consent to marry." Although this amiable youth was assisted by all the influence of Caroline's friends, particularly her brother, Mr. Har-

man, who exerted all the authority of fraternal power, her resolution, or sentiment, or, as some would call it, obstinacy, defeated all their wishes; and, after many fruitless attempts, Mr. Vere was obliged to return home without attaining his object.

This young gentleman was the only child of an affectionate parent, at whose death, which he hoped would be very distant, he was to inherit a considerable fortune. Genteel in his person and manners, open, sincere, and disinterested in his attachments, there were few women who would not have beheld with rapture such a conquest at their feet; a Miss Cecil had frequently honoured his with the most delicate distinctions. His excellencies were conspicuous, even to the eyes of Caroline; but such was the construction of her mind, that with all his disinterested virtues, and under her own threatening misfortunes, Mr. Vere was not able to gain that ascendency over her affections which might induce her to think of him for a husband. Her heart was now, indeed, a prey to grief, and her mind brooded over the melancholy prospect of approaching ruin to her family. Few females, at her age, had more solidity of thought when occasion required it; and most willingly would she have quitted all the enjoyments which her residence with her sister afforded, to fly to the consolation of her afflicted

mother, whose heart, she knew, was torn with anguish for the fate which threatened her children.

Mr. Dolliff, the husband of her second daughter, had assumed and professed so much affection for his wife, that, to promote their happiness, Mrs. Harman received both with every mark of regard and forgiveness. They sympathised in her misfortunes, and, in order to soften the effects of her grief, persuaded her to pass a short time with them. Won by their kindness, she joined them, and for some time experienced every token of respect from her son-in-law. She saw the propriety, nay, even necessity, of relinquishing her residence in Bath; Mr. Dolliff being in consequence sent thither, opened his commission with as much tenderness as possible to Miss Jane Harman, who resided there during her mother's absence, he gave the requisite notice to the landlord, sold off what was deemed superfluous, and leaving orders for the remainder of the furniture to be sent to him, returned in company with his sister-in-law. He next sought for a house in his own neighbourhood, where it was proposed that Mrs. Harman, with her two younger daughters, should in future reside, but this project was frustrated by an unforeseen occurrence. Notwithstanding all Caroline's philosophy, it cannot be supposed that she could hear of

a change, arising from necessity, with-
nduring a severe pang: for to be desti-
of feeling, and callous to the attacks of
sity, does not constitute philosophy:
n consists rather in suffering with pati-
and bringing the mind, as much as
ble, to acquiesce in the dispensations
all-wise Disposer of events. In this
ice Caroline proved herself a philoso-
she felt her misfortunes, but her suf-
s were more those of a daughter than
interested individual; she had, more-
the inquietudes of love to contend
which, to a heart like her's, was no
conflict.

CHAPTER III.

GENTLEMAN of the name of Se-
who was possessed of a very consider-
fortune, resided at a charming seat,
d Alban Park, in Hertfordshire. Par-
r business called him to town; and,
riendship had subsisted for many years
en his and Mr. Stanford's family, he
s made that gentleman's house his
residence. The good humour and
able manners of Mr. Severs were emi-

nently calculated to make him a most desirable inmate. Caroline became so charmed with him, that she exerted all her talents to make him happy during his visit in Berkeley square; and succeeded so well in her endeavours as to induce him to think her one of the most amiable girls in the world. Her voice, remarkably melodious, particularly pleased him, and she frequently accompanied it with the piano-forte, on which she was an admirable performer. In his best humours, Mr. Severs used to say, "I think, Miss Cary, my son George would just suit you: he is quite a musician, and, what is more, allowed to be a man of taste." "That, sir," she would modestly reply, "would exclude me from being his choice, as he will certainly prefer a handsome woman."—"I would run the risque of that, if he was once acquainted with you," answered Mr. Severs:—"however, you have my consent to exert all your power with him,—and I can tell you, he is not an easy conquest. Many of the handsomest young ladies in our neighbourhood have used all their artillery to wound him; but, I believe, his heart has hitherto proved impregnable; and he is just such a man as a girl of sense and spirit would wish to conquer."

Caroline's attention to the repeated descriptions given of this young gentleman, excited in her the most strange and ardent

curiosity. The ideas she formed composed a picture which she often contemplated with rapture. Sometimes she would say, "Perhaps these are only the partial representations of a fond father :" a suggestion that would, for a moment, destroy the pleasing vision. Then would she recur to the picture on which her lively imagination had dwelt with delight; and most ardently long for the propitious moment that should enable her to compare it with the original.

When old Mr. Severs took leave, he obtained a promise from Mr. and Mrs. Stanford to take Miss Harman down to St. Alban's the ensuing summer. This engagement procured the attainment of her wishes. Conquest was in view, and already she saw herself triumphant. Her emotions were not those of a coquette panting for universal conquest; but that chaste desire, which animates the breast of either sex when they wish to please: Caroline Harman always esteemed an approving smile from a man of sense, infinitely superior to the unmeaning flattery and adulation of a thousand coxcombs.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. STANFORD was particul happy in the society of sir James Clarend his respectable and worthy neighbour. T gentleman, who was a widower, had an ly daughter, so formed by similarity of and disposition to be a desirable compan for Caroline, that they were rarely separ either in public or private parties of pl sure. Mr. Stanford expected large c signments by a Jamaica fleet; and, as n the his wife nor Caroline had ever made aquatic excursion, he hired a small pack and putting a week's provisions on boa invited sir James and Miss Clarendon, w as large a party as could be accommodat to partake of the pleasures of this little v age. They embarked at the tower-stai and dropping down the river, anchored a remained off Gravesend the first night. T accommodations for repose were by means the most comfortable; for, havi yielded up the state-room to the use of M and Mrs. Stanford and sir James, the you people were obliged to pass the night up a mattrass which covered the cabin-floc numbers, and not conveniencies, having be the object in projecting the voyage.

this negligence the accommodation for the young gentlemen was necessarily so contrived as to keep them as distinct as possible from the ladies. This little embarrassment so much excited the vigilance of the managers in the state room, that they passed a sleepless night: indeed, every one seemed desirous to amuse, by telling an entertaining story, till, overcome by sleep, toward morning they sunk to rest. The strangeness of the scene, and their appearance when they awoke, produced an involuntary and universal laugh. The gentlemen immediately left the ladies in possession of the cabin; who, after attending their toilet, joined at a hearty breakfast.

The day was brilliant; and, as the party was provided with an awning over the deck, they enjoyed, with rapture, the beautiful prospect which a passage to the Nore afforded. They were severally employed as fancy directed;—some in taking views with the pencil; others in playing the flute and singing; and the talkative part in lively conversation. The clearness of the day enabled them to discover, with the assistance of telescopes, the object of their pursuit; and it is impossible they could have received a higher gratification than in the prospect of numerous ships advancing under full sail, and with a favourable wind.

Not having sufficient ballast to venture farther to sea, they were obliged to tack about; and the next evening reaching Barking, and being desirous of going ashore, they came to anchor near the gunpowder magazine. They soon made interest for a dish of tea at a comfortable box, situated in a beautiful garden. Mirth presided at the repast, and their host found himself so much pleased with his guests, that he resolved to use means to detain them. He left the room, and taking his violin (as he was something of a musician) struck up a lively country dance, which operated like the magic harp of Orpheus, though upon better subjects. He was instantly joined by the young folks, who, having made choice of partners, began to dance with all the grace and rapture of youth. After they had finished the second dance, the pilot summoned them on board their veſſel; but, having commenced a third, they were deaf to his calls. When they had gone down a fourth, they unanimously agreed to join him; he now, however, informed them they might dance till midnight, as the tide would not return till twelve o'clock. They had, indeed, forgotten, that it moved as quickly from the shore as the feet in the dance, What was to be done This enquiry was read in their mutual looks at each other. Their host, observing *their* alarm, advanced, and requested the

to take a view of the magazine, which was of a stupendous height. Carrying them to the upper story, he shewed them the manner of conveying gunpowder to it: "And why," says he, "cannot you ladies and gentlemen consent for once to be let down by the crane in the basket? I'll warrant no harm will come of you." This harangue produced an universal panic among the females, who flew from the man as if he was going to force them down a precipice. Mr. Stanford and Sir James Clarendon joined them; and seeing no other means, determined to set the example. The former gentleman, therefore, entered the basket, but with too great alertness; and having drank rather freely, he was unable to preserve his equilibrium, and was nearly upset. This unpromising commencement occasioned a general scream; though happily Mr. Stanford arrived safe in the boat. A fresh freight was now demanded: but who had the necessary courage? "I am sure I dare not," says one: "Nor I," says a second. At last Caroline's partner asked her if she had the resolution to descend with him. She instantly gave him her hand, and they speedily found themselves safe in the boat together. Their success had a general good effect; and in the course of half an hour they were rowed down the creek, and put safely on board their vessel,

l furnished with a subject of convers
in the afternoon's adventure. Next
y arrived and anchored off Greenwi
ıere, refreshing themselves on board, tl
ıded, and amused themselves for sc
)urs in the beautiful park at that pla
hey soon after arrived in Berkeley-squ
) supper, greatly delighted with their li
xcursion.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN old Mr. Severs joined his fan
at Alban Park, he gave a full account of
agreeable manner in which he had pa
his time at Mr. Stanford's; nor did he
glect describing, with many advantages
favourite Caroline; jocularly saying,
had half a mind to put her in my great
pocket.—But, George, I assure you sh
most excellent girl."—"Is she handso
demanded the young gentleman. "Sh
tainly cannot be considered in that li
replied his father, "and yet she will
stronger impression on men of tas
judgment, than even a most beautif
man. She has, what poets call, "a

lumined face" in which the finest black eyes I ever beheld indicate the most ingenuous and amiable disposition. Her manners are uncommonly graceful and easy; her figure is attractive; and there is about her so much of what you men of taste call a *je ne scais quoi*, that, if I were a young fellow, she should be the first woman I would solicit, provided her fortune answered my wishes, without which, you know, you must not think of marrying.—I have not made inquiry, but have no doubt of her having something handsome, as I have been informed her mother had a very considerable fortune." From his father's dislike of most of the young females of their acquaintance, this description of Caroline excited something more than curiosity in the mind of George.

Too impatient to wait the expected visit, young Severs formed a thousand pretexts to get to town, but without success; at length a most plausible one offered in the annual commemoration of Handel. Indeed, this was an additional incentive. He set off a few days previously, and presented himself to Mr. Stanford, at his counting-house in the city. They agreed to meet at a coffee-house at half after three; and by four o'clock Mr. George Severs was introduced and presented in form of Mrs. Stanford and Caroline. So sudden and unexpected a visit,

added to a recollection of the jokes and hints of old Mr. Severs, caused some confusion in the bosom of our heroine, which she endeavoured to suppress, though she could not hide her blushes. She tried to recover herself, and received him with great politeness. George's figure was extremely manly and expressive, his complexion an agreeable brown, with a countenance full of character, in which appeared, a vivacity tempered with judgment. His eyes were dark and penetrating, which gave him considerable dignity when he chose to assume it. Caroline thought his mouth would have appeared to greater advantage if it had been adorned with a smile, (perhaps, only, if it had been devoted to her;) for some time she was surprised at the reserve he maintained, particularly towards herself, and this conduct she magnified into downright neglect. Her pride occasioned her some pain, as she found the conquest which she had been meditating, would be no easy task. Almost she determined not to make the attempt, but to follow his example, and play off all the indifference assumed by him.

A party was immediately formed for the Abbey-festival, and that evening was devoted to the theatre. The play (by royal command) was the Gamester, in which Mrs. Siddons performed the character of Mrs. Beverley; on those accounts, our party found

the utmost difficulty in gaining admission into the boxes. George, in his demeanour, had put on the appearance of indifference, in order, more successfully to discover Caroline's genuine character. He anxiously observed her emotions during the performance, and was not a little delighted at seeing her sensibility excited by those scenes which are most capable of affecting the heart. He was resolved, however, not disclose his views till he was become better acquainted with her disposition and mind; the knowledge of which, was principally to guide him in his future proceedings: resolving that if Caroline proved herself the excellent girl his father had described, she alone should reign mistress of his heart and fortune. Her virtues, however, were too conspicuous to leave a man of his discernment long in doubt; but he felt them without making any disclosure of their effect.

On the appointed morning the party were sat down at Westminster-Abbey, where they arrived early enough to procure comfortable seats. They had not been long there, when Mrs. Stanford (who sat at a small distance from Caroline) leaned back, and tapping her with her fan, said, "Don't you observe my brother and Mr. Vere endeavouring to join us?" Caroline immediately discovered them, and her eyes encountered the indignant looks of Charles

Harman, who on account of her rejection of Mr. Vere, had dropped all intercourse with her. Caroline loved her brother with the fondest affection; she had also ever been his favourite; and he thought her happiness would have been secured, in the union and protection of so worthy a man. The presence of Mr. Severs, and his attention to our heroine, which they perceived were pleasing to her, gave an additional edge to the anger of her brother, who had not relinquished all hopes of the eventual success of his friend. A favourite rival was an impediment which had never before been in their way; and Mr. Harman, knowing that his sister acted from principle in whatever she did, had nothing to hope for from caprice; for he was aware that if her affections were once bestowed, they would be inalienable.

Caroline now felt her situation to be very uncomfortable, and it was not till the royal party entered that she eluded the looks of her brother and Mr. Vere. Her whole mind then became absorbed in the scenes which were before her. The arrangement and view of such an assemblage of personages; the number that composed the orchestra; the harmonious sounds of an almost innumerable band, carried her ideas above the earth, and she almost fancied herself an inhabitant of heaven. Indeed, she entered too much into the sentiment which such a combination of

objects and sounds produced; and feeling all the pains of aching sensibility, it was with the utmost difficulty she kept herself from fainting. She was therefore impatient to be relieved from this oppression of the music by the conclusion: but, even then, she had some time to wait before Mr. Stanford's carriage could draw up to them. On her return home, she retired to her own chamber, and there found that human nature was not made for extasy, and that even her favourite amusement had produced an effect upon her mind never experienced before. She had not sufficiently consulted her heart to know, how much of her sensations might be attributed to Mr. Severs, and to the appearance of her brother with Mr. Vere; neither of whom called that day at Mr. Stanford's.

CHAPTER VI.

IT will here be proper to make enquiry into the motive of Mr. Vere's return to town. The father of this young gentleman had previously sanctioned his son's addresses to our heroine, and it was a severe disappointment when he learned they had been so

unsuccessful. He was, however, sensible that there were many fine girls whose fortunes were much superior to that of Caroline's, who would receive overtures of marriage from his son with pleasure; and among the number, Miss Cecil stood distinguished for her many virtues, as well as an evident partiality to Mr. Vere. Besides having a genteel independent fortune, this young lady had considerable expectations from a maiden aunt in Hertfordshire, with whom she generally passed one half of the year. At first the old gentleman only affectionately hinted what an increase the society of a daughter-in-law would be to his happiness. This excellent father had been many years a widower, devoting his time and affections to the education of his son, whose future establishment had for some time engrossed every thought and moment of his life. With the sincerest regret for refusing any request made by his father, the young gentleman expressed the most insurmountable repugnance to marrying any other woman than her who held entire possession of his heart; declaring, that as long as Caroline remained unmarried, he would not give up his claims, or his hopes. But his more discerning father saw clearly there was but little chance of success, and began to feel the greatest anxiety respecting his son, whose spirits, in spite of all his endeavours to conceal it, were

evidently sinking into dejection. At length, the old gentleman caught the infection, and they were actually becoming a prey to each other's sorrows, without even the hopes of a remedy!

Mr. Vere discovered that the heart of his father was so set upon seeing him settled in life, that his health was declining in consequence of the disappointment. This brought reason to his aid; and he determined to rouse himself from his present melancholy. "Shall I do nothing to preserve the life and happiness of a valuable parent and friend?" exclaimed he. "Is he worth no sacrifice? Oh! that I could conquer, or had never felt this unfortunate passion for a woman who despises me! for what proportion do even her friendship and cold esteem bear to such a love as mine!—But, shall the best of fathers become the victim of this fatal attachment? No! I will upon my knees intreat his forgiveness for the sufferings into which I have plunged him, will only request permission to make one effort more; and if I again prove unsuccessful, will return and devote myself to his happiness, by marrying Miss Cecil." It was this resolution that brought him to town; and he imparted his intention to Mr. Harman, who promised every assistance in his power to bring Caroline to consent. This formed the subject of their conversation as they went to the Abbey: but their hopes

experienced a considerable check on their beholding her so happy in the company of Mr. George Severs. Nor were their suspicions groundless; for that gentleman had a full persuasion, that she was not inferior to the eulogium of his discerning father. Yet he was uncertain as to the state of her affections; and he discovered so much by Mr. Vere's looks at the Abbey, that he was under some difficulty to conjecture exactly how they were situated. He had been previously informed by his father of that gentleman's addresses to Caroline, and of her rejection of him, but was well convinced he was still a very ardent lover.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford received a card from Lady Edwards, inviting them to a ball and supper, at their villa on the banks of the Thames, on occasion of Miss Edwards attaining the age of twenty-one. Mr. Severs readily consented to remain in town till after this entertainment, and requested the hand of Caroline for that evening. In the accomplishment of dancing, few of her sex excelled her. This fete was also announced to young Harman, who determined to give his friend Vere an introduction, and if possible, secure Caroline as a partner for him. To effect this, it was necessary to have recourse to stratagem. He called upon Mr. Edwards, with whom he was paticularly intimate, and confiding his wishes to him, that gentleman

readily acquiesced in the promotion of his scheme, by putting down the names of the dancers, and in as agreeable a manner as possible, fixed the ladies with their respective partners. Thus Mr. Harman had the pleasure of seeing the names of his sister and Mr. Vere entered together, though she was ignorant of the circumstance.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM these scenes of pleasure, Caroline would frequently take a view of those sorrows which surrounded her mother and sister. How often would she lament the contrast, and wish, in their situations, to become the companion of their solitude! She frequently made the proposal, to which Mr. and Mrs. Stanford would not assent, at least until family affairs were more decided. The painfulness of these reflections, and filial love for her mother, who held so large a share of her heart, mingled in the cup of pleasure, and prevented its intoxicating powers.

When the evening of the ball arrived, Caroline was unusually solicitous in the choice of her dress. It was evident she ...ed to form it agreeable to the ta... ...e of

her partner. After some deliberation, she decided in favour of her finest muslin-robe; the body and sleves partly formed of white sattin; of which, also, her peticoat was made. This dress was elegantly trimed with Vandykes of the same; fancifully drawn up with artificial flowers of her own making. Her delicate form was encircled by a cestus of silver; her fine black hair, raised by the lightest curles, was relieved by a beautiful white plume, and intermixed with pearl, which also composed the ornaments of her ears and neck; and she thought a picture of her mother, suspended from the latter, would be an addition. Retiring from her own toilet, she hastened to that of her sister, who highly complimented her upon the elegant chasteness of her dress, telling her she might depend upon making many conquests that evening. The approbation of her sister, and not that hope, gave animation to her countenance; one conquest only was her aim. The entrance of the object increased the glow already excited by the compliments of Mrs. Stanford; Mr. Severs was no less struck with her elegant figure. The admiration with which he gazed, heightened so much her complexion, and the brilliancy of her eyes that he thought her the most interesting woman he had ever beheld.

At six o'clock the carriage was ordered to attend, and by half an hour after seven th

party was set down at Sir George Edwaard's. The ladies and gentlemen took refreshment in separate apartments, till the ball-room was opened. On their entrance, Mr. Edwards, agreeably to the previous arrangements, introduced each gentleman to his partner. Already had Mr. Severs taken the hand of Caroline, which he was requested to relinquish. Mr. Edwards immediately addressed her—"Miss Harman, allow me to introduce your partner—Mr. Vere." She immediately started back, and said in some agitation, "Sir, I—I am already engaged to Mr. Severs," who still holding her hand, asserted his prior claim. Sir George Edwards, half crippled with the gout, immediately joined them; and said, "What is the matter, fair lady? Will nobody dance with you? If so, I'll take you myself." He then took her hand from Mr. Severs, and hobbled with her up the room, followed by his son and the two gentlemen, the former explaining to him the arrangement for the evening. Mr. Vere declared, that he would not give up the happiness of Miss Harman's hand to any man on earth. She looked at Mr. Severs, who, perceiving the previous settlement of the dance, was obliged to yield his claims to his envied rival; and thus Mr. Vere carried off his prize. Caroline's good sense made her conduct herself with the greatest propriety, though she keenly felt the

disappointment, and saw Mr. Severs destined to be the partner of Miss Edwards.

This scene had been narrowly observed by Mr. Harman, then engaged in close conversation with Miss Clarendon, the avowed object of his affections; and it afforded him no small pleasure to witness the successful issue of his plan, as well as the placid behaviour of his sister. He therefore immediately approached her, and, affectionately taking her hand, said, "My dear Caroline, I feel the highest gratification in seeing your hand thus disposed of. Would to God you would so bestow it for life! There is no man but my friend who can deserve you." A tear, at this unexpected address, was all the answer he obtained, and it was instantly wiped away. Mr. Vere was the happiest of mortals with his partner, nor did she attempt to interrupt his felicity. Her dancing was sentiment—was grace; and if he had had worlds, he would have laid them at her feet. Her eyes were, however, more devoted to the pursuit of Mr. Severs than any other object, and his looks betrayed the severest disappointment. This her discernment soon discovered, and the idea of being beloved so increased her graceful animation, that she was eminently distinguished from all her companions.

At twelve, the happy Vere led his elegant partner to the supper-room, and felt his

exclusive right with extacy when he seated himself beside her at the table. Mr. Severs placed himself and Miss Edwards opposite, and the events of this night perfectly convinced him, that no woman present could stand in competition with our heroine. Had Caroline yielded to vanity, she might easily have been conscious of her situation; but that was a passion to which her mind was almost a stranger.

Many professional gentlemen attended to increase the pleasures of the evening by vocal music; but it was with the greatest difficulty any lady could be prevailed upon to assist with her voice; and Caroline was among the most backward to comply in that condescension. It was not till after reiterated intreaties that she conferred upon them her song. Like all that she did, it was characteristic; it was the beautiful air in the Heiress, "For tenderness formed, &c." When she gave the last verse,

"Soft embers of passion still reft in their glow,
"A warmth of more pain may this breast never know;
"But if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
"May the spark drop from reason, that wakens the flame."

it was accompanied with a tenderness of voice, and an involuntary look at Mr. Severs, which, at that moment, caught his sympathetic regard, and at once discovered

the mutual flame that animated their bosoms.

A change of partners was proposed at the recommencement of the dance, but objected to as a departure from the laws of the evening, which were said to be as irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians; and Mr. Vere, at the close of the ball, had the happiness of attending his beloved partner in Mr. Stanford's carriage; yet, fearful of interrupting his felicity by any solicitations in his favour, he summitted to yield up the present to a future opportunity.

Although Caroline had few doubts of completely possessing the affections of Mr. Severs, her heart was far from enjoying the happiness she had promised herself in the attainment. She saw too well the passionate efforts of Mr. Vere, and her generous disposition would not allow her to see them unpitied. She esteemed him as the most worthy of men; but that sentiment left still a void in her mind, which Mr. Severs alone occupied; notwithstanding, she was uncertain whether that gentleman loved her as disinterestedly; and the situation of her fortune made her hopes of a marriage with him very dubious. These were the suggestions of reason; but love, who never suffers his votaries to remain long under the dictates of reason, soon resumed his empire over his captive, whom he convinced that happines *and* Severs were inseparable.

The day following, no sooner was the dessert served, than a servant announced Mr. Harman and Mr. Vere. The former saluted his sister with the kindest enquiries, which abated her fears of his presence. They coolly bowed to Mr. Severs; and in going over the amusements of the preceding evening, that gentleman expressed his disapprobation of the arbitrary arrangements; "Perhaps, Sir," said Mr. Harman, "your disapprobation arises from a selfish principle. All with whom I have conversed, have spoken with rapture of the elegance and propriety with which the entertainment was conducted."

"What you call a selfish principle, Mr. Harman," replied Mr. Severs, "you will find universal. Few men, Sir, are so abstractedly indifferent to their own happiness as to relinquish it when in legal possession."

"Who, Sir," said Mr. Vere, "deprived you of the legal happiness you speak of, or claims to which you had an exclusive right?"

"The arrangement, Sir, which I have censured; for it was to that only I yielded my prior claim to the hand of Miss Harman."

"If you, Sir, felt the privation so severely for one evening, how must that man suffer, who has aspired to it for life; and yet may

be obliged to relinquish it to one only half sensible of the blessing."

"Of this, Mr. Vere, be assured, that were I the happy man who might hope for such a treasure, I would dispute it with the monarch."

"In affairs of the heart, Mr. Severs, a monarch feels like one of us, and, indifferent to regal dignities, would settle them upon an equal footing."

The ladies were considerably alarmed; and Mr. Stanford, not less so, interfered, and begged that the conversation might take a different turn. The subject, he observed, by no means deserved the attention and warmth it had received; "Let us," said he, "seek new ideas, and make a party to the opera." Immediately the ladies withdrawing to dress for that purpose, Mr. Harman and Mr. Vere quitted the company; scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed, ere one of the servants came running, and calling aloud for his master; said the two gentlemen were in the long-room at the bottom of the garden, and he thought with no good designs, for Mr. Vere had ordered one of the servants to desire Mr. Severs would meet him there, and that very high words had passed between them. Mr. Stanford desired the ladies would keep out of the way, and hastened to the scene of contest, with two of his servants; it required their utmost

force to open the door:—Caroline flew after Mr. Stanford, though her sister endeavoured to prevent her, and rushing in with a violent shriek, threw herself between the combatants, in time to receive the first thrust of Mr. Vere's sword, aimed against his rival, which entered her side. A cry of horror was uttered. The murderous weapons instantly fell from the hands of the assailants, who, with distraction in their looks, kneeling, caught her as she was falling. Pale and faint, she turned toward Mr. Vere, while he, supporting her, bathed her hand with tears of agony: "Vere," she said, "why have you had recourse to such a measure as this? I have never deceived you; and do you imagine that had either of you fallen, I would have married the survivor? impossible! If this meeting had proved fatal to you, I should have considered Mr. Severs as your murderer. My heart, in all concerns, has ever dictated my conduct. Let this wound which I have received be the bond of reconciliation. O my God! I thank thee, that my blood has been the means of saving the two men on earth whom I most value."

Mr. Stanford took her into his arms and endeavoured to stop the bleeding. He was in the greatest difficulty how to remove this voluntary victim without the knowledge of Mrs. Stanford, who was at that time sup-

ported in a fainting fit, by her serva which afforded them an opportunity of veying Caroline into her room. A sur had been immediately sent for, who fc that the bone in Caroline's corsets greatly contributed to break the force o sword. He assured them, the wound of an inconsiderable depth, and that by per application and rest, he had no fea his patient would be very shortly rest to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Mrs. Stanford recovered her fit, and heard that her sister was p bed, she insisted upon going to her. they had expected, and did not to attem prevent. She was assured by Mr. Stan that fright and agitation only had bro on a fever, which tranquility and rest w remove. He affectionately took the of his wife, whom he entreated to leave roline in the slumber into which she fallen. Reluctantly she consented, anc companied her husband to the parlour, w they found Mr. Severs walking with utmost disorder. With eagerness he quired of the state of Miss Harman;

rilling to speak of the wound, Mr. Stanford xpressed a hope that repose would restore ıer spirits.

In the mean time, Charles Harman, (who ıad no conception that the challenge had been actually sent, though he saw, from the warmth of the dispute, such a circumstance was not unlikely,) when he parted from Mr. Vere, went immediately to pay his respects to Miss Clarendon. Nothing, therefore, could equal his affliction when he heard of what had happened to his amiable and heroic sister, whose soul, being too noble to require the shackels of restraint, determined him that she should not, in future, meet with any opposition on his part. Miss Clarendon, ever in sympathy with his mind, but more particularly his present anguish for the friend of her warmest regard and confidence, accompanied him to Mrs. Stanford's. Impelled by the tenderest affection, Charles stole up stairs, softly entered his sister's apartment, approached the bed, and gently drawing aside the curtains, hung over her with admiration and pity. He made every effort to stifle his emotions, for fear of disturbing her slumbers, which the servant said were frequently interrupted by sudden starts and exclamations to separate the gentlemen, who, she said, were bleeding to death. On this account, great apprehensions were entertained of a fever. Her brother quitted

her in an agony of grief, regretting he h
ever attempted to force or direct the affe
tions of so amiable a girl. On descendi
to the parlour, he offered his hand to M
Severs, who sat the statue of grief; fo
though he had not any intention to suppo
that gentleman's addresses to his sister, l
was resolved to observe, in future, a perfe
neutrality.

No tidings had been received of Mr. Ver
nor had that gentleman been at his lodgin
since morning; for, when he hastened fro
the dreadful scene, which he was sensib
had proceeded from his own rashness, h
hurried, with a precipitate step, not knov
ing whither to fly from his misery. An i
voluntary movement brought him, at eleve
at night, to the Temple. It was the hour
Mr. Harman's return to his chambers. I
stantly recognising his unhappy frien
walking with an unequal pace in one of th
courts, he took his arm, and begged he woul
accompany him. Mr. Vere endeavoured t
force himself away. "Vere," said Mr. Ha
man, "you shall pass the night with me
you want repose."

"Do you think repose can ever more vis
my tortured soul? Impossible! Has not m
sword been plunged into the side of you
sister? Has it not shed the blood of the wo
man I adore? Oh, angel, Caroline, that min
had flowed instead of your's! Charles, d

ırge me, I must pursue my walk ; it is
:tion only that I can bear my sufferings ;
nind hurries me I know not whither."
If you are determined upon a ramble,
dear fellow," answered Mr. Harman,
u must, at least, allow me to be your
panion."
hey walked some distance before they
med their conversation. At last, Mr.
: thus broke silence,—" Charles, I will
:avour, however difficult the undertaking,
:sist from any farther attempts to gain
ffections of your sister ; the last scene
convinced me what an unavailing and
l pursuit it is, to force what ought to be
e-will offering—the affections. Heaven
vs to what an extent she has mine ; if
ible, she is dearer to me than ever. But,
I not pursued her to the gates of death !
h, Charles !"—He struck his hand upon
orehead, and for some minutes remain-
ı a paroxysm of grief. Mr. Harman
avoured, by every kind and soothing
ns, to alleviate the anguish of his com-
on. In some degree he succeeded, and
Vere, fatigued in body and mind, ex-
sed a wish to return to his lodgings ; the
ıer preferred keeping him company, ei-
there or at his own chambers ; but Mr.
e satisfied him, by saying, that this con-
ation had so far relieved his mind, that
hould prefer solitude, for that night even

to his society. They stood for some m ments silent, their hands clasped in ea other, and then separated without utteri any thing but a sigh.

Early in the morning, Mr. Harman ha ened to Berkeley-square, and found that l sister had had a very restless night; that intreaties could prevail upon Mrs. Stanford quit her bed-side; whom, with her husban she had watched the whole of the night; an that they were just then gone to take pose. He also learned that Mr. Severs h passed the night upon the sopha in the pa lour, and had gone into his room at s o'clock. Mr. Harman pursued his walk his friend, whom he found in a very alar ing state. A fever had assumed the mo threatening aspect, and he saw a necessi for immediately calling in medical aid. I consulted the mistress of the house, a procured one of the most eminent physi ans, who soon discovered that the disord of his patient arose from mental causes, a received every confirmation of his judgme in the relation of what had passed; from increase of fever, and symptoms of deliriu Doctor —— advised the immediate atten ance of Mr. Vere's father. Mr. Harm dispatched an express to that gentlema and divided his attentions between his sist and friend. As soon as Mr. Stanford's f mily were informed of the indisposition

r. Vere, Mr. Severs requested to share e cares of the sick chamber; thither he companied Mr. Harman, nor would be evailed on to quit the invalid, whose state ndered him insensible to the attentions of is rival. Caroline, in the course of a week, ive hopes of an amendment; she was en-bled to sit up, and was informed that Mr. ere had returned to his father; as it was dged improper to give her any idea of his al state. The old gentleman immediately ined his son, but with what feelings when e beheld his situation; he took his burn-g hand, and clasping it in an agony of ief, intreated him to acknowledge an af-ctionate father. His prayers were unavail-g, the son had ceased to be sensible of e pressure of a parental hand. He con-nued so long under the influence of his isorder, that the physicians who were cal-d in, had many doubts of his recovery; is ravings proved the images which pre-nted themselves to his disordered senses; e form of his beloved Caroline, in a bleed-g state, seemed ever before him. In the ourse of another week his fever came to a isis, and taking a favourable turn, gave e greatest hopes of a recovery; though uch depended yet upon the strength of his ind; nevertheless, the father had at least e rapture of receiving the embraces of a arling son, restored to the influence of his

reason. From that period Mr. Severs wa obliged to absent himself, as the first sigh of that gentleman at his bed-side struck th invalid with a degree of horror, which render ed it necessary he should entirely discontinu his visits. Old Mr. Vere was determined t have his son conveyed to his native air, a soon as it was possible to remove him : in th course of a fortnight he was able to undertak the journey, by slow stages; Mr. and Mrs Stanford had frequently visited him, an purposely attended to take leave; but, a he never mentioned Caroline, or enquire after her, they judged it proper not to intro duce the subject, or invite the gentlemen t Berkeley-square, particularly as she ha been previously informed of Mr. Vere's re turn to his father. Caroline had entirel recovered her health, and also parted wit Mr. Severs, previous to which he fully dis closed to her that she was undividedly th mistress of his heart. " It has been, fo some time, the particular wish of my friends that I should present to them the objec of my love. Pardon me, my dear Mis Harman, when I speak it of a sex I honour and of which you are one of the greates ornaments, that I have never been able t select from the whole circle of my femal acquaintance, a woman whom I should wish to behold as my wife. I saw beautiful girls whom many men, far superior to myself

would have been proud to win, endeavouring by every attempt to make me their captive; I have admired, I have esteemed, nay, I may even have supposed that I have loved; but among those I never found a woman capable of maintaining her conquest. Supposing myself too difficult, I had almost given up the pursuit, when my father's account of his London visit, and favourable opinion of you, excited at least my curiosity. I knew his judgment, as to female excellence, to be indisputable; and I determined to compare his picture with the original. I have found it to possess all the advantages which nature has over art. The soul that animates the original, encompasses it with all the graces attendant upon virtue, those which must ever prove irresistable to a discerning man. In thus declaring the state of my heart, my dear Miss Harman, I have every thing to hope from the openness and candour of your's."

"The declaration you have made, Sir, deserves from me the candour you expect; Oh! Mr. Severs—I feel to the utmost extent the value of your affections—Does it require a blush from me to own that—you are not indifferent to me! I know not the man to whom I would sooner entrust my happiness—But, you are not acquainted with my misfortunes, nor I where they will end.

Oh Severs! there is an insuperable bar to our felicity—my fortune is ruined—And I perhaps at this moment am a beggar ?"

This was, indeed, an unexpected avowal of Caroline's, and one which struck a panic into the heart of her lover, for he was so to the fullest extent of the term. In order to clear George Severs from mercenary views, it is necessary to mention, that his father had acquired his fortune as a merchant, consequently the young gentleman was without any hereditary claim, it was the fruits of industry which had given the father so high a relish for riches, that he could never suppose, whatever merit any woman possessed, she could be worth a serious thought unless accompanied by a fortune proportioned to that which he meant to give his son. From this opinion young Severs knew his father would never recede; and in that certainty, what was to be done with the woman he adored, and with whom he had exchanged the most fervent vows of mutual love? The reflections occasioned by the ingenuous confession of Caroline, plunged him into the most unenviable state. Where was the remedy? Could they in conformity to their situation divest themselves of their sensibility, or forget the mutual expressions of regard, which each had been listening to with an enraptured ear! Cool prudence indeed *might have* suggested such a propriety, but

genuine love allows no usurper in his dominions; he saw his votaries nearly sinking (in the onset) under their difficulties, and called in hope to their relief, under whose banners they vowed eternal constancy.

George immediately suggested an application to his father, and determined to leave no efforts untried to soften his mercenary mind; this promise, the success of which he entreated her not to despair of, and an assurance of a constant affection, were all he had to leave for her consolation in their immediate separation.—She felt more than is usual even on those occasions, something unaccountably "knocked at the door of her heart and bid it not be quiet." It was as a kind messenger which came to warn her of the future, and to provide herself with a safe anchor against the storms which might hereafter overwhelm her. She gave herself up too much to solitude, and even refrained from her music which could yield no delight unaccompanied by her companion. George's taste was in the first stile elegant and chaste, with a rapid and brilliant execution; with such an assistant it is not to be wondered that she made a considerable improvement—to please him was a sufficient motive for unremitted attention, and each task she undertook was more than sufficiently recompensed by his approbation. But, unattended by her *lover*, each note became discor-

dant, and those pieces which heretofore charmed were now the least congenial to her feelings. Tears would frequently flow without her knowing that she wept, and she found it indispensably necessary to discontinue her practising till her mind should regain its native strength. Such are the misfortunes arising from sensibility; how unenviable! how incompatible with peace is such a texture of the heart, which can receive neither the touches of joy, or woe without trembling! As soon as Mr. Vere had recovered his health and spirits, at least as much as he ever expected to do, he was determined, without giving his father the pain of any further solicitations to fulfil the promise he had made of marrying Miss Cecil; he was sensible the merits of this young lady intitled her to an undivided affection, and would have made any other man the happiest of husbands. He was also led to suppose, from the flattering distinctions with which she had frequently honoured him, he should find little difficulty in gaining her consent. Accomplished and sensible, he knew her to be possessed of all the requisites which constitute a desirable companion for life. He consulted his father upon his intention of immediately soliciting the hand of this young lady. His father's happiness, nay, as he himself said, his gratitude, knew *no bounds* for so generous a conduct in his

son, convinced that it was in compliance with his wishes alone, and with a view to promote his happiness that he had consented to this union. Overtures were immediately made, and the handsome fortune of Miss Cecil settled upon herself; little time was required by the young lady, and less for Mr. Vere, who in the most candid manner declared his former attachment and addresses to Miss Harman, the disappointment, and effect of it; feelingly regretting the obstacles which prevented her the immediate and intire possession of his affections, which he had no doubt from his own efforts, and a short elapse of time, would completely yield to her superior merits. Miss Cecil wept, and pitied the misfortunes of so excellent a young man; she saw the goodness of his heart was a sufficient security for her happiness; she hesitated not to venture, and with perfect confidence became the wife of Mr. Vere, three months after that gentleman had left town.

CHAPTER IX.

WE left Mrs. Harman and her third daughter on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dolliff, under an intention of removing to a

small house in their neighbourhood. Th decree of the Court of Chancery had so ex hausted her property that she was not onl unable to enter her new habitation, but als for want of ready money to supply the ex pences of the suit; consequently her persc became in danger, for the safety of which sh retired to the house of a tenant in a remo part of the country, leaving her daught with Mrs. Dolliff. The mortgagees ha foreclosed, and a sequestration of the re of her property threatened by the agents her opponents. No sooner were her emba rassments observed by her son-in-law, tha he assumed the most ardent zeal to assi her. He started a thousand projects frustrate, as he said, the intentions of th other party; he consulted an attorney, wh informed her, there was no other method saving her property for her children, tha by giving it up to the trust of some co fidential person for their benefit; for in th case the legal right would become veste in the trustee, and could not be liable any seizure on her account. Mrs. Ha man started at such an alternative as that alienating her property;—she was answe ed that, "That was the only way she ha left to preserve it, that the deed of conve ance might be drawn to any intention sh thought proper, and she could still recei her rents through the medium of her tru

tee." "But where," said the afflicted parent, "shall I find the man in whom I can repose so great a confidence?"—"You alone Madam" said the attorney, "must make that choice."—"I hope, said Mr. Dolliff, "the affectionate behaviour I have ever shewn my wife, and respect for yourself and family, might in some degree (as you have not any friend nearer at this moment) make you feel secure in any confidence with which I might be honoured; the deed that we are projecting is merely a form, though for the discharge of it I should be always amenable; your situation is not only dangerous but immediate; the conveyance might as well be drawn and the execution deferred, till the necessity of affairs requires it." What a resource was this to so good a parent? She sat for some moments immersed in sorrow, at length raising her hands to heaven, she sighed and said "You may draw the conveyance at any rate, but I shall not sign without consulting my children in town, and I think, before I take so important a step, I ought to send for my son; let him and his two unmarried sisters have the same sum that I have given my two elder daughters; let the remainder be placed out in the funds for my use; and at my death be equally divided among my children."

To this purport the deed was engrossed, and Mrs. Harman wrote immediately to her

children a full account of her situat
cumstance which excited great ap
on on the part of Mr. Dolliff andhis
who determined to surmount even
ficulty; for on the day previous t
turn of the post, Mr. Dolliff hastily
and said, "He had just had an
with the plaintiff's attorney, who
him, the court had issued a decre
seizure of her property."—Terrifie
property of her children, which
willing at any risque to save, (i
of the report,) Mrs. Harman signed
and returned to her tenant.

A copyhold estate of considera
was also included in the conveyan
the attorney had not mentioned, to
ral use of the deed, but made it an
gift to Mr. Dolliff. This was a n
disclosed in the triumph of succ
wife, who instantly discovered the
whom she had united herself. W
her reflections when she interrogat
upon her situation; "Can my inju
ly forgive me if I hide this treache
husbands'? Shall I assist in betra
the sacred trust committed to his l
my too credulous and unhappy
What is the alternative? What is
tray?—whom?—my husband! I
villain—should I hesitate then hc
—I will fly to my injured parent,

feet declare the wrongs she has suffered and his triumph."

Such was the unhappy situation of Mrs. Dolliff and her sister. As a villain, when detected, knows he has nothing more to hope —keeps no quarters—knows no laws; so was the conduct of Mr. Dolliff; he knew his wife had betrayed him; the could do no more; she was but his wife, and that was a sufficient title to make him act either the husband or the tyrant! he chose the latter part, as better suited to his nature, which he performed with so much effect, that, accompanied by her sister, he drove the object of his persecution to the bosom of her mother for shelter. In this his triumph was complete, but on her account it was a step lamented by her best friends, as one which excluded her from redress; from that provision which her unfortunate mother had not to give her. In compliance with the persuasions of her friends she returned, and was rejeced—she sought redress, and all that could be obtained for an accomplished woman, was a pittance, hardly sufficient for her bare subsistence.

CHAPTER X.

AS soon as Charles Harman had received his mother's letter, he hastened to Mr. Stanford's, and found him occupied in reading that which had been sent to him. All were under the greatest surprise at the project recommended to Mrs. Harman, and considered it as the most desperate scheme; and one which clearly evinced to them the designs of Mr. Dolliff. Mr Stanford returned an immediate answer to Mrs. Harman, entreating her, "By no means to execute any writings until the arrival of her son, which would take place in the course of the ensuring week. Previous to Mr. Harman's departure he took leave of his sisters, intending to set off on the next day; but what was his surprise when he received a second letter from his mother, informing, him of the actual execution of the deed, by the designing stratagem of her daughter's husband.

This unhappy youth was for some time in a proxysm of madness—he traversed his room—stamped—tore every thing that come in his way—and rushing out, vowed vengeance against the plotter of his family's ruin.

Not being sufficiently composed to walk, he called a coach, and began to consider the necessity there was for as much moderation as possible, in disclosing the circumstance to his sisters, who, supposing that he was already on his journey, were astonished at his entrance. "What," exclaimed Mrs. Stanford, "our Charles not yet on his journey to his mother;" without a reply he threw his hat upon the piano, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped his face, flung himself into a chair, and remained some moments speechless. "For Heaven's sake brother tell us what is the matter; has any thing happened to prevent your going?"—"My dear Harriet, my journey is now unnecessary, our mother has done the business without me!" He arose and throwing the letter on the the table, traversed the room in the most painful agitation.

The shock of the ladies was equal, though expressed with less violence; they applied to their brother to know what was to be done in such an extremity; "as soon as the assizes at Croydon are over, I will go down and endeavour to bring the villain to a sale of the property, that the sums may be applied to their respective uses; this is all that can be done. I hope, my dear Caroline, in the prospect of a marriage with Mr. Severs, will be handsomely provided for; you have no doubt heard of that of my friend

Vere! Oh Caroline!—But I will not renew scenes that are past—for my part I propose after this term to establish myself in my native county, and will request my sister Jane to be my housekeeper; such a distribution would break the force of our misfortunes, and secure a comfortable provision to our mother; but much of this depends upon what we can do with Dolliff." This well-projected plan afforded great relief to the minds of the hearers, but it was an arrangement contrary to the wishes of the inventor, who had long intended soliciting the hand of Miss Clarendon in an early union, which Mr. Harman now found necessary to defer, that he might devote some time to the re-establishment of his family.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Mr. Severs arived at his father's, near St. Alban's, his mind was filled with a thousand forebodings as to his success. The old gentleman received him with a hearty shake of the hand and reproof for having so long exceeded the time proposed. He enquired after his London friends; and, as though

it had been unavoidable slightly asked how Miss Harman was, and if she was not yet married? "By the bye," said he, "I am afraid she will find that rather difficult to do now, George, notwithstanding that she is so desirable a woman; but this law-suit, I am told, has play'd the devil with their fortune; what a pity it was that she would not take Vere while he was in the humour. I believe, really that young fellow would have married her without a shilling. I think he has acted like a dutiful, sensible son, in having taken a lady of his father's recommendation, and one who has also a handsome fortune."

"There are few men, Sir, who would not be happy to receive the hand of Miss Harman, as disinterestedly as Mr. Vere, whose attachment to that lady did him the highest honour; for, independently of any fortune, she is in herself so rich a treasure, that I would gladly demand her upon the same footing."

"Indeed, Sir! but I suppose you are speaking only as a man of gallantry; and yet I think I have never heard you express yourself in such terms of any other woman; it is a pity that her want of fortune must occasion a disappointment to your wishes."

"Mere gallantly, Sir, is a term scarcely understood by a man who can appreciate the value of Miss Harman; I speak as a

man of honour, as one who would
no greater felicity than that of beholdi
his wife."

"I think, by this time, son, we
stand each other sufficiently. I an
that I extolled this girl so highly
though I certainly admired her, yet th
humour I was then in, assisted greatly
colouring I gave her; I wish I had l
to your own judgment; however,
always told you my opinion and inte
which I shall now repeat—that if ev
marry Caroline Harman, or any oth
man, in defiance of me, without a f
I will cut you off with a shilling, anc
the whole of my property to your
Mrs. Malin, and her two boys. Aft
Sir, you will consider well what
about."

When George Severs quitted his
it was to give himself up a prey to
happy reflections; he saw not even
motest prospect of attaining his w
but, must he resign all hope? and wi
the only woman he had ever loved? T
man who returned with equal rega
warmest affections! Impossible! His f
threats bore no proportion to such a
fice. "I will write to her, renew eve
that I have made, and bid her still
He determined also to request Mr. S
would pass a week with him at Alban

that in his society he might find some relief, in pouring forth his grief in the bosom of friendship.

Notwithstanding the efforts Mr. Severs made, in his letter to Caroline, to hide the ill success of his application to his father, she easily discovered their real situation. Oh, Hope! fallacious promiser; o'er what precipices and dangers dost thou lead thy credulous followers—tempted by the good thou holdest out, they pursue with eager steps, then weary, sink ere they attain.

Mr. Stanford, like a very unfashionable husband, condescended to consult his wife before he made a promise to his friend, and afterwards gave him reason to hope that he would shake hands with him at St. Alban's before the end of the month. Charles Harman had come to the decided plan of action already described, and waited impatiently the end of Croydon-assizes that he might, without interruption, put his designs into execution.

Bouyant on the tip-toe of youth and hope, and the impulses of a heart panting to redress his family, he thought no impediment could frustrate his purposes. Alas! too soon, Charles will thy premature fate demand the tribute of a tear; and with thee be buried the future hopes of thy lamenting friends. The third day after this amiable youth had arrived at Croydon, being ex-

tremely fatigued with the business of th court, but more with the heat of that, an the weather, he went into a coffee house, i a state of excessive thirst and perspiration and, observing a decanter of water, he dran immoderately of it ; he was not long befor he felt a most violent attack of sickness an pain at his stomach, attended with shiver ings. Sensible of the fatal consequence o what he had done, he instantly ordered bed ; a physician was sent for, and a mes senger dispatched off to his sisters : a deli rium came on before they arrived, accom panied by Miss Clarendon, of whose stat we will not attempt a description ; Mr. Har man's reason returned a short time after and he was sensible of the distraction of his friends. He took the hand of Miss Claren don, who, kneeling by his bed-side, drown ed in tears, pressed it with agony to her bo som ; Charles feebly returned the pressure and, in a voice frequently interrupted by a difficulty of breathing, said, " My dearest Emma, the elected of my choice and future hopes, we part ! Devote a short time to weep over the memory of thy Charles, (he made an effort to take a miniature from his bosom) and hereafter bestow this, thy dear resemblance and pledge of love, on some en viable object, worthy the possession of it and of thy affections. My Harriet, I leave you under the protection of the most excel-

lent of husbands; may your happiness never be blighted, but continue to the end of life. But thou, my beloved Caroline, companion of my infant days, how will thy tender mind and years encounter the heavy storms which threaten. Yet, Severs will, I trust, be honourable, and by becoming thy legal protector, secure thee from the evils which my longer life might have dissipated. Our unfortunate mother must, in thee, find her chief consolation."

Exhausted by the efforts he had made he feebly pressed the hands he held, and reposing his head on the bosom of his favourite sister, ejaculated a blessing upon each, and soon after expired.

In a state of insensibility Caroline was borne from the body of her departed brother, and remained in that state for several hours. The affection which had subsisted between them had never been exceeded, and seldom equalled. In him she lost the friend and brother of her heart, and her future protector. An express was immediately sent off for Mr. Stanford, who, after giving the necessary orders, conducted his mournful party to town.

From this affecting event, Miss Clarendon became a prey to melancholy; for the relief of which, Sir James soon after set out upon a tour; but, so entirely were the affections of this young lady buried with her lover,

that she never after recovered her native g iety, nor would listen to any overtures marriage.

No sooner had our heroine, in some d gree, recovered from the severity of her fliction, than she determined to join her m ther and sister, and on their bosoms symp thise on the loss of her beloved brothe she also determined, though then not eig teen, to exert every influence with Mr. D liff for the actual discharge of the tru She communicated her wishes to Mr. a Mrs. Stanford, who admitted the proprie of her going, but consented only on con tions of her returning to them; whose hou they insisted, should be her future hon till she had obtained a permanent establis ment for herself; with grateful chearfulne she consented to their wishes, and being a companied by them two stages, they part with the most affectionate regret. The d lightful hopes of soon finding herself in t embraces of her mother and sister, occupi her mind during her journey, unaccompa ed by a single idea of the different situati into which they had fallen since she l parted from them. Nothing could equ the shock she received, when she found the the secluded inhabitants of a remote far the property of Mrs. Harman, to whom t tenant had formerly been many years a s vant, now an humble friend; who, by l

respectful behaviour to his former mistress, endeavoured to soothe the affliction of his guests. How was now the scene shifted! From every rational pleasure, love, and the endearing charms of variety, Caroline was now become the partner of solitude, unenlivened by chearfulness; of sorrows, unrelieved by the hopes of better days. Here, while she wandered in a sequestered path, a prey to the melancholy and doubts which possessed her, she would meditate on the uncertain hopes of her attachment to Mr. Severs being crowned with success, and wish he had so generous a father as the amiable Vere. Prudence would often suggest to her the advantages which might have been derived from a union with him, and she regretted the texture of her own mind, that would not yield to the necessity of the moment; "There is," she would say, "a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Perhaps I have neglected mine, and may hereafter labour in shoals and quicksands. Yet such was her free and genuine love for Mr. Severs, that she thought any sufferings might be borne, if hereafter compensated by the consummation of her wishes.

After having obtained her mother's permission, she went over to a very respectable and worthy professional gentleman, who assisted her by his advice, and in conversa-

tion with Mr. Dolliff, in whose presence confessed that the copy-hold estate was not gift to him, but in trust for a general ben fit, which he would relinquish if Mrs. Ha man would enter into a mutual bond to gi him a certain sum at her death as a gratuit the interest of which she should receive d ring her life. In this meeting they also a pointed a day of general sale for the estat Such a commencement so far beyond the hopes, offered the fairest prospects.

Caroline had formerly an acquaintan with a lady in this neighbourhood, whi she renewed, and continued as long as h history will be traced by us. Mrs. Ain worth possessed every requisite which cou attach Caroline to her; she was one of the s perior class of females, and the wife of a ge tleman of equal merit. No sooner did th hear of our heroine's visit into their neig bourhood, than Mrs. Aimsworth insisted th she should take up her residence with the

On the day previous to that of the sal a servant informed Caroline that a gentl man, booted and spurred, enquired for he she was at a loss to conjecture who it cou be; a stranger immediately off his journ presented her with a packet, on the addre of which she discovered the hand of M Severs. She begged the gentleman to l seated, and, making her excuses for a fe minutes retired to examine the content

ind, not without perturbation, reads as fol-
ows :

" My beloved Caroline can but feebly imagine the anxiety I have suffered in hearing of her removal from town, and upon so fatiguing a commission as that with which she has charged herself. Would to God that propriety had allowed me to have hastened to you, that I might have removed so heavy a burthen—I have done what I hope you will not disapprove, to prevent, if possible, your last stake from being thrown away, in which I have been assisted by a most worthy man, to whom I hope some time to have the pleasure of introducing you.—You need not, my dear girl, use any reserve to the bearer; who is not only a respectable man, by my own attorney; his advice will not only assist in any conversation you may have with Mr. Dolliff, but also in the sale of your property. It is with difficulty he has been able to devote the time necessary to your purpose. I entreat you will write every post—it will be some relief to your unalterable—— G. S."

This letter was a consolation unexpected by Caroline, and the friendly advice of the bearer assisted in fortifying her mind. The day of sale was attended by a great number

of most respectable purchasers, but, whether from neglect or design, Mr. Dolliff's agent had not given notice to the excise, without which, no sale could take place, and after all the necessary expences, the parties who attended were obliged to return under the greatest disappointment.

With every acknowledgment, Caroline communicated this circumstance to Mr. Severs; lamenting the obstacles to their happiness, which appeared insurmountable—entreating him to be reconciled to the event—and pointing out the ruin that must ensue from any steps not sanctioned by the approbation of his father, which she feared was unattainable. Our heroine even held out the example of Mr. Vere as the only measure which could ensure to him an interest in his father's affections.

From the cool reasoning of this letter, Mr. Severs apprehended a material change had taken place in the mind of Caroline. Little did he know the efforts she had made in giving such advice—that it was dictated by a despair, to which love became a temporary sacrifice, and that a continuance of his affection was so interwoven with her happiness, and even her existence, that she dreaded the extinction of life less than that of his love.—In a post or two Mr. Severs answered Caroline in the following manner:

" What cruel sentiment, my dearest Caine, could dictate your last letter? Folr the example of Vere do you say! Would have been the obedient son you hold out my pattern, had he been blessed with ur affections! And shall I, secure in such easure, relinquish my hopes because they at present obscured? No! If my father ll continues inexorable, I will yield up my ims to his inheritance, but to no power earth those which I have upon you and e. I shall think nothing difficult or untainable if you will accept such as I can er.—One effort more with my father, and n, my Caroline, I am wholly yours.—nford is our guest; he arrived last night Still keep possession of that fortitude so ential to our support, and believe me, ile blessed with your affections, no diffities will be unsurmountable to your faith-

SEVERS."

CHAPTER XII.

THE sweetest ingredient which can mix th the bitter cup of life is virtuous love—thout such a cordial it is a nauseous ught.—The perusal of her lover's letter de Caroline an empress—though she was

—a beggar!——She coveted not the mines of *Golconda*—but to confer them on the object supreme in her affections—That no exertion on her part might be wanting to facilitate his wishes, she determined upon another attempt to procure the sale of their estates, that her mother and sister, at least, might be provided for; Caroline determined that no impediments on their part should again arise; she saw that every thing was properly announced; nevertheless her wishes were still unfulfilled, for from the last disappointment of the purchasers, there were none to attend the second appointment. This was an event which brought her very near despair, for in the immediate time Mrs. Harman was without any support, but that which she received from the little bank, accumulated by the economy of this amiable girl, which became a general stock in the moment of necessity; Caroline's residence with her friend Mrs. Aimsworth, happily prevented, in a great measure, the diminution of this little fund. The sensible conversation and accomplishments of these hospitable benefactors, beguiled the painful hours of anxiety, their little son became her inseparable companion and play-fellow, who imbibed as much instruction as the powers of his tender mind would allow. The dawning of his infant reason afforded her the most exquisite delight, and she never failed

conveying such images to his apprehension as were congenial to his tender age.

Mr. Stanford, agreeably to the wishes of his wife (who was near her confinement) thought proper not to defer his visit to Alban Park, that his return might take place previous to that event; his reception was the most cordial; Mr. Severs displayed the genuine traits of hospitality; George, those of esteem and friendship; the former felt some embarrassment when the name of Caroline was mentioned, which he never dwelt on but in observations of the lost fortunes of a young woman, which must, he said, inevitably prevent her engaging in life suitably to her education and disposition. Mr. Stanford, in a certain degree, felt himself piqued, as his partiality to his sister-in-law induced him to answer, that such a girl as Caroline was a fortune in herself, to any man that married her.

This opinion was too coincident with taht of his son, whose resolution, he feared, would gain ground, and wished that either the visit was over, or had never taken place.

Mr. Severs had a daughter, who, at this period of affairs, must make her entrée. She was a widow, not very young, having already finished her thirty-fifth year, and considerably older than her brother. Mrs. Malin had married a rich West-India plant-

er; she accompanied him to Jamaica, where she remained some years. The profusion and extravagance of this lady's conduct had so exceeded his finances that he proposed her return to England, under a promise of settling his affairs in the West and joining her. Mrs. Malin embarked with her two sons, and a Miss Millbank. The former of these ladies was by no means of the most immaculate character or conduct; her husband had had occasion, more than once, to suspect her of an amour; a sufficient reason for him to remove her—Intrigue and conquest were in her estimation the soul of life. The man under the most sacred engagements, was the object she preferred; such a victory was a triumph, worthy a woman of spirit, and one who wished to boast of her conquest. Mrs. Malin's charms were not those of beauty, but of manners the most artful and polished; she could assume the utmost refinements of virtue, though her aim was to forfeit every claim to it. A few weeks previous to Mr. Stanford's visit to her father, she had received an account of the death of Mr. Malin, who was killed in an engagement with the negroes; this event was propitious to her taste; she put on, and indulged all the luxury of the most extravagant sorrow; her grief, like all her passions, appeared to know no bounds. From her weeds she

lerived dignity, and a respect exceeding hat which at any other time she would have obtained. Her near affinity to the two Mr. Severs' drew from Mr. Stanford those attentions, which, as a man of a cultivated understanding and manners, he could not withhold. The character of this gentleman was so truly excellent, that he thought a deviation from the love and duty he owed his wife, the most improbable thing in nature; Mr. Stanford's manners possessed an ease and dignity, inseparable from a well-regulated and virtuous mind, from which he derived a grace that acted as a stimulus upon Mrs. Malin, who thought him the most desirable man she had ever beheld. She determined upon him as her devoted prey. Notwithstanding this intention she was very guarded in her conduct. Two circumstances greatly facilitated her plan—the approaching confinement of Mrs. Stanford, and the absence of Caroline, on whose names she would often dwe'l with rapture—she saw they were dear to Mr. Stanford—"I must," she would say, "become acquainted with both; I hear Mrs. Stanford is a most beautiful woman, and Miss Harman the most amiable and accomplished; how greatly she will suffer the loss of her sister's company in her approaching confinement! truly happy I should feel myself in supplying her attentions—in me she should find the sister

and friend she will want. I have an eng
ment at Richmond, after the time I n
be of service to her, and shall rejoice i
offers of friendship are accepted."
Stanford sensible of her obliging offer,
ened to inform his wife of it. Miss
bank (the young lady who accompanied
Malin to England, though a woman of
siderable fortune) was destitute of
attractions capable of charming a ma
sense, her exterior also derived many
advantages from a neglected educa
The ignorance and imprudent partiali
her parents would not yield to a separa
which was so indispensibly necessary t
future welfare and establishment in
All the instructions she received were
an ignorant woman, who assumed the
and cares, without a single requisite c
fication for a governess, nor could she
tain any other power over her pupil,
that of exciting disgust at those task
assigned her. Being deprived of all th
vantages and refinements of an Eurc
education, it is not to be wondered at,
Miss Millbank imbibed all the art and
ning of the negroes, by whom she had
nursed and surrounded; and that her
sions (naturally strong) partook of the
parament of a torrid zone. Of this
passion George Severs most unhappil
came the object, and on account of he

tune nothing was nearer the heart of his father than the desire of seeing them united. He had not yet ventured to disclose his views, but had formed a resolution to effect it, at the risque of every thing valuable and dear to his son.

After Mr. Stanford had protracted his visit to a fortnight, he returned to town and imparted to his Harriet the obliging offer of Mrs. Malin, bestowing on her such compliments as he thought superior manners and conversation deserved. "Mrs. Malin, will, in some degree, be a substitute for our Caroline, who is unwilling to return to us till something can be done in family affairs." Mrs. Stanford immediately wrote a polite invitation, and that lady became her guest in the course of a fortnight. The artless and unsuspicious wife discerned nothing but what was charming in her new friend; who, on her part, perceived she had undertaken no easy task in the destruction she meditated. In the wife she discovered every female charm; in the husband the most marked and endearing attention. Thus were they emparadised in each other's affections; and while this woman beheld their happiness with all the malignity of envy and jealousy, like the serpent with the first pair, she determined on their ruin. Mrs. Malin would frequently say to Mrs. Stanford "Surely, my dear, of all women you are the happiest; I

think I have never seen so excellent a hu
band—In the present day it is astonishin
Enviable state! how different from my f
lorn one!" The praises of her husba
were ever in unison with the heart of t
amiable woman, and Mrs. Malin soon dis
vered it would be the surest method of ga
ing her confidence. The birth of a s
which Mrs. Stanford presented to her h
band as an endearing pledge of her lo
occasioned her temporary absence from
family; and notwithstanding the degree
which this event might have added to th
felicity, it became a source of the most p
gent affliction.

Mrs. Malin, now become necessarily
occasional and sole companion of Mr. St
ford, at first put on the most becoming
serve; from that she assumed a dejecti
with involuntary sighs, and frequently
Stanford surprised her in tears. He, w
the most friendly interest, enquired
cause, which she would answer was a m
tery to herself; at length she wore all
symptoms of an attachment, and even da
to lament the unhappy moment of their f
acquaintance, from which she said she wi
ed to form one with Mrs. Stanford, that
might transfer to her all the esteem that
felt for him: "I will endeavour to fi
against my indiscretion, and conquer the
happy effects of your merit—I have l

ıed to leave Berkeley-square; but what ppearance that would have to the world re Mrs. Stanford's recovery! O do not, :reat you, betray my weakness to her!" ɔnished and confounded at such a decla- n, Stanford sought the chamber of his y wife, whom (though his affections : as secure as ever) he could not look ı without embarrassment, arising from ıowledge of such a secret, which he d not impart to her. He attributed all affectionate observations upon his alter- ɔpearance, to his anxiety at her absence, cially from table, at the head of which ided his dangerous guest. Here she led him with looks too unequivocal to ıistaken, which conveyed a deadly poi- :o the unhappy object they were meant estroy. Stanford had been one of the : worthy of men—he was not more than —he was vulnerable, and not the first fell a victim to an artful woman!

'om the moment in which Mr. Stanford me the prey of this sorceress happiness from her bosom, though secrecy yet d their amours. As soon as the injured rejoined her family, she made prepara- for going to their summer residence Hampstead Heath, and invited Mrs. n to be her companion.

ıis invitation she politely declined, say- that as her wish was fulfilled in seeing

Mrs. Stanford restored to her family; s
would now join her friends at Richmo
The offer of either house was made, as
cumstances might render more desirable
convenient. This Mrs. Malin knew wo
be done, and she intended repairing
quently to Berkeley-square, to continue
intercourse with Mr. Stanford, who m
necessarily attend daily upon business.
degrees Mrs. Malin's freedoms began to
less guarded; she scrupled not to take
hand in the presence of a servant, whi
pressing with arduor to her lips, she wo
drop, saying, she had forgot that she
not in Jamaica, where the clime was m
congenial to those gallantries, than the c
constitution and atmosphere of Engla
The servant, who so frequently witnes
their familiarity, was not only very disce
ing, but also much attached to her mistr
for whose sake she determined to becom
spy, though not so as to alarm or give
fence to Mrs. Malin, who, in that case, mi
be more reserved; she had frequently v
tured to say, "What a charming man y
master is, Molly! what delightful wall
what conversation! a woman would yi
her whole soul to him! how ha
your mistress is in the possession of suc
husband."—"Yes, Madam, as for the m
ter of that, they are the happiest pair I h
ever seen, and ill befall them that makes'

herwise, say I."—"Why, girl, you don't ıspect any one would be so wicked, do ɔu ?"—"As for that, nobody loves his wife ɛtter than my master; and, to be sure, I ten think she is the prettiest creature I ever ed, so that I am sure it would be a diffi-ılt matter to separate them; for my part, wish every thing to be just as it was when liss Harman was here, for she is the nicest, ɛst young lady, and made every body happy ɔout her."—"But, Molly, I am told she is ɔt handsome."—"Handsomeness signifies othing; she's one of my beauties; but ıof she mayn't be, as every body thinks, andsome, she has more sweethearts than ıy lady I ever seed; they say, Ma'am, ıe's going to have Mr. Severs, your bro-ıer."—"My brother, creature! going to ıarry Caroline Harman! what! a beggar!— girl without a shilling! when he can have woman with twenty thousand pounds! do ou think we are mad! Ah! ah! ah! In-eed, Mrs. Molly, Miss Caroline and all the ɔod folks will be disappointed, I assure ou. No, no, my brother is a man of for-ıne, and must have a considerable one with ıis wife." Molly's resentment was roused ıy this uncourteous reflection upon her fa-ourite, she determined upon revenge; she ıew an opportunity would soon offer, and hat night favoured her with one: she was nformed her master would sleep in town,

and having little doubt of Mrs. Malin's also taking a bed, she was determined to watch her motions; her suspicions were not to their credit, but their conduct proved highly creditable to her discernment. At three o'clock in the morning she discovered her master coming out of the lady's room half dressed. Perfectly convinced of the injury her lady was receiving, Molly determined to set off to Hampstead, and was there before her hour of rising. Molly begged to be admitted to her chamber.

Oppressed with her errand, the girl sunk down by her mistress, and disclosed the whole of her observations. For some moments the astonished wife remained without utterance; at length she took up her sleeping infant, and told the girl she was mad: "Look at my child—can its father be false to me? Begone from my presence: and I charge you, if you value my favour, not to divulge your indiscreet suspicions—order the carriage, I will breakfast with my husband." When Mrs. Stanford found herself alone, she gave a loose to reflection. "It is impossible! it cannot be! and yet, most certainly my husband has not been with me so much as I think he might: yet his excuses have always appeared plausible; but, even in my company, he has been less easy! my caresses—good God is it possible!—have not been received with the rapture they

were wont—unhappy wife, must I from the zenith of human felicity be added to the number of the most miserable ?"

Accompanied by her child and its nurse, she alighted in Berkeley-square just as her husband and his companion were sitting down to breakfast. Mrs. Stanford took her infant, and entered the parlour, to their surprise and confusion. Pale, and with mingled looks of affection and fear, she approached her husband; and putting the child into his arms, burst into a flood of tears. "For heaven's sake, my dear Harriet, what is the matter with you? what has brought you in this state and so early to town?" —"To enjoy your society, Charles; business detains you here, and it is my duty and inclination to be ever with you."—"Our separation, Harriet, has been the effect of necessity; I will join you to-night at Hampstead."—"I will remain in town till you can go, and accompany you thither." Mr. Stanford saw his wife was resolute, and did not oppose her; he also saw the cause of her uneasiness, and his heart was not yet callous. Mrs. Stanford turned to Mrs. Malin, whom she had not yet noticed, and said, "I was ignorant, madam, till now, of the honour you have done my house—I certainly understood you had pressing engagements at Richmond."—"So I have, madam; but you had the goodness to offer me the occa-

sional use of your house."—"I admit it; but should you (as a woman of respectability, nay of delicacy) have made so constant a residence of this house without any notice to its mistress?" "Mr. Stanford was here, and I thought ceremony unnecessary." "You have then, by your own confession, engrossed both my husband and house—I was lately supreme with both; and that I may not forget my sovereignty, I henceforward request, madam, your absence, for I can never hereafter think well of a woman capable of acting as you have done."—— "Jealous! upon my honour—Ah! ah! ah! Why, Mrs. Stanford do you begin to find that your husband is not quite so much your slave as heretofore? No, no, such a fellow as that is not made to be the hum-drum property of a wife; but I advise you to take care how you asperse the character of a woman of fortune, who, you will find, has both spirit and friends to protect her."—"Quit my house, madam, I shall then have done with you; my carriage is now in waiting, and shall convey you where you please." "Insolence! yes, I will quit your house; but tremble for the consequence—my power over your husband is, perhaps, greater than your own." Mrs. Malin ordered her chariot, and hastening out of the room, left the astonished wife a statue of grief.

Mrs. Stanford rang the bell, and ordered the servant to tell his master she wished to speak with him. "My master, madam, is not within; Mrs. Malin's footman had a message for him to attend her."—"Your master gone to attend Mrs. Malin! what misery may I not expect!" This unhappy wife instantly wrote to request Caroline's immediate presence in town, without mentioning the cause; sent in for her friend Miss Clarendon, who had been aware of the unhappy connection. "It has long been, my dear Mrs. Stanford, a general talk among all your acquaintance; from the first we have trembled for your happiness."—"Heavens! Emma, why have I been the only person deficient in discernment—Oh Charles! ungrateful husband! dost thou repay my ardent love with such cruelty?" Miss Clarendon remained the day, and in the evening Mr. Stanford returned; but with such altered looks, that struck terror into the bosom of his wife. She would have taken his hand, but he with-held it. "Are you then lost to me, my dear Charles! in what have I unhappily offended you? my life is your's, take it; for, deprived of your love, it has no value."——"Your conduct this morning, Harriet, was highly censurable; whatever acquaintance I had formed with Mrs. Malin, you suffered no material desertion—

time might have recovered me from this lapse; at present I will have no spies over me; return to Hampstead."—"Never will I tamely see myself deprived of you, by the perfidy of a wicked woman; I know my situation is without a remedy, if you are determined to estrange yourself from me; but this house, Charles, shall not be the scene of the guilty pleasure of an abandoned rival." "Make choice of which house you please, madam; I promise you in neither shall you be disturbed by the lady you call your rival —I understand you have sent for your sister; her return to you is against my will, and I shall inform her of it."—"Caroline not suffered to return! where will your cruelty and my sufferings end? Oh Charles! how has this woman destroyed thy virtues!" Mr. Stanford returned no answer; but, on quitting his wife, ordered a separate apartment. We will not wrong this deluded man so much as to suppose that he fell an unresisting sacrifice, or without great compunction, to the designs of this wicked woman.

He had however gone too far to make an immediate retreat, when first his wife, with so commendable a spirit, represented her misfortunes and asserted her rights; shame made him then quit her presence, but so much was he the slave of Mrs. Malin, that he dared not refuse her order to follow her to her milliner's; where he no sooner ap-

peared than she accused him of leaving her
o the rage of his provoked wife. "Pusil-
animous wretch! I see you are unworthy
he sacrifices I have made."—"I am afraid,
nadam, my sacrifices are much greater!
Would to God we had never met. My poor
Harriet!"—"Doating fool, who after two
ears marriage can still find charms in a
wife!—A creature for household purposes
—without any other claim to your regard
han a pretty face, and doing her duty."—
"Hold madam!—my Harriet is the most
excellent of women! she deserves a better
nan—and I am a villain unworthy of her."
Mr. Stanford walked to the door—Mrs.
Malin saw she had made a wrong beginning.
She caught hold of his coat, and, throwing
herself at his feet, entreated him to recollect
he sacrifices she had made to her love.
"The world, my friends, character and vir-
ue, are all forfeited! I value them not in
ompetition with your love. Oh Stanford!
o I merit no return? give me at least a
hare with this adored and enviable wife,
ven with that I will be content." She sunk
t his feet, he raised her, and she fell into
is arms fainting. Mr. Stanford exclaimed,
"Miserable wretch, into what an abyss am
fallen! Must the best of women become a
acrifice to this!" Mrs. Malin opened her
yes and fixing them on him, said, "Make
ne one promise, Charles, and swear to keep

it; that when you return home you will order a separate apartment for this night, and visit me to-morrow morning; I exact an oath." To this Mr. Stanford bound himself.

He soon after took an elegant house and established his chere amice in a very expensive style; resorted to her constantly after the business of the day, and frequently some weeks passed without a single interview with his wife; who now saw herself surrounded by sorrow, and deprived even of the comfort of her sister's society.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAROLINE frequently received the most affectionate letters from Mr. Severs. Though unaccompanied with any prospect of immediate, or even remote success with his father, there was an obscurity in them through which she could not penetrate, and on that account she was determined never to indulge a hope of a happy event in their union, but, endeavoured to keep her mind as much as possible in equilibrio; this was a disposition strongly recommended by her worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Aimsworth, whose admiration at the fortitude of so young a crea-

re in her sufferings, was raised to the ut-
ost height; her resolution received a con-
lerable shock in the receipt of Mrs. Stan-
d's letter; it contained only two or three
es:

" Something my dear Caroline has dis-
rbed the happiness of your Harriet, to
om you are intreated instantly to fly."

Mr. Stanford's by the same post, "desired
e would wave her sister's invitation, as an
air had happened to prevent their immedi-
reception of her; but fearful that she might
ffer pecuniary inconvenience, he enclosed
ill for twenty pounds desiring when that
s exhausted, she would draw upon him for
rther sums—" I am no longer" he added,
the Stanford you knew; a barbed arrow
s pierced, and wrankles in my heart.
ave you ever read the Sorrows of Werter?
eg your perusal and opinion of them."

Caroline, astonished at the enigma before
r, knew not how to set about the solution
it; she confided these letters to Mr. and
rs. Aimsworth, who soon unfolded the
ystery, and with agony joined in their
inion that some envious demon had des-
oyed the conjugal happiness of her
ster, to whom she determined instantly
fly, notwithstanding Mr. Stanford's in-
nctions to the contrary.

Caroline read the Sorrows of Werter;
d, at his request gave her opinion of that

book.—"Although my heart disapproves, it still bleeds for you, my dear brother—What connection have Werter's sorrows with your's?—Are you at a loss to decide what opinion ought to be formed upon such attachments as his? Can there be more than one object of virtuous love? Banish those enervating and dangerous books, which will inevitably subdue every power of your mind—Already you feel the fatal influence—The unhappy Werter will find few imitators in the sacrifice he made of life, for the mutual preservation of virtue—his passion only is adopted. How often, my dear Charles, does vice gain its introduction into our breasts under the gentle, and fascinating term of sentiment!—its empire fixed, 'tis then too late—contending passions rend the conquered heart, and the fearless tyrant stands confest with all its train of guilt and miseries attendant—Happiness, you say has fled from your bosom—let us try to recover the dear fugitive—let our beloved Charles be restored to us with all his native virtues and vigour of mind—perhaps my presence might not be useless—let the happy pair I left be again embraced by their affectionate sister." Having relieved, in some measure, her afflicted heart, she imparted her intention of joining her sister to Mr. and Mrs. Aimsworth, who reluctantly consented. The latter, at parting with this amiable girl, present

her with an elegant pocket-book, which
e opened on the road, and to her asto-
ihment she discovered, in one of the poc-
ts, a bank-bill of twentypounds. Tears of
ititude fell upon it, and she humbly thank-
the kind Disposer of the human heart, for
:h resources in her helpless state. Caro-
e rode a few miles out of her way to take
ve of her mother and sister, with whom
: shared her riches, and mutually conclud-
that if they should be driven to the
:essity, they must jointly adopt some plan
their general support. On her arrival
town, she drove to Berkeley-square, but
at a change had taken place! instead of
happiness which had ever pervaded her
ter's dwelling, she found it neglected by
but its unhappy mistress, whom she
nd pale and melancholy weeping over her
ant. They flew to each others arms!
My dearest Caroline!"—"My beloved
rriet!" They wept for some moments—
roline took the infant in her arms and
:d over him a torrent of tears. "Your
sband, my dear Harriet"—"I have not
n him this week—his counting-house is,
I know, in the city, and he seldom calls
Berkeley-square."—"Perhaps, my dear
ter, I shall incur his displeasure in having
dertaken this journey against his desire,
ough I wrote to apprize him of my inten-
n; and when he hears of my arrival, will,

most likely, avoid an interview."—"Scrupulously my dear Caroline, you may depend upon it."—"Where does that sorceress reside!"—"At Kensington." Mrs. Stanford then related to her sister their shocking history.—

"It will be more prudent, my dear Harriet, and less irritating to Charles, if I go into lodgings; for, as he strongly enjoined me not to come hither, it would appear highly improper for me to have acted in direct opposition to his orders—I will remain with you to night, and request that one of your servants may procure me accommodations to-morrow." This was a painful proposal to Mrs. Stanford, but she admitted its propriety, and consented.

No sooner had the news of Caroline's actual arrival reached the ears of Mrs. Malin, than she employed every means in her power to prevent an interview between her and Mr. Stanford, who was himself much chagrined at the circumstance. Caroline was at breakfast one morning, when a gentleman entered with a letter open in his hand, and advancing to her, said—"I wait upon you, madam, by order of Mr. Stanford, to whom you are indebted in the sum of sixty-three pounds; he begs either payment or a bond."—"Will you have the goodness, sir, to shew me your order?" She recognized the writing of her brother-in-law, who express-

d himself, "like Shylock,"—"I will have ny bond."---"Have you a bond, sir, with ou ?"---"I have one, madam, filled up, and eady for your signature." She immediate- y executed it.

She was too much oppressed by this inci- lent to join her sister---she preferred soli- ude for that morning, as she did not intend ven to impart the circumstance to her. The mind of Caroline was delicate in all ts conceptions; she now considered the onnection of Mrs. Malin and Mr. Stanford, s an insuperable bar to her union with Mr. levers, even admitting the consent of that entleman's father. She also imagined the ame scruples would arise on the part of her ver, who was greatly surprised at hearing f her removal to town, without previously cquainting him. Caroline wrote to Mr. levers immediately on her arrival, but for- ore all communication as to her sister's isfortune, determined that he should first ention the subject; but the stile of all her tters plainly indicated the state of her mind.

George had now attained his twenty-third ear, and was entirely dependent upon his ather, who from high expectations of leav- ng him a considerable fortune, would never uffer his son to apply to any professional tudy; on an exigency of this kind, there- ore, he was without any resources. We

have before observed that the heart of the old gentleman was fixed upon his son's union with Miss Millbank.---In fact he was determined upon it, and although he had little doubt of the lady's consent, he judged it proper first to try her inclinations---and took the opportunity while she was one day making tea for him.

"Mary Ann," said he, "have you any objections to matrimony?" The young lady instantly begun to flutter and blush---and, with a tittering laugh, said, "Dear me, sir, I---I have never thought of such a thing; but I dare say I should like it very well." "That I am sure you would, for it is the happiest life in the world! If you once knew, Mary Ann, what it was to be married, you would never wish to remain single."---"But, sir, whom can I have?---I don't know any-body ---I want to go to London, that I may see and be seen---for here we have not a creature but your son George---and he is always moping so for that Miss Harman, that he is scarce civil to me."

"I'll tell you what, Mary Ann, George and Miss Harman shall never make a match ---What! do you think I would suffer him to marry a beggar?"---"Oh dear me, no to be sure---you would not consent for him to marry any body without a fortune." "Well then, Mary Ann, what think you? should you like to have my son George yourself?"

'Me sir! oh! I should go mad with joy, f young Mr. George would have me; I vould give him all my fortune; and then he vould take me to London—Do, sir, ask him; vill you?" The old gentleman having got ver his least difficulty left her to finish her ea. After which she began to jump and kip about the room like a girl who had first btained permission to go to a play or a all. In this moment of her joy George ntered, requesting a dish of tea, after a hort journey. He demanded the reason of er merriment. "O dear, Mr. George, vhat do you think?" and she hid her face vith her hands. "I think a great deal, Miss Millbank."—"Ah! but what do you hink your father has been saying to me?" 'It is impossible for me to divine what nay have passed between you and my fa- her." "Lord, you are always so queer! Well, I cannot for shame tell you." "Then ray do not, for I should be sorry to give ou cause for being ashamed; and so pray blige me with some refreshment."—"Nay, ut I will now try for a little courage—do ou know that your father says—oh I am so shamed—(she hid her face) that—that you re to be my husband!" An electrical shock ould not have operated more powerfully.— 'Good heavens, Mr. George, what a jump ou gave! and you look so cross that I think ou will make a very bad husband!" "De-

pend on it, madam, that, if married to you I should make one of the worst possible." —" Well, but your father says it must be so, and I have made him a promise to give you all my fortune; and you are to take me to London."------" I fancy, Miss Millbank, the merry homour I have surprised you in, has excited you to amuse yourself with a joke, for it is in that light only I can receive your conversation."---" Indeed, Mr. George it is not: for your father swears you shall never marry Miss Harman."" And I swear never to marry any other woman.— Oh my beloved Caroline!"---" I hate that girl; you are always talking of her in such a manner, as if there was nobody like her; perhaps if you never had known her, you might have been more civil to me—I love you better than any other man; and if I had only one of my negro-wenches near my rival, she would soon know how to put her out of the way."---" Monstrous woman! are you of the same sex with my angel?---under what a pressure of misfortune is her tender mink sinking! while this woman, destitute of the common delicacy of her sex, revels in the luxury of fortune."---" You may turn up your nose at me as much as you like; but you cannot marry that minx---now, since Mr. Stanford's affair with Mrs. Malin."--- " What affair! I don't understand you."--- " No! what has Miss Harman never men-

ead of that devoted family. I have no oubt of her having been the aggressor? Vhy is that to be attributed to Miss Haran, whose mind is the seat of virtue and onour."---"The first is with me, sir, an inperable objection. You know my fixed solution---a marriage with Miss Millbank; ', an exclusion from my fortune: leave me, id when you think proper to act agreeably my orders we may perhaps meet again--- vill allow you two days for that purpose." -With a heart, tho' oppressed---yet dermined, George retired. In going down airs, he met the most disagreeable object at could have presented itself, in the pern of Miss Millbank; she immediately opped, and said, "Ah! George, I know hat you have been with your father for?" e rushed by her without the slightest atntion, and, ordering his horse to be got ady---rode off, that he might lessen his iefs by the participation of a confidential iend.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR John Beaumont had been, from childod, the inseparable companion of George vers; and, in his acquaintance with roline, was his bosom friend.—The in-

delicacy of Miss Millbanks had rende
a subject of laughter to all the neig
hood, in which there was not a man
pectability, notwithstanding her lar
tune, who would wish to possess
of such a woman. How unfit th
she to become the companion of so
a man as Mr. Severs !—" My deai
what must I do in this extremity ?"—
thing, rather than marry the woman you
proposes ! but, I suspect that when
you are determined, he will desist.'
supposing that, you know not my fathe
where money is concerned, is the mos
ible of men ; he would rather that I
yeild my life, than he a favourite sc
—" Suppose, George, you were, at
ture, to marry your Caroline ; in th
he could not prevent what had taken
—" True ! but you know not my
who would consider my ruin as ine
in a separation from my father's frie
without whose consent she is dete
never to give hers."—" So then, t
the refinement of your mistress, and
stinacy of your father, you must e
condemned to the solitary life of a ba
or become the husband of the ri
desirable Mary Ann Millbank."-
heaven's sake, do not mention the
that detestable woman !—sooner sho
hand plunge a dagger in my hea

: her property. How much cause
at this moment, to lament the life
ıess in which I have been brought
erwise I might have had resources;
ı my present situation, although
:d with the expectation of enjoying
ıousand a year at my father's death, I
thout a single immediate claim upon
he thinks proper to withhold it. Were
ter the army, it would be long before
l obtain any rank above that of a sub-
: my pay would barely support my-
/hat then could I do with my Caro-
ɔut I am driven almost to desperation,
ɔmething must be done."—"What
think of an East-India voyage?—
ally meditate one, in case my father
ds to extremities."—"O love!
cried Sir John, "I thank thy God-
ɔr being so propitious to me and my
; for, with roses thou hast strewed
th."—"My dear fellow, excuse this
ort of gratitude, for the possession of
ly woman I ever loved; let us go to
ıd over a repast, sweetened by her
rsation, we will request her assistance
ising some plan for the destruction of
ather's project. With all our boasted
ıority, George, we must yield the palm
ention to the finer genius and texture
woman's mind." Lady Beaumont,
amiable, condescended to enter into

the merits of the cause, and expressed the liveliest regret for the obstacles which were thrown in the way of George and Caroline; she knew their history, as well as that of the latter with Mr. Vere, whose wife had not only been a school-fellow of Lady Beaumont's, in Queen-square; but an intimate associate during Miss Cecil's residence with her aunt; whose estate lay within ten miles of Beaumont-Park. Mr. and Mrs. Vere were then on their annual visit to the old lady, and Lady Beaumont was determined to put all her forces in array, by requesting their company and advice relative to the present embarrassment. She immediately wrote to Mrs. Vere, informed her who was their guest, and explained the affair, as far as she thought necessary.

As soon as Mrs. Vere received lady Beaumont's letter, she entreated her husband would attend to the invitation, that, if possible, they might assist in the project. Mr. Vere looked upon his wife with increased regard: "My generous noble-minded girl, you know not the power such a proposal has gained you; I adore the charming trait of character developed by this incident ---We will instantly fly to the assistance of this amiable pair---The happiness of our Caroline, shall engross our attention. Will you, my kind Sophy, permit me to say, that the promotion of her felicity will be an addition to my own?" Mrs. Vere tenderly em-

ced her husband; "Then let us, my
oved Harry, instantly establish our own
piness, in that of this amiable girl."
hough George was not only surprized,
also hurt, in the expectation of seeing
. Vere, under his present uneasiness, his
rehensions were soon dissipated; when
latter, with open arms, embraced him
h the cordiality of friendship; he held the
d of George, and presenting him to Mrs.
re, said, "Mr. Severs, I beg you to con-
er me and my Sophia devoted to your in-
st—let us call a council; in which, Sir
n, our wives shall preside—they are too
sonable, not to suffer a controul in an error
judgment. Are you willing, Severs, to
ıfideyour case to them?" "The fair sex,
dear friend, have not so great an advo-
e as myself; there is amongst them all
t is good and exalted."—"I allow your
cernment of women, to be exquisite; the
ıgeniality of your mind to that of the
st amiable of her sex attaches me to you,
l discovers your own excellence; but,
ely your father cannot persist to an extre-
ty, though I am afraid Mrs. Malin may
ist to make him inexorable; as she, no
ıbt, corresponds with Miss Millbank. La-
Beaumont, what is your opinion?" "With
due deference to your's, I am sorry to
', mine is; that the situation of our friend,

is desperate; and, that little is to be hoped for in any attempt with his father; for my own part I think we shall do better, by considering the constitution of Miss Millbank; who, having got matrimony into her head, will never be content on this side of it. Sentiment will not do for her—nor will she long suffer impediments to her wishes. She sees George is a general favorite amongst the girls—it is that only which makes her desirous of obtaining him—otherwise, my judgment leads me to suppose, that any other man would make a far better husband for her.—Let us, therefore tempt her, by giving him a rival—Shall you have any objection to give up this Creole?" The plan was unanimously approved. "Let us not be too sanguine," continued lady Beaumont, "I don't say, that if we even get rid of this difficulty, your father will yield to our wishes—however, we will make a trial."—"For my part," said Mrs. Vere, "I should like to have both her and Mrs. Malin kidnapped, and sent to Jamaica."—"That is an admirable, though difficult scheme, Sophy," said lady Beaumont, "for certainly, in that case, we should serve both Mrs. Stanford and Caroline, as well as our dying lover—Upon my honour, Severs, you are the picture of misery."—"My dear lady Beaumont, can you doubt the distressed state of my mind?"——"Don't despair,

ge !" said sir John, " we will first try
ife's scheme, and if that should fail,
ve be driven to do a violent deed, we
use every means to secure your inter-
/ith the East-India company; into
e service you appear desirous to en-
—" But my Caroline, how can I bear a
ation from her !"—" We don't intend
hould, my dear fellow; as it is on her
nt that you are driven to such an expe-
, she must certainly accompany you."
w grateful to the heart of George were
dvice and projects of his friends, par-
rly the last, which was a cordial to his
nding mind. Already he felt the in-
e of friendly gales and seas bearing
ver with his beloved Caroline, to the
of happiness and enjoyment; not a
or quicksand impeded his ideal pas-

Such is the magic power of hope; it
s us from the lowest abyss of despair,
n an instant places us upon the loftiest
icle of felicity. " Suppose," said lady
mont, " we were to make choice of
eighbour, Squire Leapwell, to enter
ists against Severs—he is not only a
handsome young fellow, but the great-
ox-hunter in this neighbourhood !"—
on my honour, Sophy, though Leap-
is the character you represent, yet I
ertain, he would not make choice of
a woman as Millbank; he has no idea

of women, as wives, who are void of delicacy—we will, however, desire the favour of his company to-morrow—I know he danced with her one night at the assembly, and afterwards told me that she was the most disgusting woman, considered as a modest one, he had ever met with." George bit his lips, and, rising from his chair, stamped like a madman, railing against his father for proposing such a companion to him. When Mr. Leapwell made his appearance the next day, he was astonished at the dejected air of Mr. Severs—he shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "What the devil is the matter with you? I suppose it is because of that damn'd Creole—the whole neighbourhood is enraged against your father for thinking of marrying you to such a woman: ill-luck, you must know, gave her to me one night for a partner, when, upon my honour, lady Beaumont, she pulled and squeezed my hand so much, that I knew not how to shake her off; and when we had finished the dance, told me herself and fortune were at my service—I thanked her with as low a bow as I could make; but said, I preferred that game and woman best that would give me a chace; and that, if I wanted a free girl, I never wished to find one among such company as the present." A general laugh followed this account of Mr. Leapwell's. "I wish," said lady Beaumont, "you would

levise with us some plan to frustrate that of his avaricious old man—poor George's probation is over, and he must now make up his mind and give his report at Alban-Park." —"On Miss Millbank's account, Severs, don't have the least uneasiness—your father would be a madman to pursue his intention. I'll tell you what, ladies, we will try what discoveries can be made: this girl must have her amours, and, I am certain, will not be over scrupulous as to the object —I have often heard my groom throw out hints; perhaps he knows more than he has hitherto thought proper to tell me——I'll sound him on my return home, and, on this occasion, lady Beaumont, I bespeak a place at your table to-morrow; perhaps by that time I may have something to tell you."

The party expressed the pleasure they should have in his company, and had great hopes he would receive some intelligence to assist them in their undertaking. "That appears to me a very worthy young fellow," said Mr. Vere, as soon as Mr. Leapwell had taken leave. "He is, my friend, exactly what he appears to be," said sir John; "his mind is a fair copy of nature, without a single deformity; little cultivation has been used, though there is not any thing material to shock the most refined---Leapwell is such an admirer of nature, that he is a going to

marry a lovely girl, without any other dowry than a mind as uncorrupted as his own.--- This is a circumstance, lady Beaumont, you were unacquainted with, or you would not have proposed him for our purpose with Miss Millbank---he has a good eight hundred a year, and there is a scarcely a girl in this neighbourhood on whom he might not fix his choice; but he is a professed enemy to all those who either are, or profess to be, women of fashion---who, in his own phrase, are not worth starting, much less pursuing." "I hope," said Mrs. Vere, "he is not an enemy to the sex."---"That I am sure he is not," answered her husband; "he is only a connoisseur, Sophy; as you may judge by his opinion of Miss Millbank—I would answer for his discernment of female worth to be exquisite." "The sexes," said lady Beaumont, "are indisputably the best judges of each other; and if we, on our part, would only keep our passions out of the way, and yield more to our judgment, we should be generally right in our conclusions of the men; and, by such a conduct, avoid many errors which the giddy part of our sex run into---Nature has done her part; but we do little for ourselves in the way we ought."

Sir John interrupted his lady, by rising and going to the window: observing a servant riding up the avenue, he exclaimed, "George, it is your livery; and I'll lay my

fe here is an order to call you into quar-ers." Sir John met the servant, who deli-ered him a note from his master to George.

"Son George, you have taken the liberty f remaining beyond the time I allowed---I xpect you will immediately return with ames:—I intend going to town, in order o bring Mrs. Malin back with me; but I hall settle your affair with Miss Millbank, reviously.---It will entirely depend upon ourself, whether I remain your affectionate ather, G. S."

George held the letter without a power of uitting the spot on which he received it — 'Take courage, my dear fellow," said Mr. Vere, "this is your ordeal—remember the eward is our Caroline Harman; can a bright-r be held out to strengthen your mind?"— 'Oh my friend! generous Vere! you have re-nimated my soul! the idea of my Caroline gives fresh vigour to every faculty—yes, I will dare to meet this despotic father, who, for, having given me life, would deprive me of every joy that can make it worth the pos-session of a reasonable man—if I must be wretched, I will at least have the choice in what way I will be so."—"It is certainly un-necessary, George, to advise you in what way to act, in the interview with your father, and you may depend I will send you notice of our

friend Leapwell's mission." The ladies intreated him to support his spirits. "Remember," said lady Beaumont, "our schemes are all untried." Unable to speak, he kissed a hand of each, and mounting his horse, rode off.

On his arrival at Alban-park, he sent a message up to his father, who returned an answer that he should not see him till after dinner; and gave orders that his son should be served in a separate room. This arrangement was highly agreeable to George, as it relieved him from the uncomfortable situation he should be in, from the society of his father and Miss Millbank. He ate little, in consequence of a mind ill at ease, which suffered all the agitations of anxiety during the interval of some hours, for it was not till six o'clock that he received orders to attend his father.

A cool salutation took place, except on the part of Miss Millbank—she immediately exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. George how cruel have you been in staying so long from me—was it right, considering what was going to take place between us?" "Mary Ann," said the old gentleman, "you are too condescending to an undiscerning man."—George immediately addressed the lady by saying, "I am entirely ignorant, Madam, of any circumstance about to take place between us,

that can possibly make me accountable to you for my absence, or cause yon to expect my attention."—"Then, sir," said his father, "my orders and the time I have allowed to bring you to reason, have had no effect."—"Perhaps, sir, not in the way you wish."—"I understand then you are determined not to marry this lady."—"I am fully resolved that no power on earth shall make me marry that lady."—"Not marry me, sir! and do you tell me to my face, that you will not marry a woman who has condescended to offer herself and fortune to you?—ungrateful man!"—"Had you the Indies, madam, to offer me, with yourself, I would reject them." Miss Millbank burst into tears. "Is it possible, sir, that you will suffer your son to insult me in this manner? but I'll be revenged, depend upon it, I will have my revenge."—"From this conduct and moment, George, you may consider yourself as alienated from your father's affection and fortune—I shall give you a consideration equal to the destiny you have sought."—"That is right, sir; he deserves no better—he will be rich enough for such a beggar as Caroline Harman."—"Profane not the name of that angel, I entreat you—any insult offered to myself I can suffer with patience; but not to one who ranks the first of that sex, of which you are a disgrace."

A very high scene was likely to have ta-

ken place, when a servant entered, and announced sir John Beaumont and Mr. Leapwell. "This is quite an intrusion, upon my honour, gentlemen," said Mr. Severs: —"I request you will excuse us: we have particular business, and cannot be interrupted."—"If, sir," said Sir John, "our motive was not of the highest consequence to you, we should consider our abrupt appearance unpardonable; we are come, Mr. Severs, to convinceyou of the error you are committing in projecting a union between your son and this lady."—"I believe, gentlemen, this is all a trick to overturn my wishes; but, though they are prevented my son shall have an adequate punishment, for his disobedience.—Can you blame me, Sir John, when an undutiful rascal refuses all the advantages of a fine fortuue, offered him by a generous young woman—Miss Millbank adores him, and would make him the happiest man in the world—she has almost fretted herself to death during his absence, and has assured me of her regard for him ever since their first acquaintance, and avoided all advances from others, on his account." —"My good friend, Mr. Severs," said Leapwell, "I believe I have claims upon this lady prior to your son." He advanced to Miss Millbank, who had turned her back on the company, and hid her face in a corner—Mr. Leapwell attempted to take her

d, she pushed him off: "Nay, my dear
s Millbank, this is not so gracious as
n we danced together, and you so con-
cendingly pressed my hand and offered
your sweet person and fortune—I say
this is a little coquettish to fly off so
n."—"It is false, sir, I never did any
h thing; it is all a contrivance, Mr. Se-
s, of your wicked son's; I—I—I never
an acquaintance with any gentleman,
a wish but for him."—"Upon my word,
tlemen," said Mr. Severs, "I think this
ng lady is used extremely ill--I see clear-
t is a plot against us; but she is under
protection, and shall in that be secure."
'All men, Mr. Severs, are the natural
tectors of women who conduct themselves
h propriety, and seek not to make wor-
young men dupes to their own purposes.
will immediately give you occular proof
what has come to our notice---Allow me
ing the bell?"--"What can this mean?"
l Mr. Severs.---Miss Millbank undaunt-
y said, "she had nothing to fear." The
or was opened, and the stable-boy ap-
red, accompanied by a recruiting-serje-
. Miss Millbank screamed, and at-
pted to run out of the room, but was
vented by Mr. Leapwell, who caught
d of her, and cried, "Stop my fairest!
n't quit the field—this is sport worth
owing up."—"Serjeant," said Sir John,

would have brought an action for the recovery of half her fortune."—"That is not all, Mr. Severs, but consider her disgraceful conduct."——"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," said George, "let us banish her detestable name!"—"True," said Leapwell, "and call it that of Caroline Harman—Mr. Severs, you must now make your son amends, by conferring on him the object of his wishes."—"On that subject, Mr. Leapwell, my mind will undergo no change; to his union with beggary, I will never consent."—"You have more than sufficient, sir, to make them happy, without any consideration of fortune on the part of your son's wife."—"Sir John, you must excuse me, if I take the liberty of judging for myself, and do not permit any interference in my family affairs; there are many women of fortune and merit, who would rejoice in an alliance with my son. Proposals have been made, and he knows the consequence of disobedience."—"My affections are inseparable from Miss Harman, sir; nor can they ever be the property of any other woman."—"The subject, young man, has been fully discussed, in consequence of which, you have, by disobedience, forfeited every claim to the protection of your father, who now orders you to seek an asylum where you please."

" We are astonished, Mr. Severs, at ur inexorable conduct, to so valuable a n ; the extremities to which you are forc- g him, will recoil upon yourself." The d gentleman pulled the bell with great rmth—A servant appeared---" Bring out ese gentlemen's horses !" He immediately ade his bow and left them. The situation George may be imagined ; he felt himself e most forlorn of human beings ! Mr. eapwell advanced, took his hand, and with pressure, which conveyed the warmth of s feelings : said, " George, my house shall e yours, where we will lead batchelor's ves together, until I can bring home my vely lass to take care of us ; or the cruelty your father shall cease."--"I have express ders," said sir John, " from my wife, not return without George, if the event prov- l unfavourable, and I dare not disobey her mmands."

" Had I not better first send up to my fa- ier ? perhaps, ere this he may be soften- l, I wish to have as little cause as possible reproach myself with." To a message nveyed in the most respectful terms, his ther returned an answer ; " That he ex- ected his son would immediately quit his ouse, and accept the patrimonial gift of vo hundred pounds, sent by the servant, s an exclusion of future claims, who had rders to enquire to what place he wished

his clothes and the remainder of his property to be sent."---" My service to your master, James," said Sir John, "and tell him that any house within ten miles round Alban-Park, will throw open its doors to receive a persecuted son—but that Beaumont-Lodge is now the fixed residence of your young master—therefore, my dear George, give your orders." Tears came to the relief of this afflicted youth, which he shed on the neck of his friend, who led him to his horse amidst the lamentation of the servants.

CHAPTER XV.

THE afflicted appearance of George, when he returned to Beaumont-Park, considerably alarmed the ladies, who impatiently met the gentlemen at the end of the avenue; but, when lady Beaumont became acquainted with the true state of affairs, she chid him for his unnecessary indulgence of sorrow; "Ah! what a charming denouement, I would have given the world to have to come in at the act when the serjeant entered; Sophia, what an entertainment we have missed; my dear John you can never repeat it too often."—"Millbank played her part to admiration, when she tore her

r in the mad scene, and was carried off her soldier." Lady Beaumont excited risibility of even the woe-begone Severs; Confess now, George, has not our first ieme succeeded admirably; Leapwell, it s my plot, but you have executed it "*a rville.*" And so your groom was this poor ow's confidant?"—"Yes, and was a nmissioner to make me acquainted with affair; the serjeant suffered the greatest npunction, when he heard the report of nion between George and Miss Millbank, though, he said, "he could have ob- ied half her fortune, he could not suffer idea of a worthy and respectable young itleman becoming the sacrifice to a licen- is woman. It was to prevent that only t he had made a full discovery."—"My r Sir John," said lady Beaumont, "this jeant has all the genuine characteristics a noble mind; do not let us turn our k upon his affairs."—"Perhaps," said orge, "I may be of service, and he has, tainly, large demands upon me."

'In regard to Miss Millbank," said Mrs. re, "now that she has no longer a pow- o injure us, let us allow her a claim, at st, upon our pity; for lady Beaumont, if duly consider her situation, there is at room to suppose that her indiscretions. y have originated in a neglected educa-

tion, which has been considerably assisted by improper connections. Let us reflect that Mrs. Malin has been her constant associate and adviser; perhaps also, her model, since whose absence she has been left exposed to the low cunning of servants, and the impulses of her own violent temper; on the contrary, had some discreet and respectable female been appointed her counsellor, she might in all probability have been rescued ere she had fallen to her present degraded state."---"Sophia," said lady Beaumont, "how I adore your idea! perhaps, though we cannot preserve her innocence, we may snatch her out of the destructive path she is in. Let us make the trial?"—"Vere," said Sir John, "may we glory in our wives!"—"Oh! my Caroline," said Severs. "Yes, George," said Mr. Vere, "thy Caroline would have been the first in such an undertaking." Lady Beaumont immediately wrote a card, which, with her own maid and carriage, she dispatched for Miss Millbank.

"We will also," said George, "send for the serjeant; will you, Sir John, be our patron?"---"In any proposal you can make, George, and I doubt not but we may be of service to both." In two hours he appeared, "Serjeant," said Sir John, "from the very good intentions you have manifested to this young gentleman, he is desirous of knowing

whether he can be of any essential service to you---As far as his power extends he begs to offer it."---" I am greatly obliged to you, sir, and that gentleman, but I desire nothing in return for having acted only as an honest man."——" You are a very noble fellow," said George, " and I desire you will speak freely; no doubt you wish to marry Miss Millbank.—" Indeed, sir, that is not my particular wish; and, if I may speak the truth, I would rather not marry her; but I will act just as you, gentlemen, shall think best."—" Should you not be guided by the lady's wishes?"—" I will take no more advantage, sir, of Miss Millbank, than what will make my own fortune out of the opportunity she has given me. If she wishes to be free, she shall be so, on condition, that she gives me a sufficient sum to buy me a commission, and enable me to support my rank as a gentleman."—" What sum shall you consider sufficient for that purpose, serjeant?"—" I will be guided by the lady's fortune."—" That," said George, " is twenty thousand pounds, in her own disposal."—" You know, gentlemen, that, if Miss Millbank was to marry any other person, I could recover half of her fortune; but, I will yield up all claim, if she will give me five thousand, and she may marry any man she like's best; as for myself, though I hold but an inferior station in the service, I wish

have a wife whose honesty shall leave me ›thing to envy my betters for; which ›uld not be the case with Miss Millbank; ›r since this affair has been exposed, I am orry to have heard that I am not the only nan she has favoured."—"What is your ıame, serjeant?"—"Simpson, sir."—"How long have you been in his majesty's service?"—"Five years, sir; I entered as a private, and don't fear but I should still make my way."—"When did you come into this neighbourhood?"—"We have been quartered here near six months."—"Well, Mr. Simpson," said Sir John, "you may depend upon our endeavours to bring your affairs with Miss Millbank to an immediate conclusion; go and regale yourself with my steward, and, in all probability, I shall have occasion to see you again before you leave my house."

Lady Beaumont had given orders that, when Miss Millbank came, she should be conducted into her dressing room. As soon as she was announced, the former accompanied by Mrs. Vere, attended her; when they appeared, shame, pride, and distrust were all contending for supremacy in the countenance of Miss Millbank. With manner peculiar to herself, lady Beaumo enquired the state of her health, and p senting her friend, Mrs. Vere, apologiz for having taken the liberty of requestin *visit, without* a previous ceremony.

was very much surprised," said Miss ank, "at the message, and did not what business your Ladyship could ›ly have with me?"—"You are right, ar Miss Millbank, you must, certain- ve been surprised, for I have no busi- vith you, but what I voluntarily charge f with; it is that, which every woman wishes to support the honour of her ⁄ill undertake, when an unexperienced : may derive advantage from the pro- ı she has to offer—Your particular on claims our attention, and we beg to impart to us in what way we can · you service." Miss Millbank's coun- :e changed to confusion; "I—I don't what your ladyship means."—"Need s Millbank, go over those circumstan- ıich have recently taken place at Al- ark? Unhappily my dear child your and independent fortune has exposed ɔ many dangers; we are disposed to e, that any improprieties which have red in your conduct, may have arisen a neglected education, and total es- ment from the worthy part of your own ıot from the heart, which we wish to :r from the dangers of total corrupti- The young lady's features began to ; she softened into tears; "I see," Mrs. Vere, "we are not too late, that sensibility which appears, give us the

brightest hopes." Both arose, and taking each a hand of Miss Millbank; she wept in the bosom of Lady Beaumont. "Oh ladies this is a new feeling! I never was before so sensible of goodness."—"Then, my dear Miss Millbank, repose your whole heart in us; your confidence shall meet with the most honourable reception."—"Lady Beaumont, I have long felt myself a lost creature! I saw all women my superiors in every respect but fortune, which was the only thing my parents ever taught me to set a value on. The education that I received in Jamaica, and the scenes which I daily beheld on my father's plantations, joined to an entire neglect of religious instruction, could not fail to deprive me of every knowledge which renders a woman truly estimable: there the slaves live in a state of brutal nature; unrestrained by the counsels of religious admonition, my mind became a prey to appetite. For, unfortunately for me, we were at a considerable distance from any place of worship. Ignorant of the true value of my existence, I lived more by the dictates of instinct, than the guidance of my reason—though something frequently darted upon my mind, and suggested that I was acting below my nature, but where could I fly for instruction? The death of my parents put every gratification into my power—I became acquainted with Mrs. Malin—she in

vited me to accompany her to England—en raptured with the offer, I eagerly consented from her advice and example my inclinations were refined only, not removed. The manners of the English ladies, without a guide, were, I found, above my imitation.

With envy I heard the praises bestowed upon Miss Harman—her virtues caused my hatred, though I wished to be exactly what she was—I also considered her as my rival with Mr. Severs, whom I loved—I—I wished to marry, but saw myself neglected and despised by those of the other sex, who were my equals. The rejection of Mr. Leapwell and Mr. Severs, drove me to despair and revenge. At that crisis, I saw serjeant Simpson—I liked his person—all men were nearly alike to me—the consequence of my indiscretion with him must end in disgrace." The affecting and unreserved confession of Miss Millbank occasioned tears of sensibility on the part of her hearers. A silence or some moments ensued—At length Lady eaumont said, " Hence forward, my dear liss Millbank, consider us as your friends d protectors, I will immediately appropri- a couple of rooms for your use in this use, where you shall remain until you uire seclusion, and can be restored to us. hall then have no fear of presenting you he world, as one lost, and recovered; by this o[illegible]r, I do not mean to recom-

mend it without your approbation, nor bias your opinion by ours, but leave you intirely to a free determination; as such, tell us what you wish to be done in regard to Mr. Simpson."—"I think, my Lady, in consideration of my own imprudence, no man would have treated me with more honour; he has frequently told me the advantages I might have had, in giving less way to my passions. Though I am intirely in his power, he assured me, last night, he would not take any unfair advantage of me. My mind is now sensible of my real condition, and that I can never expect to form an equal connection; I am, therefore determined to remain single, if I don't marry Mr. Simpson."—"Your opinion agrees with ours," said Lady Beaumont, "we have conversed with him, and he has discovered very noble qualities—such as would adorn any rank to which it would be in your power to advance him. If you approve, he is ready to fulfil his engagement of marriage; but, if you prefer to be free, he will give up all future claims, for the gratification of five thousand pounds. Now, my dear, considering your particular situation, I think a marriage would be preferable; make over that sum to him, by which he will be enabled to purchase a rank equal to your own; and let the remainder of your fortune be settled upon yourself. With your approbation, we will advise with the

lemen, who, with ourselves, will act, in
y respect, as far as human foresight can,
nly to promote, but render your happi-
permanent."

I wish not to see Mr. Simpson, or the
lemen; and will, if you please, Madam,
e."—"We will go down to them, Miss
bank, and return to you with the suc-
of our embassy."—"I would speak,
es, but am unable, in a way equal to
eelings; it is from you that I am receiv-
a new existence, and my future life shall
egulated by your precepts." As Mrs.
's presence was not necessary below,
preferred remaining with Miss Millbank.
n Lady Beaumont imparted the success
ieir endeavours with that young Lady
ie gentlemen, they were astonished, and
ratulated her on the persuasive influence
eir reforming powers; they sent for Mr.
pson, on whose cheek fell a manly tear,
the errors of Miss Millbank had not
inated from a bad heart, or confirmed
. "Mr. Simpson," said Sir John,
e are desired, by Miss Millbank, to
v whether, reserving five thousand
ids to yourself, you are willing that the
ining fifteen shall be settled upon her
ier children?"—"Yes, Sir, I am perfect-
greeable to the proposal."—"You will
no time in resigning your present situa-

tion—we will immediately apply for the first vacancy of a cornetcy in the guards; and I have no doubt but in the course of time we shall see you at the head of a regiment. I believe Miss Millbank expressly desires not to have an interview till she meets you at the altar; in the mean time we will use every dispatch, and from this negociation shall consider you as having an introduction to our society."—"Sir John," said Mr Leapwell, "I expect you will yield up Mr. Simpson to me—you have held me several days, but I am determined to make my escape with him to night,"

Miss Millbank made a transfer of five thousand pounds to Mr. Simpson, who very gallantly consulted lady Beaumont what presents would be most proper to confer upon his destined bride, justly observing that, from the rank and fortune to which she had raised him, he wished to appropriate her generosity to the most respectful proofs of his gratitude. "If Miss Millbank, madam, can only be reconciled to the reflection that she has thrown herself away upon a man without birth and fortune, my attentions shall leave her as little reason as possible to regret the want of them."

This young lady afforded her friends the highest gratification in the improvement she made under their valuable instruction. From choice she saw no other company than

two ladies and the Rev. Mr. Meekly, had a constant place at the table of Sir . The mild conversation of this re- table clergyman soothed and improved nind, by inculcating, with its character- benignity, the great and important ıs of Christianity—Lady Beaumont also :ted such books for Miss Millbank's sal as she judged would assist her un- ıking, as well as enliven those hours in :h her absence was indispensible : to this ible friend she would frequently express gratitude, and describe herself as one :ened out of a frightful and tumultuous m to a life of happiness and reason: :new not," she would say, "the Great hor or End of my creation, I had barely e than an instinctive idea of a future :, to which I considered not that this only a progression."

he improvement of Miss Millbank's l produced all its effects upon her per- which became more delicate and feme- ; and by the time appointed for her riage, she was what might be called an eable woman. Full a month intervened re this took place, and that in the most ate manner--Sir John Beaumont conferred hand of the bride, and it was not till then had a interview of her destined husband, se appearance, naturally manly, received siderable advantage from the fashiona-

ble neatness of his dress, which seemed to have been equally regulated by taste and judgment; his manners also derived some touches from the respectable society among which he had been admitted. From this agreeable change, they beheld each other with astonishment and evident delight—the scene afforded the most exquisite pleasure to their valuable friends; and what afforded them an additional gratification, was the great but agreeable surprise of Mrs. Simpson, when her husband, after the ceremony, led her to an elegant chariot, which he had ordered from Hatchett's under the direction of Lady Beaumont, attended by two servants in appropriate livery; and agreeably to the plan previously laid down, the new-married pair immediately set forward for London, where Lady Beaumont having given Mrs. Simpson letters to some very worthy and respectable ladies, took the most friendly leave and urged her by every thing dear to her reputation, to shun all risk of a meeting with Mrs. Malin, and to favour her with frequent accounts of her situation.

Immediately after Mr. Severs's last interview with his son, he set off to town, determined, if possible, to bring Mrs. Malin back with him—George was unwilling to remove from the neighbourhood, until the return of his father might give him an opportunity of soliciting a restoration to his favour; on that

count he still remained a welcome guest Beaumont-Park, between which place and eir aunt, (Mrs. Cecil,) Mr. and Mrs. Vere ssed their time. They were now more rticularly detained by the solicitation of r, Leapwell, that their presence might add ace to his marriage with his lovely Ann ; , on that occasion, great festivities were termined on at Elm Grove. The innonce and beauty of the bride enchanted her miring friends ; the fairest complexion as mingled with the softest bloom, and the ntlest disposition beamed in the mild lus- of her expressive blue eyes, "Did I not l you, Sophy," said Mr. Vere, on saluting e bride, "that our friend Leapwell was a st-rate judge of women ; he certainly inds to be the envy of every man in the ighbourhood."—"I want no man, Vere, give himself the trouble of thinking either me or my wife—I am perfectly satisfied th the raptures I feel in looking upon so autiful a creature as my own."—"That the very circumstance that will produce u the envy I threaten you with."—"In at case," said Lady Beaumont to Mrs. ere, "Our husbands have less to appreend, from having chosen women of inferior tractions; and yet, my Eliza, we find your's nipotent, and such as make us your happy ptives."—"Those exellencies I hope also find my Ann possessed of; for you are not

to suppose that her lovely appearance alone subdued me—the treasures of her mind and disposition completed her conquest."—"Upon my word, Leapwell, I am in a particular sense happy—what charms Mrs. Leapwell will add to our neigbourhood, from the acquisition of her society—George, had we only your Caroline at Alban-Park, we sh ould have no occasion to envy even a royal circle.

After the party had bid adieu to the new-married pair, and returned to Beaumont-Lodge, George found Trustwell, his father's steward, waiting for an interview. This faithful servant was much attached to his young master, and had used many endeavours to soften the mind of the old gentleman. "I wish'd, Sir, to inform you that my master is returned; but without Mrs. Malin, who hid herself from her first knowledge of his arrival in town—his disappointment agrees badly with him; he appears very dull and low-spirited."--"Trustwell, I will immediately accompany you to my father, entreat a restoration to his affections; and, by my attentions, endeavour to compensate my sister's guilt."—"My dear young gentleman, I am sorry to say that I fear Mrs. Gossip, the housekeeper, is endeavouring to make up for every loss—certain it is, that my master is more than ever enraged against *you*; he has the strongest suspicion that

iffair of Miss Millbank was a plot con-
d by your party, who brought the ser-
: over to their purpose; this, Mrs. Gos-
ays, she knows to be true, and that the
ig lady was innocent! —my master has
d from her that you are still in the neigh-
hood, and has strictly ordered no ser-
, at the peril of his place, shall receive
etter, or admit you to his presence.—
me, my dear Sir, if my little stock, as
s it can go, may be shared between
—"I thank thee, honest Trústwell;
iothing thou hast to offer can compensate
oss of my father's love—Heaven knows
ould purchase it at any rate, but that
h he requires. My life and Caroline
so inseparable, that a privation of her
ld cause the extinction of my existence---
ds should not tear her from my heart,
possessed of her, the barren desart would
me a paradise. Henceforth think no
e of me; I am resolved to quit this coun-
my case is desperate, so must be my
urces—Adieu! to stay longer would
oppress us both." Sobs accompanied
good old man's adieu—George immedi-
sought the social party, whom having
med of Trustwell's intelligence, he men-
ed to Sir John Beaumont his intentions
n immediate departure—this valuable
id still urged a longer delay; but, find-
George determined, immediately offered

to accompany him, that he might assist him with Caroline and also with the East India Directors.

We left Caroline under the unhappy impression of Mr. Stanford's demand of a bond and connection with Mrs. Malin, from both she drew the worst conclusions, and prudently saw the great necessity there was for attempting some plan for her support. She imparted to Mrs. Stanford her wish to obtain a situation as a governess—her sister mentioned it to several of her friends, and Mrs. Horton called upon her soon after in her carriage for the purpose of introducing Caroline to a very desirable family at Woodford, who were in want of a lady in that capacity. She was presented under the advantages of a respectable and partial recommendation, with the assistance of her own amiable appearance; but her youth produced a powerful obstacle :—" My eldest daughter, my dear Miss Harman, is only three years under your age ; on that account I require her governess to have at least ten year in advance—notwithstanding this impediment to my receiving you, I shall be happy to render you any service—have you any objections to go abroad ? a young friend, of my particular acquaintance, having finished her education at the nunnery in York, is returning to the island of Madeira, and *wishes* for a companion in her voyage, to

iom she will make it as advantageous as ssible--if you approve the plan, my dear, I ll secure you the engagement." Our roine had few objections, and, expressing r obligation, left the lady in assurance of e situation. A few days previous to their ıbarkation, Caroline received the painful ws from Mrs. Horton that the young lady d sickened and died of the small-pox. ıese disappointments produced their con- quent effects: Caroline imparted them to r friend. Mrs Aimsworth, who immedi- ely consulting with her husband, that ntleman determined, in his own name, to dress Mr. John Harman, one of Caroline's ıcles; he made his application in the most ıpressive manner, to which an immediate swer was returned, that the request could ıt be complied with. As this effort was ıt crowned with any success, neither was mentioned to Caroline, already she had licited the presence of her mother in town, ıom, in the course of a fortnight, she had e pleasure of embracing.

From great expences and sinking credit, r. Stanford found himself irretrievably nk; though this circumstance had been ıg dreaded by his amiable wife, yet she d not imagined it so near—she was too on convinced of their immediate ruin; for, ıring the two sisters being at dinner, the rvant in waiting opened the parlour-door to

see the cause of a bustle in the passage, v
two men entered, and making up to the s
board and table, took possession of
plate was on them--the ladies were in th
most fright, which the men perceiving,
some degree of humanity assured them
would behave with as much moderatio
the nature of their office would allo
an execution upon the furniture.
Stanford dispatched a note to her husb
who in return informed her of his ruin,
begged that she would remove from
house into lodgings; but, before she
that step, she immediately sent to the l
lord, who in person requested she woul
quit till she knew more how the nece
of the case might prove. "Do you k
Madam," said this gentleman, "that
Malin has been driven from Kensin
with disgrace, and is at present near H
mersmith, where she has assumed
name—my wife accidentally met with h
her milliner's, where she was making s
very elegant purchases, and ordered the
to be addressed to Mrs. Stanford—
Clinton waited her departure for the purp
of disclosing her real character, and I h
wherever she is known the same treatm
will follow.

As all Caroline's attempts to obtai
eligible situation in a family proved aborti
she found her talents must be employed

e way for the support of herself and her—her needle was the only resource

Mrs. Harman took upon herself the of soliciting, and suffered all the pain :hed to a gentlewoman, when she sought loyment for her daughter. The many sals she met with in consequence of her ent embarrassment in her application, e her almost despair of success, till a leman, more humane and discerning the rest, confided a piece of muslin for purpose of being embroidered—happi- Caroline's judgment in this species of k was exquisite—she knew not, till this eriment, the pleasures which virtuous ıstry is capable of yielding—she became fatigable, and the approbation of her ɔloyers crowned her with content. In mean time Miss Jane Harman, who re- ned in the country, determined to try ıt success she could have in an applica- to her father's family. She addressed uncle, who resided within the distance of lve miles. After a considerable silence, ch produced despair on her side, a gen- ıan called upon her, who said he was ered to make the strictest scrutiny into conduct and merit of the applicant, and ıe should be satisfied in his various en- ries, he had a commission from her un- , who had made a contribution to the ɔunt of nine pounds, to pay her that sum

by instalments, not wishing to entrust her with the whole, which she might squander away unnecessarily. It was with difficulty Jane suppressed her indignation at the degrading manner in which they had acceded to her request; willing, however, to subdue some of that pride incompatible with her situation, she civilly acknowledged the gift, and as soon as possible made herself mistress of one half, that she might convey it to her mother and sister, whose circumstances from industry not only became easy but also comfortable. Those of Mr. Stanford's were become desperate, and involved in bankruptcy inevitably.—Apprehensions arose on the part of Caroline for the fate of her bond, which would fall into the power of the assignees; on this subject she had certainly great cause to be alarmed, when she was informed that a colleague of Mrs. Malin's was to be one concerned for the estate—Caroline knew that if the bond should be demanded and payment enforced, there was no alternative—she imparted her apprehensions to her sister, which she conveyed to her husband; and he immediately in a very affectionate address to Caroline, requested her not to have any uneasiness on the subject—her bond would only be demanded in form, without pressing for payment—Mr. Stanford also touched feelingly on the consequences of his misconduct, la-

menting that he was so subdued by the trammels with which he had bound himself, that he had not courage to seek the presence of suffering virtue, or worthy to press to his unhappy bosom the objects whose love and friendship rendered him once the most enviable of men. "Console, I entreat you, my excellent Harriet, and embrace my boy as you think the fondest father would do; and assure yourself, that tho' there is an insuperable bar between us, my heart still cherishes the idea of those most dear to it." The sisters saw that virtue and sensibility still kept possession of this unfortunate man—they would instantly have flown to his relief, but shame had prevented him discovering to them the place of his immediate residence; in fact Mrs. Malin had disposed of him, and it was with the greatest difficulty the last letters had passed without her knowledge, as she used every vigilance to interrupt the correspondence between Mr. Stanford and his family.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM her sister's affairs Caroline's attention was now called to a more interesting object. Anxiety for her children had long been praying upon the vitals of Mrs.

Harman, who sunk under the attack of a violent fever—the dread of losing her parent absorbed the whole soul of Caroline, whose sufferings could not be described when she considered that having no fund, and suffering a total cessation of employment, she was rendered incapable of affording her mother those succours she so much required —Caroline called in a medical gentleman of great humanity, whose attention to his patient were much increased by the charms he found in the daughter, whose anxieties, filial love, and conspicuous virtues made so complete a conquest of him, that it could not escape her observation, and did not fail to excite her uneasiness; he not only furnished her with medicines, but his cellar also produced such wines as he thought requisite for the restoration of his patient.

In a paroxysm of despair our heroine wrote a letter, which at any other time she would not have done, to her uncles; and, under all the pressure and dictates of filial sufferings, requested their assistance for the relief of her mother. By return of post she received a letter most mortifying to her feelings—Mr. Harman expressed that he had received a supercilious letter from one Caroline Harman; did she imagine they would be called upon time after time to support their extravagance? He had contribut-

o the last remittance. Was this the
of her mother's large fortune, which
ıpposed had been dissipated in pride?
ıad several children of his own; but
l not look upon her as one of his late
ıer's. Notwithstanding which he sub-
ıed himself her affectionate uncle.

ung by his cruelty, which at such a
she felt most pungent, Caroline wrote
ıswer, breathing the sentiments he had
:ed—happily this amiable girl soon lost
impression, in the joy she felt at Mrs.
nan's recovery.

restoration to employment, and spirits
ght to Caroline all her former comforts.
ı hour of close application she received
rning call from Mrs. Horton, who, dif-
.t from the rest of her acquaintance,
:ondescended to notice an amiable girl
r the cloud of adversity. With her
l vivacity, she said, on entering,
y dear Harman, I am come to offer you
tification of the highest description, my
d Cavendish has committed a consider-
mistake; having a beautiful residence
Hammersmith, and being informed that
and Mrs. Stanford, of Berkeley-square,
become her neighbours; she was de-
ed with the opportunity of forming an
aintance with them. Not having any
ɔnal knowledge of your sister, she ea-
ıuffered the imposition, and came away

from her first visit highly pleased with her new friend, of whom, she was making her boast to me, at the Countess of B——'s rout, last week; when, from her description, I soon disclosed to her the real character of this dangerous woman, and convinced her it was the identical Mrs. Malin, of whom she had heard me speak so frequently. You may easily judge her vexation, and she has determined to give this creature a most brilliant *coup*, by inviting her in a large party to dinner. On this occasion, I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Cavendish. Malin knows neither of our persons—she can therefore play Mrs. Stanford, some time before she is found out. Hold yourself in readiness, and I will send the carriage for you to-morrow, by three o'clock." Agreeably to the appointment Caroline was introduced to Lady Cavendish, as Mrs. Horton's friend, and obtained a courteous reception. Notwithstanding the smiles by which she was surrounded, her heart was tumultuously disturbed at the intended project, particularly when the *soi-disant* Mrs. Stanford was announced, whose manners and figure, in the highest degree impressive, caught a general attention. The air with which she presented herself was graceful, and so attractive that Caroline felt, in the most pungent manner, the dangerous situation of her sister's hopes,

she saw the toils in which her husband
een caught. The attempts of such a
er might have surprized a more wary
han even Mr. Stanford; but what more
ularly penetrated the heart of Caroline,
the colour and expression of Mrs.
's eyes, so perfectly resembling those
r beloved Sever's, for whose sake,
she gazed, she almost loved the object
e her, till a sudden revolution re-es-
hed her sister's wrongs, and excited
natred even towards her lover, propor-
d to the resemblance he bore to Mrs.
n, which, for a moment, banished him
her heart. It was this sentiment
h proved fatal to Mrs. Malin, in whose
nce, Caroline, with difficulty, went
gh the ceremony of the dinner. Mrs.
on had purposely deferred her attack
the adjournment to the drawing-room;
indeed, notwithstanding all their pre-
tation, they were considerably surpriz-
her fascinating manners and conversa-
and regreted, that a woman of such
ior talents should employ them to so
cious and fatal a purpose; yet, upon
mature consideration, they judged it a
which they owed to society, and to
own sex in particular, to hold out such
racter to public contempt, as a beacon
rewarn other unwary wives what de-
tion of females ought to be excluded

from their confidence and hospitality. After lady Cavendish had retired with the ladies into the drawing-room, Caroline was requested to take her place at the piano. With some agitation, which she felt more than she discovered, she sung a beautiful air; and, afterwards played a brilliant sonata of Clementi's; with which Mrs. Malin was particularly interested; declaring, she knew a young gentleman, who played it nearly equal to the young lady. Caroline was at no loss to conjecture whom she meant, as Mr. Severs exceeded in the performance of that piece.

After our heroine had quitted the piano, and a short pause had succeeded a general conversation, Mrs. Horton addressed Mrs. Malin, "Pardon, madam, the liberty of my enquiry, whether you are related to the Mr. Stanford, of Berkeley-square?" This *coup-d'essai* occasioned some emotion and confusion, even in the self-commanding Mrs. Malin, who, without venturing to raise her eyes, said, "Madam!—I—I beg pardon—Oh! in Berkeley-square.—Yes, ma'am, I believe it is all one family.—" Then, perhaps Mrs. Stanford, you can give me some account of Miss Harman?"—"Who, I, madam!—O—no—I know nothing of her; at least, not in any way to do her credit."—"You astonish me! I always thought Caroline Harman, a tolerable girl."—"She

eceived many, madam, as well as your-
'—"Lady Cavendish, how little one
t to rely on appearance; you have fre-
tly heard me speak very highly of her,
really was in hopes Mrs. Stanford, she
d have been most elegantly settled in a
iage with young Mr. Severs, of Hert-
hire." Mrs. Malin's face wore a crim-
ıue.—"Who, madam? my Br—— I
ı Mr. Severs, will never sink his family
ıch a union, unless he wishes to meet
ame ruin which has attended Mr. Stan-
who, unhappily married her eldest
·."—"Is it possible? Are you certain
it is his marriage, which has involved
so? I never understood that Mrs. Stan-
exceeded her husband's fortune."—
hen you consider," said Mrs. Malin,
: additional expence he had in her high
extravagant sister, with the vast sums
ised to keep her family upon their feet,
ıot to be wondered that his finances and
t sunk."——"Indeed, Mrs. Stanford,
speak very feelingly in your account,
ɔray in what manner does Miss Harman
support herself? She certainly must
re many hardships and mortifications,
cularly as she has now no hopes of a
. settlement." With a malicious laugh,
Malin wittily observed, "She believ-
good settlement would find a ready ac-
ınce, if any man would offer one." Ca-

roline, who had remained silent, gave a sudden start, and appeared to suffer the most painful restraint. Lady Cavendish said, "Surely, Mrs. Malin, you don't mean to insinuate that Miss Harman would - - - - - - - - "My dear lady, I don't mean to insinuate any thing; you must infer what you please; it is well known she was always a most refined coquette, which was sufficiently proved, from the danger my poor Br—— pshaw! I mean Mr. Severs, was brought into in a duel with Mr. Vere, though, I am told, he never paid her more than common civility."—"Cavendish, how necessary it is to suspend ones judgment; when I meet with this girl again, I shall certainly treat her as she deserves; and you really think, madam, she would accept any proposals from the gentlemen?"—"That is beyond dispute; for it is well known she is at present, till something better offers, the *chere amie* of an amorous apothecary, who attended her mother in her late illness—she used every artifice to win him to honourable terms; but at length found herself obliged to come over to his." An exclamation of "Monstrous! Insupportable!" and a sudden burst of tears from Caroline, proved to what a degree her delicate mind was wounded. Roused by the effect of this conversation, Mrs. Horton arose, and taking the hand of Caroline, led her into the midst

the circle, and addressing herself to Lady vendish, who was much agitated: "If conversation which has just passed on subject of Miss Harman had had its ndation in truth, I should find myself in- usable, madam, in having taken the li- ty of introducing an improper character your acquaintance:" then turning to s. Malin, "be covered with confusion, s. Malin, when you shall hear me an- nce to you this young lady, as the Caro- e Harman you would debase to your own el.—Look up, my amiable girl, and en- nter the guilty creature whose crimes e laid the happiness of your amiable sis- in ruins. Know, madam, that the end his meeting is fulfilled—we heard of your usion among the respectable part of your , under the assumed character of the st excellent of wives; happily you were n detected, we determined to expose ; and with delight witness your confu- n. Adieu, Mrs. Malin, and in future ke choice of such associates as belong to r degraded character." The ladies ad- rned into another room, while Mrs. Ma- remained, a statue of petrified horror confusion. Lady Cavendish immedi- y ordered her footman to call Mrs. Ma- s chariot, while the company remained the windows; and with a triumphant hter, saw her drive off. Few women

were so capable of undertaking such a scene as Mrs. Horton; whose strength of mind, discernment, and resolution, placed her among the first rank of females. It was a considerable loss to Caroline, that this lady had only an occasional residence in town, and that her departure for the North, took place almost immediately. She however, assured her in the most cordial manner that she would employ every means to procure her a desirable establishment; but earnestly cautioned her as much as possible, to be aware of Mrs. Malin, "Who, you find, from the account of the apothecary, watches all your motions."

While Mrs. Stanford was spending the day with her mother, and Caroline was giving an animated description of the scene at Lady Cavendish's; a knock was heard at the street-door, supposed to be the servant for Mrs. Stanford, the parlour-door was opened, and two ill-looking men entered; who, on seeing three respectable females, made some thing like a salutation; then approaching Mrs. Harman, one of them said, "Madam, you are my prisoner." The works instantly fell upon the table—Caroline jumping from the chair, entreated them to spare her mother! They told her it was an impossibility, and that she also must go with them. "My God!" said the affrighted girl, "at whose suit am I to be detained?"—"The assignees of Mr. Stanford."

nd my mother ?"—" Mr. Sharpum's, attorney." We will not attempt to de- be the feelings of these forlorn females. oline, with a sudden return of spirit, , " Never mind, my dear mother, we l yet be together." One of the men ured a coach, and Mrs. Stanford, the t distressed of the party, accompanied n to a spunging-house, where they im- iately sent for Mr. Drummond, a re- table attorney, whose countenance be- e a feeling mind for the interesting ob- s before him. The evening was too far nced to attempt any thing in their be- ; and when the hour of locking-up was ounced, Mrs. Stanford, drowned in tears, almost dragged from the scene without ower of relieving the beloved sufferers. Ve left George Severs under an appoint- ime of attending Caroline. He had ever, been detained in compliance with John Beaumont, who, by a fall from his e, had received a dangerous fracture in eg; but, as the company and assistance at gentleman were of consequence to uccess of his project, he was obliged to l the ardor of inclination, to the necessi- f the accident. Sir John saw his unea- ss, and regreted that hopeless of a dy amendment, his friend might remain h longer in the same anxious state; he efore consulted with Mr. Vere, what

was best to be done in such a *dilemma;* this gentleman immediately proposed fulfilling Sir John's engagement, in accompanying George to town. They were furnished with every recommendation for their purpose; when he, after repeated efforts with his father, by letters that were returned unopened, and taking the most cordial leave of Sir John Beaumont, and the ladies, accompanied by Mr. Vere, bade a silent and sorrowful adieu, to the place of his nativity. For some moments George was suffered by his companion to enjoy an uninterrupted silence; at length, Mr. Vere said, "It will, in my opinion, be most prudent, if we first pay our respects to Mrs. Stanford; Caroline has suffered great anxiety, and our too-sudden appearance might be, in some degree, injurious. For my own part, George, though I think of all men, you are the most enviable, in possessing the affections of such a woman, and though my esteem and admiration are unabated, yet, from the conflicts I endured in a total privation of hope, and the affections I now feel for my excellent wife, I have received a sentiment, void of passion, and can behold Caroline Harman with the composure of friendship. You shall, however, dictate my conduct—express your wishes."—"How can my noble friend suggest such an idea; my confidence in you is as great as the liberality of your own mind;

my Caroline, also, will rejoice to see a friend she values."—They alighted at some distance from Mr. Stanford's house, and walking up to the door, asked the servant if her Lady was within? "No, sir, she is spending the day with Mrs. and Miss Harman." The servant gave the address, and in five minutes they reached Caroline's lodgings. When the door was opened, great confusion appeared in the servant who faultered extremely, when she said, "Miss Harman was not at home."—"When do you expect her?" eagerly demanded Mr. Severs. "Oh dear Sir!" answered the girl, "God knows when she can return!"—"For Heaven's sake, girl, what is the matter? and where is my Caroline?"—"Oh! my goodness, Sir, if you loves Miss Harman, you will be frightened to death!"—"Tell us" said the gentlemen, in a breath?"—"Oh gentlemen! I dare hardly tell you;—but two ill looking fellows came and took her, and poor Mrs. Harman to prison, and Mrs Stanford went with them." George for a moment, sunk against the door-post. Mr. Vere, though, ill-able to assist, supported him with the help of the servant, and led him into a parlour. As soon as he recovered, he said, "What are we doing here, while Caroline is suffering; Vere where shall we fly to find her?" They were driven to great extremity, as the servant could not direct to what house

Caroline had been taken. This determined them to go back to Berkeley-square, and wait the return of Mrs. Stanford. Full an hour passed an anxious suspense before that took place, and the gentlemen were distressed beyond measure, to perceive, since they were last in town, so great a change in the appearance of this lovely woman ; who, was still so, notwithstanding the tears which fell in quick succession down her palid cheeks. The unexpected sight of her two visitants increased her agitation—she sunk into a chair, and was for some time unable to speak. With a sympathy, inspired by the magnitude of her sorrows and their interest in them, they hung over her without attempting to interrupt her—At laſt a flood of tears, relieved her oppressed heart : "My God !" she exclaimed, " What will become of Caroline, when she hears you are here ?"—" My dear, dear Mrs. Stanford, lead us to her instantly, it is for that purpose that we have waited your return."—" And where Mr. Sevérs,shall I take you ? do you wish to behold Caroline Harman a prisoner with her mother ? Victims of the malice and cruelties of your sister !"—" What do you tell me ?—That Caroline and her mother are the victims of my wicked sister ! Vere, help me to forget that she is of my blood, and contrive with me torments of revenge."—" Forgive, Severs, the trans-

ports of a grief, beyond the power of my strength to bear; I would not otherwise have hurt your sensibility."—"My dear Mrs. Stanford, you have too much cause to lament the knowledge of my guilty sister; would to God my power extended to make you a full retribution; but let us fly to Caroline!"—"To night, Severs, it is impossible, the rules of the house obliged me to quit long before I wished—To-morrow I will accompany you, as early as you please; but do not think of making an abrupt appearance."—They agreed, that Mrs. Stanford should first apprise Caroline of Mr. Severs's arrival; and fearful of oppressing her too much, after requesting she would inform them the name and residence of Caroline's attorney, retired, at an early hour, to the lodgings Mr. Vere usually occupied. Early the next morning, they walked to Mr. Drummond's. He disclosed to them the state of the business. Mr. Severs begged to know the amount of Caroline's debt; and drew from his pocket-book, out of the stock which he had received from his father, notes to the value of it and the costs; he desired, also, to be informed the extent of Mrs. Harman's. "I am afraid, Sir," said Mr. Drummond, "the old Lady's will be a heavy concern, as there are detainers against her; on that account, I should really recommend her, (however unpleasant the si-

tuation) to submit to a removal to the King's bench for a short time, until her affairs can be put into a proper way of clearing themselves. I understand from Miss Harman, that her sister in the country, is endeavouring to bring Mr. Doliff to another sale of the property; in which case she will be enabled to have effectual help.—As to the young Lady's debt, gentlemen, I would, by no means, advise your interference, which might induce the plantiff to hold out. My partner and I are equally distressed to see so amiable a girl in her situation, and determined, last night, to become her security, which will obtain her enlargement till the ensuing term; and, before that time, a composition might be effected: or even if we should be obliged, we can then only pay the full debt."—"There is so much reason in Mr. Drummond's opinion, my dear friend," said Mr. Vere, "that I think we had better not see Miss Harman, till her enlargement is obtained;—A prison, for an interview such as ours, would be a shock which we had better avoid; particularly as there are strong hopes of her being this evening in Berkeley-square. Have the goodness, therefore, Mr. Drummond, to relieve our impatience, by an immediate execution of the bail-bond."

"It shall be our first concern to-day, Sir, I never saw an action carried on with such

alice; I offered my undertaking to the eeper of the houſe if he would have allow- l Miss Harman to have returned home ith Mrs. Stanford laſt night; but he had rict orders, to take nothing under a bond." he gentlemen were extremely happy to ıd Caroline's affairs in the care of so re- ɔectable a man, whom they left with repeated ıtreaties, and an express injunction not to ıform her of Mr. Severs having advanced ıe money for the payment of her debt. Thus appy on this business, they returned to Irs. Stanford that she might also partake [their joy, in the hope of having her sister ɔstored to them. She was notwithstand- ıg extremely affected when she heard of ıe propriety, nay even necessity, of Mrs. [arman's suffering a temporary confine- ıent—her heart trembled for her mother; ut the misfortune was irremediable, and Ir. Vere had done every thing in his pow- r to effect her liberation by offering very andsome terms for their adjustment. This orthy man, sensible that an oppressed ınd, when unemployed, preys upon itself, etermined to keep his own and that of eorge in action, during the negociation of aroline's business, by setting about that of is friend's, he introduced him to those entlemen appointed by Sir John Beaumont, ho had in his letter related with so much

delicacy and friendship the cause of that young gentleman's wish to quit his native country, that they met with an immediate compliance to their request, in an appointment, by the departure of the next ships, which would take place at a very early period.

This business being *entrain*, they waited impatiently the appointed hour, when they were to repair to Berkeley-square, and attend the return of Mrs. Stanford. The agitation of Caroline was excessive, and no less that of George, when the coach drew up, she having been apprized of his arrival by Mrs. Stanford—Nothing could restrain his eagerness—he hurried to the door, and, before the step could be let down, took her in his arms, and carried her into the parlour, where seating her in a chair, he laid her head in his bosom, while tears relieved the excess of their sensations—he pressed her to his heart, uttering the tenderest expressions: "My beloved Caroline, this is the end of our sufferings; revive, my love, to the hopes that are before us—fate shall never more divide us." Caroline raised her head and giving him a languid look, said, "Severs, my mother is the sole object that occupies my mind to night; I have not a thought to bestow even on you—my spirits cannot bear any tenderness or emotion in addition to what they feel for her! To-

morrow I shall perhaps be more able to listen to your wishes—Mr. Vere, the presence of friendship is ever a consolation to the afflicted: your's is at this moment most welcome; but could you have imagined such a train of evils, and such a revolution in the course of one year, attended with so many incidents in a particular family?"—"I think it is not only rare, but almost unprecedented—Never, my dear and excellent Miss Harman did you shine with greater brilliancy than at this moment; more refulgent since those clouds, which have so long overshadowed you, have passed over, forget what happened as a frightful vision; let us awake to the happiness that awaits you in a union with the most affectionate of men." Caroline looked at her lover with eyes beaming through a stream of tears, and answered Mr. Vere with a deep sigh. "My Caroline," said George, "something I am certain has deprived me of your affections, or why are you so cold and indifferent on a subject upon which I could for ever dwell with repute."—"To your love, Severs, I am as sensible as you can wish; in the depth of my affliction and despair, it has been that only which has revived my desponding heart; but when I attach to my own unfortunate family the sufferings and dangers you are involved in from that cause—I own, and for your sake wish, you would think only as an

individual—Permit me, and also pardon me, if I say, in the presence of Harriet and Mr. Vere, that until greater hopes of happiness await you than what would arise merely from a union with me—I am resolutely determined not to acquiesce with your wishes."—"Do you mean to drive me to madness? but perhaps, Madam, as I have now nothing more to offer than a heart, the love of which is not a sufficient treasure—unaccompanied by other possessions you ——————"—"Hold, Severs, that heart which you are endeavouring to pierce with new torments, knows no treasure equal to your love—had I the mines of Peru I would lay their riches at your feet; and were you blessed with a competency equal to the claims of a matrimonial state, I would not hesitate—Take a view of my family, of my mother in particular—I could not see her want—chagrin and embarrassments would arise when you found yourself unable to supply the demands I must necessarily make upon you—then, Severs, would begin our misfortunes; the lover would become extinct, and the husband curse the moment in which he had sacrificed all to an imprudent passion."—"Severs," said Mrs. Stanford, "Caroline's reasons are so strictly consistent with propriety and your mutual happiness, that I am myself of her party, and recommend you to yield your plan of an im-

ediate marriage—you are both young, nd the opportunities which may occur in ie East Indies to advance your fortune, ay in two or three years enable you to ake a comfortable establishment."—"But ow am I to bear a separation to such an nmense distance?"—"When absence has ken place, George," said Mr. Vere, distance is immaterial—there is little dif-rence whether you are parted by the In-ian Ocean or the River Thames, during ne time requisite for [redacted] to be separated; nd I am so won over by the excellence of Miss Harman's judgment that you will not ave a single vote with you."—"Your's is singular way of reasoning, Vere, in or-er to reconcile a man to his misfortunes; n your opinion then there is no difference whether a lover is separated from his mis-ress at the extremity of the Poles, or of Oxford-road—I believe you will find very ew who are willing to adopt your senti-nent, and none but those whose fate is as lesperate as mine. My Caroline make one concession and I will submit to this dread-d separation—confer this hand upon me before I go—accompany me to the altar to-norrow morning?"—"From the moment we meet there, Severs, I must be inseparab-ly your's—worlds should not divide me rom my husband; how then can I comply with your proposal, so opposite to my own

although Mr. Simpson's figure was naturally manly they were astonished to see him so much improved—A certain air which he had acquired, assisted by his military dress, made him the most distinguished officer on the parade. As soon as they saw an opportunity they approached him. With delight he discovered his friends, and seizing respectfully a hand of each, was for some time unable to speak; at length he said, "Permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Simpson, that she may have the happiness of presenting to you her infant." He immediately took their arm and led them on to Piccadilly, where he resided in very elegant appartments.

"I know my dear friends," said he, "the pleasure you will receive in hearing of my felicity. Mary Ann is the most excellent of wives and mothers; I have found her mind capable of every virtuous impression —strong and susceptible—all her impulses were ardent—had the charms of virtue been first offered to her infant mind, she would have received them to her bosom as welcome guests—Unhappily their opposite, without even a choice, become her guide— Impelled by the dictates of vice, it is no wonder her mind became the seat of contending passions, whose slave she must have continued, but for the guardian angels who presented themselves in the persons of

ly Beaumont, and Mrs. Vere. Oh! my st respectable friends, I cannot express to the sensations that I feel, and frequently, oluntarily vent in tears, when I see the k of their labour; and behold in the per- of my wife, an ornament to her sex." hearers listened with delight, while Mr. ipson, in so pleasing a manner, described happiness. "Till she became a mo-r, she devoted herself to her own im- vement; for which purpose, she retained best masters, and to so valuable an em- yment, I also devoted all my leisure ments. Domestic retirement, seems r her decided choice—She discovers no ire of entering into the pursuits of those isures which I would share with her; , unwilling to mix in any scene separate n my wife, (except where professional ociation makes it indispensible) I yield self to her inclination, and find no happi- s distinct from her and our child." At end of their walk, they found the mother n her infant upon her lap; whom as Mr. ers had not seen, since the last violent rview with his father at Alban-Park, he no conception of the change that had :n place. The soft and chastened looks Mrs. Simpson, bore no resemblance to :e of the violent and indelicate Miss lbank; who, though embarrassed, re-

ceived her visitants with the greatest
manners, and with maternal joy, pre
her infant daughter. Mrs. Simpson
ducted herself with the greatest decor
the head of the table, and addressing l
to her husband, said, "We must no
get to mention to Mr. Severs, our m
with Mrs. Malin, in Bond-street ?"--"
my dear, Mr. Severs has ever been an
ed enemy to the conduct of that lady
will not, on your account, disappr
ours. Our carriages met in Bond-s
Mrs. Malin soon discovered my wife
appeared extremely surprised—she b
and checked her driver—I observed h
tentions, and in order to prevent he
more noticing us—snapping my finger
dered ours to go on. To her great co
on, we both burst into a fit of laughter—
action also was publicly observed."
"Every advice and effort of mine,"
Mr. Severs, "to reclaim her, has
treated with contempt. The consequ
of her conduct have been so fatal, that
determined, henceforward, to conside
as an alien and disgrace to my family; t
fore, Madam, you behaved as I wish al
men to do, to one of confirmed licentious
We are now, Mr. Simpson, medit
some method to separate poor Stanford
his bondage with her. He is natura
well-disposed man, and it has been no

mon efforts that have betrayed him; but, so completely is his mind now enervated by her power over him, that he is without energy and strength to make a single attempt to free himself. His affairs require him to be private, and Mrs. Malin has made him so effectually so, that even the letters which used frequently to relieve poor Mrs. Stanford, are now no longer received. Mrs. Malin has not any idea of my being in town, or perhaps she would keep retired, to avoid me as she did my father. I have no intention of making any further attempts with her. Our next trial shall be with poor Stanford, who, I think, is not yet irreclaimable; but I fear we shall have great difficulty in finding him."—"I thank you for this relation, my dear sir, and in return promise that I will strain every nerve to serve you. I will employ a very worthy fellow who is in my service—he shall be stationed at Hammersmith, where he can watch Mrs. Malin's motions—perhaps he can meet her carriage—he shall however, remain in the neighbourhood till he has made some discovery, which, I hope will happen very soon." They enjoyed a cheerful conversation, enlivened by the circling glass; when, impatient to join his Caroline, Mr. Severs hastened his friend's departure. The ladies were waiting in glad expectation of their company to tea, and re-counted to them the

history of the day, rejoicing that they h parted from their mother mutually mc consoled than they thought could have be under her circumstances--we have procur her a very comfortable room, lately occ pied by a rich but obstinate prisoner, w preferred waiting in that situation the l demand of nature, rather than obtain l freedom by doing justice to his credito and to-morrow we have engaged you to company us thither."

Except family impediments to a gene happiness, our lovers, in the society of ea other, enjoyed every felicity, and embitter not the present by anticipating the parti moment; from a change of circumstan now no longer sharers of those scenes gaiety, in which they had heretofore mix they had more leisure to become acquain with the value of each other's minds, fr whence they learnt that as the world conf red no part of the happiness they felt, could neither add or take from the stc vested only in themselves.

While Mr. Vere and George were c morning at breakfast, Mr. Simpson enter *sans ceremonie*, and very briskly called o "We have her! we have found out wh Mrs. Malin has secured poor Stanford she has lodged him in a retired street n Westminster, at a chandler's shop—t fellow has been constantly on the look ou

nd, unobserved, made a friend of the dri-
er, by giving him half a crown—he took
he number of the house, and returned to
ne."—"We had better then," said Mr.
Vere, "lose no time, and I think it will be
ighly necessary not to impart our business
o Mrs. Stanford; but, by all means, en-
gage Miss Harman in our undertaking: As
he constantly indulges you with her com-
pany every morning, George, you can as
usual take her out for a walk; when, I dare
ay, she will condescend to accompany you
here, that we may arrange our plan—I am
certain she will instantly yield to any prac-
icable scheme for the re-establishment of
ier sister's happiness."

It was proposed that Mr. Vere should
irst make his appearance, retaining Caro-
ine and George as auxiliaries: Mr. Simp-
son was to visit Mrs. Stanford, and wait
with her to prepare her (if necessary) against
the party should return if successful, in which
case they would draw the coach up to the
house as a signal. Thus planned, they set
out to Westminster, and alighted a little
distance from the place—Caroline and Mr.
Vere entered the shop; the former desired
the mistress would weigh her some tea:
"You seem to have a very good house,
Ma'am, have you any rooms to let?"—"Not
at present, Miss; though, I believe, I shall
have a very good apartment next week, as

Mr. Wood talks of going into the country.' --" Mr. Wood!" said Mr. Vere," is he your lodger?"—" Yes Sir."—You astonish me!—Pray is his lady with him?"—" Only at night, sir; she sleeps here constantly."-- " Indeed! and pray at what time does she generally come?"—" About eight o'clock, Sir."—" My dear sister, if you will wait below, I will step up a moment and ask Wood how he does."—" He sees no company, sir, as he is very unwell and low-spirited, and would never forgive me if I was to suffer you to go up to him; pray don't, Sir."— " O don't be afraid, my good woman, he is an old friend—I'll stand between you and all danger." This assurance did not satisfy the good woman, who came from behind the counter to prevent him; but he was already half way up stairs, and tapping gently at the room-door, as the servant usually did, was desired to enter; but what was Mr. Stanford's astonishment, when Mr. Vere presented himself—The pen, with which he was writing, dropped from his nerveless hand—he made an effort to rise; but sunk into his chair—at length he attempted to say, " By what means, sir, am I discovered and intruded upon?"—" Friendship, my dear Charles, has long sought you, and rejoices in its success."—" I have no claim upon the friendship of any man, sir—I shun the sight of all—I sought obscurity as a sanctu-

y from the pursuit of reproaches, such as
u can bring."—"My dearest friend, I
me the willing messenger of love and
endship, to restore you to their rights and
joyment."—"You do well to soothe with
ese sentiments the man you would reco-
r: but forget that he is no longer animated
that soul which rendered him capable of
e enjoyment you have to offer—Vere,
u will gain nothing by this visit, nor I
y thing but deeper despair."—"Will it
t give you some consolation that Caroline
restored to us? surely you are not sunk
to such apathy that nothing can reach your
art?"—"I don't understand you—has
e been ill?"—"Are you ignorant, Stan-
rd, that Mrs. Malin prevailed upon your
signees to arrest her for your bond? and
at she must have remained a prisoner, if
vers and myself had not happily come to
wn. The respectable Mrs. Harman is,
r her intrigue, actually now in the King's-
nch."—"Vere, you are certainly come
drive me to madness—to heap vengeance
i my guilty head, for the crimes of my
rrupted heart—Oh! Harry, if what you
ll me be true, help me to curse the fatal
oment which threw that demoness in my
ay—all, all has become a waste before her
neful influence—my connubial bliss was
ighted in its first fruits—my boy! the
pe of my expected joys, has never yet felt

the beating of a father's heart—whither do my distracted thoughts wander?—let me fly; you shall not hold me—hateful life why do I still keep thee in possession."

Caroline hearing a disturbance ran up stairs, and entering, clasped Mr. Stanford in her arms and sunk down between his knees. "Oh! I see I am surrounded, beyond a possibility of escape—Caroline, what do you mean?"—"To restore you to us and happiness."—"Vain attempt!"—"Compose yourself, my dearest Charles, years of joy and happiness await you—let us quit this detestable dwelling, and hasten to that of virtue."—"It is impossible, I cannot accompany you, at least not at present—suffer me to remain till to-morrow; I will dine with you, Caroline, and my wi - - - your sister."—"Never, Charles, will we separate—nothing shall in future divide us."

Caroline looked at Mr. Vere, who threw open the window for the coach to draw up: they each took an arm, and without suffering him even to seek his hat, led him down stairs to the coach. There Mr. Severs received him; but Mr. Stanford sunk, silent and dejected, into a corner—George held out his hand, which he did not refuse; but kept his eyes continually bent downward—his agitation was extreme. When the coach stopped, it was with difficulty they prevailed upon him to get out, and he actually at-

empted to break from them: with gentle force they led him into the parlour, where Caroline left him in the care of the gentlemen to go in search of her sister, who, unable to speak, was supported by Mr. Simpson and her maid. This amiable mediator took the little Charles, who was just able to walk, and leading him a few steps toward his father, raised and put him into his arms —Mr. Stanford trembled—his heart appeared big with emotion, which happily was relieved by a burst of tears: the lovely infant, with its little hand, softly stroaked the cheek of its father, who strained him to his heart. For some moments no interruption was offered to this affecting scene: when Mr. Stanford recovered, he watched the door with an evident expectation of seeing somebody enter; not a look was disregarded by Caroline, who stepping out, returned with her sister. Mrs. Stanford entered trembling; but, in advancing, sunk before she could reach her husband. Stanford sprung from his chair, and catched her in a close embrace; in a short time she opened her eyes, and throwing her arms round him, exclaimed, "My beloved Charles! my husband! are you then restored to me? Oh! my friends, help me to be thankful for such a blessing! already joy beams upon me—I feel its influence upon my expanding heart.' —"Hast thou then no reproaches, my love,

for thy guilty husband? ah! is it possible that fate could throw into the arms of an ingrate such excellence as thine?—I feel, as thou sayest, my heart expand-- never since I left these arms have I felt the sensations of virtue! Yes, my Harriet, I will be again thy husband---Witness, my friends, and thou our dearest Caroline, that I will dare to return to virtue. A husband! and a father! ah! why was I so given up to madness as to yield their sacred joys, to riot with infamy and guilt?"

No sooner had this tender scene subsided to a calm enjoyment, than a servant requested to speak with Caroline: "I am afraid, Miss," said Molly, "that Mrs. Malin is again trying to catch hold of my master—a lad, at the door, tells me he must see him." Caroline ordered the boy to be brought to her: "Do you want Mr. Stanford?"—"Yes, Madam."—"Can't you tell me what you want?"---"No, Madam; I was ordered to see him."

Caroline immediately beckoned out Mr. Vere, and speaking to him in French, requested he would personate Stanford, as the lad was an entire stranger to both: "What is your business with me, my lad?"--"Sir, if you are Mr. Stanford, a gentleman waits to speak to you; he is in a coach at the corner of Hill-street, but he cannot alight."--"I'll go with you."

Caroline had brought out Mr. Simpson, who, on hearing the affair, had not a doubt of the person being in reality Mrs. Malin, and imagined, in the paroxysm of rage, she might commit some violence.

"It is dark, Vere, and might be dangerous for you to go alone: I will cover my military dress with a great coat, and accompany you."

The boy led them to the coach, and told his employer Mr. Stanford was there—the glass was instantly let down, and a voice tenderly called, "Stanford! only one word." Mr. Vere went cautiously up—she entreated him to enter, but received no answer. "Oh Stanford! only a parting embrace and forgiveness." She still received no answer. "Amazement! am I treated thus, monster! ingrate! refused even the cold claims of civility? undecided wretch, unworthy the name of man, without resolution to attach yourself either to virtue or to vice, the child and slave of both, as the phantom solicits, tremble at my hatred, which exceeds even the love I had, and to which I have paid so large a tribute; yet once more give me thy hand?" For this purpose, incautiously, Mr. Vere advanced. Mr. Simpson had watched her attentively, and observing something glittering in the dark, he perceived she was aiming a thrust with a dagger at his friend; quick as lightning he seized the weapon,

without receiving any injury. "Heavens!" exclaimed the enraged and disappointed Mrs. Malin, "who are these? oh! Charles, thou wouldst not have used me thus!"—"Certainly, Madam," said Mr. Vere, "we are not the party you expected; and that you may give up all farther pursuit of your victim, know that Stanford is no longer the undecided man you suppose; having, by your means, once drank the guilty draught of unlawful pleasures, he returns with tenfold joy to the pure delights of virtuous love. He wanted only the hand of friendship to raise and restore him to that felicity which it was the work of your guilt to destroy."—"Away with your preaching, and tell that wretch, from me, that my resentment, though now disappointed, shall burst with tenfold weight."

With violence she drew up the glass, and drove off.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

[E LIVES IN HOPES;

OR,

CAROLINE.

ARRATION FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

BY MISS HATFIELD,

OF MANCHESTER.

Y PERMISSION) DEDICATED TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

e Princess of Orange and Nassau.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. II.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

WILMINGTON

PRINTED AND SOLD BY BONSAL AND NILES:

OLD AT THEIR BOOK-STORE, NO. 173, MARKET-STREET,

BALTIMORE.

1802.

She lives in Hopes.

Iope! deluſive flatterer, to what precipices and dangers
ou lead thy credulous followers! Tempted by the good
ldeſt out, they purſue with eager ſteps; then wearied—
: they attain.

CHAPTER XVII.

AM very apprehensive," said Mr. Vere,
: this woman should undo us, if Stan-
remains near her."—"I am of your
on," said Mr. Simpson, "and in con-
ation of that, as well as of the state of
ıffairs, would it not be adviseable for
to spend a year or two abroad?—Let
opose it to night after supper, without
g our true reason." The short space
ne which this scene had occupied, pass-
ıobserved by the happy party in Berke-
quare; George and Caroline were en-
d in an agreeable conversation in the
er-room, while Mr. Stanford, with his
iet and the little Charles, formed a *trio*
e parlour: Mr. Vere was glad of the
rtunity he had, of relating the scene to
wo former, and also their plan of effec-
y removing Mr. Stanford out of farther

danger. When supper was over, Mr. Vere said, "Now my dear fellow! let George and your friends come in for a share of your attention; we wish not to do things by halves, but have already entered into a combination to get rid of you—we wish you to change your present situation—when I say that—I mean to give it as our opinion, that it would be considerably to your advantage to pass a year or two out of England; by such a change, your mind would be effectually restored. Suppose you were to obtain the commission of settling your affairs in the West-Indies; your connections in that part of the world are of the first rank, and you might form an establishment highly advantageous to your future interests. My friendship is at your service, as to what may be necessary towards the accomplishment of this design." Mr. Stanford looked at his wife: "What says my Harriet?" "That the earth has not a corner to which I would not accompany you." "Excellent woman! then, Charles, we may proceed to action." "To whatever you and my wife think most expedient; her happiness alone, shall be my future study." This arrangement being determined on, joy and happiness ensued, and beamed in every eye; nor could they yield to a separation till a late hour.

From the scene of extravagant rage which Mr. Vere had witnessed the preceding even-

ing, in the conduct of Mrs. Malin, he was desirous of knowing how she had received the first intelligence. He arose early the next morning, and without imparting his intentions, shewed himself at Westminster, to the great fright of the good woman, who began with such heavy reproaches, that it was impossible for him to utter a word.

Having patiently waited till she became nearly breathless, he insisted upon not being interrupted, while he re-counted the history of the parties without disclosing their names. Vociferous now against Mrs. Malin, the good woman exclaimed, "Had I known, sir, that my house had been so disgraced, ſhe ſhould not have put a foot within my doors."—I am really glad that she suffered so much—for, to be sure, I never saw a woman in such a rage—she ſtamp'd, tore, and swore she would be the ruin of me, for suffering any one to go up stairs. In the height of her madness, she threw a loaf at me." Here Mr. Vere could not refrain from a violent fit of laughter. "This usage, sir, stirred me up, and I told her I was sure she was no better than she should be; I threatened to have her taken into custody for the assault, and insisted upon being paid; but though she owes me a month's lodging, she swears I shall never have a farthing; and with a face like a fury, hav-

ing uttered a dreadful oath, she sprung into the coach."—"I am sorry," said Mr. Vere, "for the fright you have had, but tell me your demand, and I will discharge it; and as some amends, here is a guinea over and above; but, in future be cautious what sort of people you take into your house." Mr. Vere left the poor woman almost overwhelmed by the weight of the obligation.

When Mr. Vere returned to his lodgings, he found an order for George to hold himself in readiness for embarkation, and to attend the East-India Court. "Is then the moment arrived, which is to separate me from my Caroline?—how can I leave that excellent creature, now more dear than ever."—"George, I entreat you to act in a manner more becoming the dignity of your character; inform Caroline of it, as a circumstance inevitably and daily expected. Let your parting be as a temporary absence—her resolution and fortitude are far superior to your's."—"She does not love like me!"—"Her love is more sincere—because it is more rational.—Come, let us go and impart the affair with as much discretion as possible." No sooner had George presented himself to his mistress, than his extreme dejection discovered to her a sorrow, to which utterance was denied; nor were her own feelings less severe; she withdrew her hand from his ar-

t pressure, and forming an excuse to
e the room, retired to her own, where
gave free vent to the fulness of her heart.
lust I again yield up all those delights
ch at first captivated my soul so lately
ored, and more exquisitely enjoyed, af-
such an interval of sorrow!—Surely I
destined by fortune to be the sport of
caprices; for no sooner does she pre-
t the cup of happiness to my lips, than
cruelty dashes it away, when I have
rcely tasted."—Oh George, beloved
my soul! dear fugitive! why am I not
mitted to be the partner of thy exile—
is! thy dearest interest forbid it.——
s to thy future happiness alone I yield
e; and in that hope I will endeavour to
port myself, as becomes the woman ho-
ired by thy love." Having, by these
ections and a flood of tears, relieved the
pression of her heart, she returned to the
lour with all the fortitude she could as-
ne; though the conflict she had suffered
s still visible in her face. To prevent
intrusion of sensibility, Mr. Vere de-
ed a coach might be called, and, invit-
; Mr. Stanford to accompany them,
ve to the India-house. Here George re-
ved his appointment and took leave of
directors; whence he desired to pro-
d to Mr. Drummond's, that he might
tle Caroline's business, and see her out

of all risk, before his departure. "I have already," said Mr. Stanford, "sent to the assignees, and we may, perhaps, hear of their determination at Mr. Drummond's." They found that gentleman had paid close application to the business, who having represented the case with all its cruelties, was now in possession of the proposals, to settle the debt and costs for forty pounds. Mr. Severs, in consequence, received back the remainder of the sum that he had deposited; but, entreated Caroline might not be informed of the circumstances till after his departure, and then, only that she might be put out of all anxiety.

At the request of Mr. Severs, they proceeded to Mrs. Harman, whose heart experienced the most sincere joy, on the introduction of Mr. Stanford; he entreated a restoration of her friendship and regard, which she promised with repeated blessings. This tender parent trembled for what the tender Caroline was likely to suffer from the departure of her lover, who solicited her to anticipate the parental benediction. Her ready acquiescence was mingled with tears, and prayers to Heaven for his preservation: "But, is there no way to escape this dreadful voyage, Mr. Severs?"—"No eligible resource, madam, unless I submit to wade in shallow waters during my youth—My *father* is still inexorable—My friend, Sir

John Beaumont, has, since my departure, attempted many interviews without success. He is now wholly governed by his housekeeper, who is meditating my destruction by trying to win him to a marriage."—"In that case, my child, your hopes are, indeed, low; and when I consider that your regard for my daughter, has brought all this evil upon you, my heart suffers the heaviest oppression!—Surely you had better comply with your father's wishes—there are many charming women who might render you happy, and restore you to his bosom."—"Never, my dear madam! although I feel for my father the truest affection—I cannot yield up my love—had my choice been imprudent in regard to the object, I might have merited censure; but it was he who excited my admiration of Caroline, before I had seen her; and she received my promise of faith previously to my acquaintance with her misfortunes.—A knowledge of them made no difference in my heart, though they excited my father's cruelty. The conflict is now over, and if he would offer me the whole of his fortune, on condition of my yielding up Caroline, I would never consent. My youth and love for her will make me do wonders; and I have not a doubt but, in two or three years, I shall have an establishment to offer, worthy the extent of her merit and of my regard." When George took

leave of Mrs. Harman, he watched an opportunity of sliding into a table-drawer, the twenty three pounds, refunded by Mr. Drummond; which he had purposely folded in a paper, and addressed to that lady. Not more than an hour now remained for him to devote to Caroline, before he was to set off for Portsmouth. When the moment of separation came, her face suffered all the transitions with which her bosom was agitated—her complexion—from deadly paleness, changed to all the gradations of colour. Tears fell from her cheek upon her bosom, as she supported her head with her hand upon the table. Nor was the situation of George less disturbed—with his head reclined upon his bosom, and folded arms, he had for some moments sat the statue of grief. The arrival of the coach roused them to a sensibility of their state, and to animation; in a moment they were folded in each others arms. Mr. Vere, certain that this scene if not interrupted would become insupportable, assisted by Mr. Stanford, took gently hold of George, and without allowing him farther time to give vent to his feelings, forced him from his mistress. He attempted reproaches, and to return; but finding himself overpowered, he entered the coach, accompanied by his two friends—they proceeded with the utmost expedition, and Mr. *Severs* was suffered to indulge his grief un-

turbed; for his companions, yielding to ir own, sympathized largely in his afflic- ns.

Notwithstanding the heroic part which . Vere had acted, with so much honour iimself, he was not without the most pain- conflicts, which, though he never suffered appear, yet they disturbed the tranquillity his mind, a mind formed for the most dis- guishing characteristics of an exalted nd—the noblest purposes of love and endship.

On their arrival at Portsmouth they found e wind propitious for an immediate depar- re, a circumstance grateful to George, io, from the moment in which he quitted iroline, considered every day as adding to e length of their separation—he felt there as something yet to suffer in the last em- ace of friendship. "My dear George," id Mr. Vere, "omit no opportunity of ving us an account of yourself—my vigi- nce and friendship shall watch a propiti- is moment with your obdurate father."— And my Caroline?"—"Shall find a friend i me: In this cover, George, you will find ome documents necessary to your future roceedings; open it when on your passage, nd associate with it an idea of those you alue." The signal was given from the har- our, when, with a look and sensation not

to be described, George dropped the hand of friendship.

Mr. Vere found that his journey to town had been more eventful than he could have imagined, and derived those delights from his exertions, inseparable from a good man labouring to serve his fellow creatures—He had discharged the last act of generosity to his banished friend, whom he had, with silent rapture, beheld exhausting his little patrimony for the liberty of his Caroline and her respectable mother. Mr. Vere did not wish to deprive him of such a gratification by an untimely interference; but suffered him to enjoy his raptures as an exclusive right, sensible nevertheless that he was materially drawing from a fund at most very inadequate to his future demands. To exclude all the misfortunes arising from pecuniary wants in a strange country, had been particularly the object of attention amongst the friends of George, before he quited the hospitable roof of Sir John Beaumont, who, together with Mr. Leapwell and Mr. Vere, had deposited two hundred pounds, which the latter gentleman had enclosed in the cover which he had presented to Mr. Severn on parting, and anticipated the joy that amiable youth would feel when he should discover a sum sufficient to afford him, for a considerable time, all the conveniencies of life, in a way consistent with his desires,

until a permanent establishment could be obtained.

When the gentlemen arrived in Berkeley-square they found Caroline endeavouring, with evident struggles, to play the heroine, a character which nature had from the first designed her. She wished not, by an indulgence in grief, to oppress her friends; but talked of George as of one set out upon his travels for a certain time, which she beguiled by keeping a minute journal, that she might communicate every incident and observation in her correspondence, or when the happy moment arrived, impart to him each event: for some time she devoted herself to her pencil, and from recollection alone executed an admirable miniature of her lover. Such was now the state of her mind, that those pieces of music which they had last practised together, were alone harmonious to her ear.

Mr. Vere now began to have a desire of rejoining his family, as his annual visit to his father was now due: "I have," said he to Mr. Stanford, "received letters of recal from my Sophia, to which I must either attend or submit to be treated as a deserter: Nothing now detains me here, Charles, but your concerns; and I am particularly urgent for your departure, by those ships which are now ready to sail.—What says Mrs. Stan-

ford ?"—"My answer has already been given, that I am disposed to accompany my husband; but how can I leave my dear Caroline alone ?"—"Do not bestow a consideration on me, my dear Harriet, my presence is essential to the happiness of my mother: in addition to that, as the estates have had an advantageous sale, my quitting this country might prevent a settlement, and furnish Mr. Dolliff with a pretext for delay; who says, he only waits to receive the whole of the purchase-money to discharge a final trust, which will happily enable our mother to obtain her liberty."

Few arrangements were necessary to the departure of Mr. Stanford's family: Caroline, whose feelings had been long exercised in sacrificing her dearest attachments, parted from her sister as one accustomed to sufferings; such advantage have misfortunes in the fortitude they produce. Mr. Vere, who trembled for her unprotected situation, made every offer consistent with her delicacy and his own honour, by proposing to Caroline, that she should reside either with or near himself and Mrs. Vere, from whom many letters of invitation were sent to win her to an acceptance of the offer; but with due sensibility of their goodness she gratefully declined every overture, determined to maintain an entire independence of all parties, more particularly of Mr. Vere, whose sen-

sations were so visible to her, that she longed for the moment of his departure; but those emotions, which had so long disturbed the tranquility of his mind, were restrained by his own honour, as well as by the dignified virtue and fortitude of Caroline. He pressed her hand to his lips, and having used every persuasion which could induce her to consider himself and Mrs. Vere as a resource in all her difficulties, this excellent young man quitted the first object of his sincerest affections.

Thus separated from all she loved and esteemed, except her mother, Caroline found it necessary to establish herself in moderate lodgings, as near as possible to Mrs. Harman; and being without any other resource for their mutual support, she resumed a close attention to her employment. For some time she experienced few changes by any particular incident—all her ideas were employed in traversing the ocean to St. Helena, in fond expectation of the happy tidings she should receive thence of Mr. Severs. From one of these delightful reveries she was awakened, by the arrival of a letter from Mr. Dolliff, requesting she would enclose by return of the post, the bond which he had executed with her mother, by which he was to relinquish the copy hold estate on certain conditions, promising that immediately on her compliance he would remit her a sum

of money; and as it was his intention to make all Mrs. Harman's creditors compound, begged she would not interfere by any application from herself. Happily nature had endowed our heroine with considerable discernment and resolution—she discovered villainy was again meditating something sinister. She left him but a short time in suspense before she returned an answer, that the bond he demanded had not any connection with the freehold property, nor was it necessary to its adjustment, consequently her detaining it, could not retard the settlement. She therefore requested, that as he was now in possession of the full purchase-money, he would, without delay, pay the fortune due to herself and sister, that they might procure to their mother the blessings of liberty.

It was evident that this designing man considered Caroline as an inexperienced unprotected girl, open to any attempts or impositions; but in forming such an opinion, he had not studied her genuine character, her strength of judgment and resolution; he therefore found himself considerably embarrassed, by her determined and pointed answer. She thought it requisite to caution her sister against any designs he might probably practise with her; and began to be very seriously alarmed, in consideration that Mr. Dolliff was in legal possession of

ir whole property, and that it would re-
ire the greatest address to wait his time.
e was however prudently determined to
ard against all cause for future self-accu-
ion of rashness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LTHOUGH the conduct of this amiable
l was as correct as her own delicate mind;
t from a mistake of the person with whom
e lodged, she fell under a very unpleasant
spicion: It was the custom of Caroline
go out early every morning and return in
e evening, making it an invariable rule to
ss the day with her mother, to whose hap-
iess and support she equally contributed
the charms of her conversation and fruits
her industry:—A misapprehension aris-
g in the breast of her landlady as to the
asion of her absence, induced her one
ening to make too open an enquiry upon
ubject which had so largely excited, not
ly her curiosity, but even her suspicion.
The alarmed Caroline for a moment could
rcely comprehend her insinuations, till
y were made too explicit; discovering,
refore the vulgar mind of the woman
m whom she received the insult, and in-

tending not to come to any explanation, she determined to seek accommodations elsewhere; feeling the full force of the worst reflections being thrown upon her act of filial duty.—This treatment made her determine to find out a more respectable house and neighbourhood; and having agreed, tho' at a higher rate, with a widow, whose genteel appearance had prepossessed her—Caroline instantly removed.——In this change she had some society; as her landlady, Mrs. Goodwin, had received a very liberal education, though the run of fortune had been againſt her.

The firſt week after her removal, Caroline was happy in the receipt of a letter from Mr. Severs—It was a talisman which conveyed all that was delightful to the mind of one as much disposed to receive it as her own—it expressed unalterable regard, without any complaint but that of their separation—that his long voyage had been tolerable. With pleasure she considered that, perhaps, at that very moment he had attained his destination, where, under propitious events, in a short time she might have the felicity of joining him. These hopes in her present situation brought our heroine to the meredian of her joy, which continued for some time; and then again an impending cloud obscured her serenity: She received a visit from Mrs. Goodwin who came to ex-

press to Caroline her good fortune, in the advantageous manner in which she had let her best apartments, to a Spanish nobleman and his nephew.

This circumstance was certainly more welcome to Mr. Goodwin than to Caroline; but, as her apartment was on the second floor, she determined to keep herself as retired from those gentlemen as possible; for, though she was conscious of not possessing beauty, she was aware that a young girl was always the object of pursuit, more particularly if reduced to the necessity of an industrious support.——For some time she succeeded in her endeavours to avoid any *rencontre*, till going down stairs one morning rather later than usual, to pay her daily visit to her mother, the young gentleman came out of his room just as she had reached the landing-place—he was struck with her air and figure, and seemed for a moment lost in thought whom she could be; he made his bow *en passant*, which she politely returned, and communicated to his uncle the object of his discovery—They determined to find out of what description she was, and imagined it had been her voice and music, with which they had been so often charmed. Caroline redoubled her vigilance, and was for some time successful; till one evening having passed an hour with Mrs. Goodwin, as she stepped out to give the servant a letter

for the post, at that moment Don Antonio entered; and observing the object for whom he had long watched, approached her with all the *non chalance* of fashionable gallantry, "Ah! un billet deux, Mademoiselle, si vous étes pour l'amour je suis à vos ordres." Disgusted with his libertine air and address, she fled without paying any attention.

As these gentlemen were without any warrantable pretext for ascending any higher than their own floor, Caroline thought herself safe from all intrusion; notwithstanding this security, while at her toilet next morning, the servant having left her breakfast without closing the door, she was surprised to discover, by the reflection of her glass, the figure of a man; at that moment she was adjusting her tucker, when a voice exclaimed, "Ah ciel! quelles charmes voulez vous cacher?" Astonished, she turned quickly about and said, "Ce chambre m'appartient, Monsieur, je no vois personne." Nevertheless he approached. "Quelles yeux, quelle figure, mon ange vous nétes, pas faite pour etre enfermé, dans une chambre." "Quel outrage, Monsieur, pour une femme de reputation, sortez dans l'instant ou j' appelerai, Madame Goodwin." Caroline endeavoured to reach the bell, but Don Antonio caught her rudely in his arms, and attempted to salute her; by a violent effort she freed herself, and ran down stairs to Mrs. Goodwin,

who, astonished, demanded the cause of her fright: "I have hitherto, madam, been very comfortable with you; but as I am the least advantageous lodger, from the insult I have met with, it is indispensibly necessary I should quit your house, otherwise I may be exposed to any affront these men may think fit to offer."—"My dear Miss Harman, I beg you will not think of leaving me—— I will speak to the gentlemen." "By no means, Mrs. Goodwin; you may offend them, and will easily supply the loss of me."

This was an adventure extremely unpleasant to Caroline, as from the general run of lodging-houses she could not expect to be easily placed so much to her wish; she determined however to devote the next morning to the pursuit, and was ruminating alone in the evening upon her unprotected situation, when a tap at the door, which was opened before she had time to answer, roused her from her reverie: It was Don Antonio's servant, who approaching with a note, laid it on the table and retreated to the door. Caroline took it up, and considered for a moment whether she should examine it—she opened it, and read as follows:

"FORGIVE, my angel, the effect of your charms, and permit me to pour out my soul at your feet—I adore you, and offer you any terms for a return of that passion with which I am your's.————Antonio."

Having perused this address she ordered the bearer to step in, when tearing the note into a thousand pieces she threw it into the fire—the servant understood her meaning, bowed, and withdrew.

Greatly as her mind was wounded by this insult, she did not impart it to Mrs. Goodwin, whose interest she thought might be materially injured by any inference; and as her resolution had been already made, for her own sake it was unnecessary. That gentlewoman sent Caroline an invitation to supper, which she accepted, that she might dissipate her unpleasant sensations:—"My nephew, my dear Miss Harman, has sent me a couple of tickets for the play to-morrow night, one of which he requests your acceptance, and intends himself the pleasure of accompanying us." Caroline could not make any reasonable objection, and being unwilling to offend, consented to be of the party. She was delighted with the prospect of an amusement of which she had not been a partaker since the departure of Mr. Severs. The brilliancy of the boxes, in which she had been distinguished, appeared to her for the first time from the pit, an assemblage of all that was beautiful and lovely. The performance of the sublime Siddons, and no less fascinating Jordan, enchanted her; and she found her mind unwearied at the conclusion.

After quitting the house, Mr. Goodwin

was wholly taken up in procuring a coach for the ladies, which, from an uncommon confusion, was not easily obtained—with great impatience they were waiting his return, when Don Antonio's servant came up to Mrs. Goodwin, and said, "Your nephew, Madam, is waiting with a coach, which cannot draw up—if you will allow me, I will conduct you to him." Unsuspicious, they followed him to a stand of coaches, one of which he opened, and said, "Certainly this is it."—"Where is my nephew?" said Mrs. Goodwin. "I see him there, madam, coming up to us as fast as he can; but you had better get in, the crowd presses so upon us."—"Get in, my dear," said the former, to her companion—she entered, when somebody drawing Mrs. Goodwin back, the coach was closed upon the affrighted Caroline; she instantly found herself seized by a man, who endeavoured to tie a handkerchief round her mouth, holding her so fast in his arms, that she was prevented from giving the least alarm. Frightened and almoft stifled to death, she was hurried away at a violent rate, till they got into Oxford-street; where stopping, the man took her out in his arms—she then endeavoured to assist herself, by struggling with all her might, and nearly overpowered her adversary. Happily in this effort, the handkerchief dropped and she was enabled to scream. In an instant a gentle-

man ran up to her, as she exclaimed, "Oh! for heaven's sake help, I entreat you?"—He immediately laid hold of the fellow, and said, "What are you going to do with this lady, you villain?"—"What's that to you," returned the other, "mind your own business."—"My business, you rascal, at this moment, is to protect a helpless woman!"—and instantly felled his antagonist to the ground. Caroline, trembling and speechless, who soon surrounded by numbers, who had been brought together by the alarm, and understanding the frightful situation from which she had been rescued, laid hold of the wretch, threatening him with instant death, if he did not discover his employer's name.

A multitude of weapons were held over his head, insomuch that he expected they would put their threats into execution; wisely however, thinking that it would be better to confess, than lose his life, he declared, he had orders to convey the young lady to a house in a neighbouring court, but, for whose purpose he knew not.

Little doubt possessing the mind of Caroline, of the wicked principal in this business, and being in some degree recovered from her fright, she requested the man might be suffered to depart.—She was now less agitated, and her voice having resumed its native tone, her deliverer exclaimed, "Surely it cannot be Miss Harman, whom I have de-

livered from this situation!" In this address, she instantly recollected the voice and person of Mr. Clement, the collecting clerk of Mr. Stanford, whom she had frequently seen, and of whose probity and faithfulness she had often heard; rejoicing in such a deliverer, she begged him to procure a coach. When finding herself happily freed from all danger, she communicated to him the behaviour of Don Antonio, and her suspicion of his being the principal in this daring action. "My dear madam," said Mr. Clement, "you must not think of returning to your lodging—I beg of you to accept the best I can offer—My wife has a spare bed, and we shall think ourselves honoured by your acceptance." It was instantly resolved that Caroline should, in future, take up her abode with them, and that Mr. Clement should also settle with Mrs. Goodwin, the next morning, without mentioning the place she was removed to.

Mr. Clement found that gentlewoman in the most uneasy situation, at the possible mischief which had befallen Caroline; for whose recovery she had employed every means in her power. She had ordered the coach to be pursued, but as it was some time before she was joined by her nephew, her distress excited a crowd, more dangerous than serviceable. Accompanied by Mr.

Goodwin, she walked through many suspected streets, but was at last prevailed on to relinquish the search, till it could be renewed with more effect the next day.

No sooner had Mrs. Goodwin explained the cause of her grief at home, than the servant declared it must have been Pedro's doings, to whom she had incautiously mentioned that Miss Harman was going to leave the house, and also of her visit that night to the theatre.—Notwithstanding that this declaration cleared Mrs. Goodwin from having had any concern in the design against Caroline, Mr. Clement refused all her entreaties to be informed of her residence.

As far as attention and respect could produce content, this amiable girl might have enjoyed an ample share. Her mind, notwithstanding, was the prey of anxiety, from not being able to trace a final end to her own labours, and the imprisonment of her mother.

Her apprehensions were considerably increased, on the receipt of a letter from her sister Jane, which expressed not a single hope of Mr. Dolliff's intentions to discharge his trust. A year had now elapsed since the sale of the estates, and every means had been used to induce him to settle the affairs. Threats and entreaties were received with equal indifference, but what more considerably alarmed this unfortunate family, was the

nformation, that Mr. Dolliff had made pur-
:hases to very considerable amount with
heir money, and after having compounded
vith the creditors, had charged the estate
vith the full debt; assigning his reason, of
hat being the only method, by which he
:ould be gratified for the trouble he had ta-
:en. After having waited a considerable
ength of time, and used every means to
›revent the evil they most dreaded, this op-
›ressed family found themselves obliged to
pply to Mr. Drummond, who, as a *dernier*
esort, filed a bill in chancery. Sensible,
iowever, that it was a remedy not less bane-
ul than the disease, and one, which in its
nost just decision, would inevitably dimin-
sh their property, and destroy all their hopes
›f a respectable provision; pending this
uit also, the support of Mrs. Harman, must
till continue to arise out of the fruits of Ca-
oline's industry; who, naturally wearied
vith the unpropitious events that had so long
lemanded her application, began almost to
lespair of the final accomplishment of her
iopes. As a ray, cheerfully beaming thro'
n apparently impenetrable obscurity, upon
i wearied traveller, so was the benign influ-
:nce of a letter from her beloved Severs,
lated at Calcutta; who, with the exception
›f the heavy seas peculiar to the latitudes
hey had to traverse, gave a happy account
›f his arrival, introduction to the governor,

and most distinguished families; accompanied also with considerable hopes of promotion—the happy event which would enable him to demand the gracious promise of his beloved Caroline, whose presence alone was wanting, to renovate on the Asiatic shore its native paradise. Thus hope again displayed her banners, which the heroic soul of Caroline had never deserted; for though repeated apprehensions and disappointments had frequently caused her faith to waver and tremble on its beam, yet she never passed its boundaries. Thus placing the clouds (with which she had been veiled) in the back-ground, like the sun-flower to its attractive principle, she still kept in view the genial and promised bliss. Re-animated, she still continued her labours, and, as usual, returning from her daily visit to her mother, was surprised, on being informed by Mrs. Clement, of the arrival of Mrs. Dolliff. With an affectionate impatience, Caroline begged to see her sister; she ran up stairs, and darting into the room, was going to fold the welcome visiter in her arms. Caroline instantly recoiled, and starting, imagined it must have been a mistake; no vestige of her once graceful and elegant sister appeared. The brilliant eye bedimmed and sunk in grief; the clear and healthful complexion, changed to a sickly and sallow hue; that form, once the proportion of

beauty and grace, shrunk from its fine stature, oppressed with grief—suspended all the powers of Caroline's soul. Too evidently she perceived the want of every comfort glared conspicuously. Relieved from the first efforts of surprise, this amiable girl was herself in the embrace she gave her sister, who immediately, but feebly, exclaimed, "Can you forgive your Eliza?—A desire to fly from the neighbourhood inhabited by that monster, my husband, has driven me to you—your wrongs and sufferings make every place insupportable—I longed to embrace you!—Ah, my Caroline! what a change since last we parted!—Lead me to my mother, that in her bosom I may vent the weight of those woes, under which I am sinking." Caroline immediately consulted an eminent counsel, an intimate friend of her late brother, who advised her to draw upon Mr. Dolliff, for the board and other incidental expences of his wife, at the conclusion of the half year; the payment of which he refused. Caroline was advised to proceed, as in the consequent event of trial, the court, from the particular charges of the case, would certainly oblige Mr. Dolliff to make a settlement proportioned to his considerable fortune. Warmed by the desire and hope of rendering to her unhappy sister so important a service, she brought an acti-

on against Mr. Dolliff, whose conduct indicated a considerable proof of alarm.

Caroline was one day informed, that Sir John Sydney demanded a private interview with her sister. This gentleman declared himself deputed by Mr. Dolliff to represent the afflictions he now suffered from the severity of his treatment to her, and to intreat her immediate return under his care, for which purpose his own carriage was then in waiting. Indisposition rendered the supplicant incapable of soliciting, in person, her forgiveness; but his carriage and servants should attend ready at the last stage, to restore their mistress to her rights—his future regard and attention. Mrs. Dolliff rang the bell: "I request my sister's company, sir." Sir John, opposed this motion.——"With such a sister, sir John, I have no secrets; neither will I enter into any conversation on the subject, but in her presence." The composed dignity of Caroline when she entered surprised this gentleman, nor was he less charmed with the graceful and impressive manner in which she sustained an affecting description; while, with equal mildness and spirit, she represented her sister's wrongs, and those of her family.—"From your affecting delineation of Mrs. Dolliff's misfortunes, Miss Harman, I regret having appeared in a cause of which I disapprove; this, like other complaints, may maintain

its plausibility, until the opposite side of the question be heard—then only can a proper judgment be formed. Permit me to say, I am so penetrated with this interview, that I warmly approve the defensive part you have taken—not to yield any thing but to Mr. Dolliff's personal entreaties; nor then, without the strongest security against future contingent troubles." Sir John Sydney took the hand of Mrs. Dolliff; "Soon may you, madam, re-visit those scenes from which you have been driven, and renew those charms amongst us, which your society can so largely confer." He respectfully bowed upon the hand of Caroline and withdrew.

In this unsuccessful attempt, Mr. Dolliff requested his friend, Mr. Monson, would address his wife, and glowingly describe to her the happiness she had rejected; that his house had ungergone every practicable improvement in the first style of elegance,—that a fashionable carriage, was sent down from Hatchets, which, agreeably to the arrangements he had made, was to have conveyed her from the last stage to the reception prepared for her, amidst a circle of congratulating friends.

Caroline's discernment perceived this was more likely to be a successful attack; nevertheless, in this decision also, Mrs. Dolliff yielded to the opinion of her sister.

Her health, however, was considerably injured by the conflict, and on that account, she requested her excuses for not attending her mother in an appointment with her sister, who, with considerable reluctance, left her in company with Mrs. Clement. On her return from her daily visit, Caroline found that gentlewoman in the most violent fright; instantly, with a pre-sentiment she enquired for her sister. "Oh! my dear Miss Harman, I dare not tell you!"—"I entreat you, Mrs. Clement, not to deceive me; has any thing happened to her?"—"She is gone, madam, with her husband." Overpowered with the information, Caroline sunk into her chair—scarcely able to listen to Mrs. Clement, while she re-counted to her "that Mr. Monson desired to see Mrs. Dolliff, who would not consent to the interview, unless she accompanied her. Mr. Monson related Mr. Dolliff's last disappointment and consequent illness, and again entreated her immediate condescension, either to write and give him some hope, or to return with Mr. Monson."—"It is, madam, for the purpose of re-uniting you to a penitent and afflicted husband, that I have taken the liberty of presenting to you his petitions which I solemnly declare I believe to be sincere."—"With all due acknowledgements, sir, for your excellent intentions, I beg of you to tell my husband, that all application

) me is vain, until he does justice to my fa-
ıily.—It is that act alone which must be
ıe security for my future happiness; nor
ll then will I listen to any overtures of
eace," Finding he could not make any im-
ression favourable to his cause, Mr. Mon-
)n retired. " Your sister and myself, ma-
ım, were talking over the affair, and re-
retting your absence, when Mr. Monson
:turned, accompanied by Mr.————.
Ir. Dolliff, who, as it appeared, had been
aiting the event of the interview. Your
)or sister gave a violent scream, and endea-
)ured to run out of the room, but was in-
:rcepted by her husband; who, throwing
imself at her feet, begged to be heard.—
What shall I say, my dear Miss Harman?
ıfter she had made him swear in the most
)lemn manner that your demands should
e satisfied, and his trust for your family
ithfully discharged; the affections of the
ife revived in her bosom, and she accom-
anied her husband, whose carriage drew
p to receive her."

From an event so dangerous to Caroline, he found herfelf in the most alarming predi-ament.

No attempt was made on the part of Mr.)olliff to adjust the account which was rought before the court, and although eve-y just ignominy was thrown upon the de-ndant, yet, from Mrs. Dolliff's having

time, get all in readiness, and I will secure you a place in the Diligence, to Dover, for Monday morning." Caroline admitted the necessity of this advice but compliance with it, threatened innumerable dangers. The bare idea of leaving her mother in a prison pierced her heart with the most poignant sorrow; but, a moment's reflection convinced her that she must be again the heroine, or a prisoner. Liberty with all its endearing privileges, even on a foreign shore, presented itself; without which, her native land offered its joys in vain. She passed the Sunday with her mother, who, under the impression that her beloved daughter would receive all the happiness and benefit of Mrs. Aimsworth's valuable society, readily consented; for she knew the bosom of that lady had long been the depositary of Caroline's fate.

When this excellent child parted from her mother, she presented to her as much as she could spare, from the small stock which she had with difficulty provided for her own great and uncertain wants; and with a heart overflowing with grief, which few of her tender years and sex have felt, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Clement, who attended purposely to conduct her home. These valuable friends watched the whole of the night, that they might not be surprised by danger; and at three o'clock in the morning conveyed

ed her luggage to the inn, when Caroline Harman with twenty guineas in her pocket, out of which her travelling expences were to be defrayed, and protected only by her own virtues, became a fugitive.——When she had withdrawn her hands from the ardent pressuse of her friends, who bathed them with tears of sympathy and regard, her mind oppressed with the weight of its affliction, happily took refuge in torpidity. She sunk into a corner of the Diligence, and remained immovable while they drove through the different streets of the city, till reaching the Borough, it opened to her view the road to her imprisoned mother—roused from her insensibility, she exclaimed, "Unhappy parent! and yet happy in not knowing the destiny of your more unhappy child!—may you continue ignorant of my fate, and we never meet again—till our misfortunes end. I have done for you all that my wreck would afford —Heaven knows in a strange land what my necessities may be!—adieu! adieu! perhaps for ever!" Yet not a sigh or tear escaped her.

At the first house of call on the Greenwich-road, the coach was waiting to accompany the Diligence, which they wished to dismiss, and used many arguments with Caroline to change; but, preferring solitude to company, she chose to remain in her pre-

sent situation—Immediately a gentleman, in appearance about fifty, and respectable, took his place. Their conversation was at first on common subjects, upon the roads and weather, till they reached Dartford to breakfast. Pleased with his companion, he assumed those manners and attentions which she irresistibly excited—On replacing themselves, they spoke of their several destinations: "I think, Sir," said Caroline, "you are paying your friends a very high compliment, by undertaking a journey of sixty miles to dinner."—"I am sorry, madam, the engagement is made, otherwise I would have disposed of myself more agreeably; you are unattended, and I never was in France, nor could I have had a stonger inducement than at this moment to visit that country." Caroline smiled: "In that case, Sir, you would have been enlisting yourself under the banners of knight-errantry; however, had any occasion required your presence, I should have felt myself happy under your protection; for, to tell you the truth, I already begin to feel some unpleasent emotions, though this morning I was quite an heroine, and left my friends without shedding a tear."—"I am certain these friends must have experienced a very sincere regret in parting with such a companion; and it is impossible not to suppose that some gentleman must have an interest in

your affections—were I that happy man, nothing should cause our separation."—"You don't consider, Sir, how many rivals we have in the French ladies, who at present adorn our isle."—"I am sorry to say there are numbers; but fifty notwithstanding their attractions, cannot repair the loss of such an English woman as yourself—Permit me to caution you against the other sex, old and young will make love to you continually; but do not bestow your sweet smiles upon any other than the man who best knows their value—let that be an Englishman." Caroline smiled approbation, but said, "Far other subjects engage me at this moment; my mind is entirely occupied by my approaching voyage—the vision is over, and the prospect of that sheet of water, which I must inevitably cross, excites the most uncomfortable feelings." Silent she sunk into a corner of the Diligence, and reflected that what increased her anxiety yet more, was at the end of her fatigue, no one was suffering the anxious delight of expectation—no welcome to recompence the danger she had passed; whatever might be the event of her voyage, it would cause no regret, no eager enquiry for her safety, no disappointment to an affectionate heart tenderly beating to give the hospitable embrace of generous love or friendship—Oh! how exquisitely grateful to a social mind are those endearments!

Affected by her excessive thoughtfulness, her companion used every means to divert her into conversation, by pointing out each view to her observation, as it presented itself. Ah! she thought, if you could conceive the perturbed ſtate of this poor oppressed heart, you would wonder the pulse of life continued to beat. The gentleman roused her, by entreating she would not deprive him of her conversation in the last half hour: "My journey, my dear madam, is nearly finished, and much do I regret our parting;" he took her hand, and with a respectful pressure, said, "Whatever your hopes and designs in this life may be, you have my best wishes for their success." On yielding it, he leaned back.——They stopped—it was to deprive Caroline of her companion, who raising her hand to his lips, said, "I will think on you to-morrow, madam; may the gentlest gales waft you over, and no rude ones disturb your passage through life—Adieu! most amiable creature!

Can it be wondered at that our heroine felt a pang in this her first adventure? in a separation from a gentleman whose years and conversation had assumed the manners of a protector!—her eyes were suffused in tears as they followed him, till the postilion, by a sudden speed, separated him from her view for ever.

When Caroline alighted at Canterbury the landlady appeared adjusting her apron and handkerchief to receive her guests; but on seeing only an individual, whose countenance indicated sorrow, the waiter was ordered to shew a comfortless room, uncheered by a fire: It was then five in the afternoon —our poor heroine had eaten nothing since breakfast, and being much exhausted by fatigue had pre-determined to have a little dinner; for that purpose she was going to ring the bell, when the clerk appeared with an account of luggage, for which a demand of fifteen shillings astonished her: "Was there no mistake?" she mildly demanded. "Not any, madam." She saw there was no remedy, but that of exchanging the expence of a dinner for that of a little wine and biscuit; this refreshment she procured in about three quarters of an hour, when she was informed the coach waited, in which she found a clean looking servant girl was to be her companion, who was intelligent and civil to the utmost of her power, and as comfortable as a journey of seventy miles with an empty stomach, would admit. At eight o'clock they arrived at Dover—Caroline ordered a room, into which she was shewn with great civility, and revived with the appearance of an excellent fire and bed, she desired a supper might be prepared, took out writing-mate-

rials, and, from the minutes of her journal, began a letter to Mr. Severs.

A comfortable refreshment inducing sleep, she hastened to indulge repose of body, hoping her mind would have its share. She was soon visited by the sweet restorer of tired nature, which sealed her eye-lids till seven in the morning, when some minutes past ere she could recollect the meaning of the strange scenes that surrounded her—instantly it had occured to her that she had to sail for Calais, and had only three hours to remain in her dear native land. This made her suppose she had a thousand things to do; but in fact it was imagination—there remained but to write a few observations, dress, and eat her breakfast. She approached the window, the appearance of the sea made her shudder, she dreaded embarking, and said to herself, "I would do any thing to avoid it." When a waiter knocked at the door, and announced the captain. Caroline begged him to enter, enquired if the wind was fair, the number of passengers, and if all was tranquil at Calais: "What time do you sail, Captain?"—"At twelve, madam." It was then ten; "Good God! two hours only, and then whither shall I go? dear England, to thee perhaps I shall bid an eternal adieu!—afflicting thought! gloomy vision!" Yet it was no vision, for instantly two men appeared to take her luggage

n board—Oh! she could have flown to a ıousand excuses, but not one presented it- :lf to soften the decree that she must quit ngland, and how, now leave it—forced— nprotected—unknown———upon a foreign ıore to avoid not the punishment of guilt, ut the unhappy consequences of failing in ıe most ardent endeavours to serve an un- ırtunate sister; exposed from her age and egant figure to every insult which occasion ight offer—to suspicions; from which she ıd no one to clear her.

She prostrated herself by the bedside, and fered an ejaculation to that Being who was one her guide, hope, and consolation. Oh! my God! if thy gracious hand only ıstains me in this hour of dangerous dis- ess, I may one day be restored to my na- ve land and the bosom of my beloved friends; ıd thou, dearest Severs, if thy spirit could : sensible of the perturbations of thy Caro- ıe's, in this severe conflict, how wouldst ou support the distance which lies between ; ?" A servant roused her from this situ- ion, by saying, "A person attended, to ınduct her on board." With a beating :art she paid her bill, and followed as one ımpelled to go.

Nothing could equal her sensations when ıe reached the packet, and observed the ilors employed in taking in the lading. She ıgerly enquired for the captain, who, they

said, was not yet on board, and immediately placed a ladder for her to descend. Here no kind hand presented itself to assist her; she exclaimed, it was impossible for her to venture. The sailors assured her there was no danger. She saw at last there was no alternative; trembling, she stepped upon the ladder, from which the steward received her, and immediately descended into the cabin: there the motion of the vessel, the noise of the sailors above, and not seeing the captain nor any other passenger, caused her to sink almost fainting into a chair. Hearing them weigh anchor, she started and ran out of the cabin, from whence she had a sight of two gentlemen on deck. A sudden movement of the packet made her fall; one of them ran down instantly to her assistance, led her to a chair, and asked her if she was alone, and going to Calais. His language was kind, and accents soothing; her oppressed heart felt their influence, and she dissolved into tears. With the kindest entreaties to dismiss her anxiety, he used every means to relieve her, by assuring her of his entire protection during the passage, and advised her to join her fellow-passengers. Her grief abated and she accompanied him on deck, where he seated her and himself; they were soon joined by four other gentlemen, and, afterwards by a lady, alone, remarkably

handsome; and evidently disposed to attract the notice of the gentlemen.

The captain took the helm, and sailed out of the harbour with a thousand questions on the probable length of their passage.

With a melancholy and fixed attention, Caroline gazed upon the white shores, which appeared to depart rapidly from her. "Do not, madam," said her companion, "conceive this to be the last look—suffer me to divert that pensive air." She turned her head to wipe away the tear which her situation excited.

Favourable gales bore them briskly on for about an hour. The party, no less propitiously disposed, combined to render the scene delightful. Unapprehensive of the dangers of the element on which they were embarked, the unhappy fate of the ever-memorable Halsewell, became an interesting topic. While Caroline listened, she felt a pang, which encreased by a sudden rolling of the vessel; a novice in sailing, she expressed her fears: 'Have no alarms, my dear madam," said her companion, "we have not to cross the Indian, nor yet the Atlantic Ocean—I have never heard of this short passage having been fatal."—"It may happen in a moment," answered the timid Caroline, "last week a packet was lost from Dieppe."—"So there was, madam." said the Captain, "But I hope the same accident

Although Caroline was as much the tress of the language as any one who not been out of her own country, yet confusion, added to the native quick with which she heard it spoken, were c derable difficulties to her, nor could sh ceive any assistance from her compa who was unacquainted with it.

After this abrupt departure was taken looked upon each other with surprise. roline desired an apartment. She was ducted into a bed-room, to which, wi the delicacy of an English woman fi native refinement, she objected. "Le said her companion, "join the other at the *Hotel de Messagere*." Here were received with smiles and congr tions; and a general censure was p upon the lady for treating a female cc nion with so little feeling. Caroline astonished at the novelty of the scenes v so suddenly succeeded to those of he country. The wood-fires upon the h gave her an indifferent opinion of the forts of France. In a winter season, she was informed, was too expensive a ticle as they had not any but what came England. "Happy soil! she exclai "whose bosom yields every comfort inhabitants!" She politely declined an tation to the theatre; but when na cockades were brought to the gentle

out which it was impossible to ap-
; she condescended to place them in
r hats.

o sooner was she left alone, yielding to
painful reflections incident to her singu-
lestiny, but more particularly her criti-
nd more immediate situation, in the dif-
ties she might have, before she met with
ectable people, willing to receive her,
commended, than a gentleman entered,
addressing her in French, begged to
his assistance—she bowed without
king. He discovered her to be English,
in that language requested to know if she
procured a bed, observing from the num-
of travellers that had arrived from all
ters, she would run a very great risk.
oline thanked him—he rang for a *fille de-
nbre*, who said she had a bed in a room
pied that night by an English lady and
ittle daughter, who would sail the next
ning to England. Pleased to have a fe-
: companion, Caroline desired the girl to
the way—unsolicited the gentleman
wed her.

hat conciliating and polite address which
distinguished our heroine, secured to
a gracious reception from this lady, who
:ared about thirty-eight, and was accom-
ied by a daughter, whom she had placed
convent for her education, whence she

was removing her on account of those troubles which were rending the vitals of that distracted country

This lady expressed the greatest surprise at the project which in so dangerous a moment could have induced our heroine to venture; who, unable to assign her real motive, said, that a desire to perfect herself in the French language was her principal inducement. "Oh! my dear child, yield up, I entreat you, that trifling advantage, which bears no proportion to the dangers by which you will be surrounded—Let me prevail upon you to accompany me back to-morrow morning."

The propriety of the observations and advice of this lady convinced Caroline of the good sense of her companion; but her refusal, which was unvoidable, gave pain to both. Pleased with each other, they were sorry when supper was announced, to which our heroine begged her new friend would accompany her—she declined the invitation in a way that discovered a wish to accept it; on a further solicitation, she ventured to disclose that her expences had already exceeded her finances, which made it impossible for her to be of the party. The gentleman immediately took her hand, insisted she should be his guest, and led her to the supper-room. The cool reception from the party, who were returned from the theatre,

astonished Caroline, who, unable to account for their indifference, retired with her female companion immediately after supper. With grateful pleasure she listened to the advice of this lady, convinced of its value, as it was given to her, a young, inexperienced, unprotected traveller.

With a degree of maternal kindness, she exclaimed, "How I regret, my dear child, that my immediate departure and your resolution to remain, oblige me to leave so young a creature thus so situated—The early sailing of the packet will even prevent my procuring you accommodations in a family suitable to your condition." Caroline knew the predicament she was in, and felt it poignantly; but where was her remedy?—She wrote, by this lady, to Mr. Clement to inform him of her safe arrival, and enclosed a letter to her mother. She accompanied her to the packet, and with a pang received the last adieu, waved to her as they sailed out of the harbour. With a pensive and drooping air, Caroline left the pier, regretting she had no other asylum than the hotel, neither knew she in what way immediately to procure herself proper accommodations; yet, even there she wished herself sheltered from the observations of those who passed; for as the habit she then wore was particularly calculated to display the fine turn of her form to the greatest advantage—she fre-

quently caught the sounds of "*C'est une belle Angloise ; une charmante Angloise ; quelle figure ; quelle taille.*"

In this embarrassment, arising from French *politesse*, she was respectfully accosted by the gentleman in whose company she had passed a part of the preceding evening: "May I be permitted to enquire, madam, if you mean to remain here?"—"For some time, Sir."—"With a friend, I presume."—"As the convents now no longer afford a reception for those who come over for my purpose, I wish to be accommodated in a family who speak French only; I understand many attempt the English language, which I shall avoid all opportunity of speaking."—"On this occasion permit me to devote my services: you will find a friend indispensibly necessary, as you have a people to deal with who would eagerly seize so favourable a moment for imposition."

The unsuspecting Caroline gladly accepted the offer—They entered the most respectable looking house, which had a sign for furnished lodgings—Caroline left every thing to her companion, and returned with him to the hotel, delighted that the charms of retirement would again and immediately be her own. On entering the breakfast-parlour, where her fellow-travellers were assembled, she had the mortification not

Our poor heroine waited near an hour in state of anxiety for the return of her new iend; at length he appeared with chearful- :ss and success upon his face: "I have," id he, "met with the very house which all others will suit you; there is one ughter and a son, who appear to be :arly of your own age. The old lady was :tremely scrupulous, so much indeed that iave been obliged to depart from the truth, id say that your friends had given me strict ders to provide you with accommodations a respectable family, and that you had et me here for that purpose, on my return om Paris—I rejoice to tell you that they e now expecting you—I have also pro- ised to take a letter to a daughter who is French teacher in a genteel school near ondon.

With pleasure Caroline accepted the offer his arm, and was soon surrounded by a ailing family. Accidentally she cast her es upon the letter, and was astonished hen she found it addressed to the French acher at the very school in which she had en placed for some time: "Heavens!" e exclaimed, "are these the relations of ademoiselle V———y? and am I happily llen into the hands of her father and mo- er?" The young gentleman rejoiced at e discovery; indeed both declared it a ovidential one, in her particular situation,

as it would induce the family to treat her with more consideration. Nor were they less surprised that the letter had excited such lively remarks, nor less delighted when the explanation took place. To satisfy the parents, Caroline described the person and age of their daughter—she also imagined it would be proper to write to her governess, and as far as necessary explain to that lady her situation.

Thus propitiously ended her anxiety, in an event which promised as much satisfaction as she could receive in her exile from home—terms were easily settled for her board and immediate removal, the amiable youth taking upon himself to see her trunks conveyed to Monsieur V———y's, and then requested she would accompany him to take a view of the town. Nature here presented no scenery to attract the notice and employment of so nice an observer and connoiseur as Caroline. The moment of sailing approached—the young gentleman intreated they might not separate till he arrived at the packet. Would not our heroine have acted incompatible with sensibility, with gratitude, in refusing this condescension, and without feeling the regret he merited?

The few hours acquaintance, and the important services he had rendered to Caroline, excited in her breast such a sentiment as a brother might be satisfied with—she

felt it as a separation from all that was worthy. He took her hand: "May every felicity be your's, till I return——in three months my presence will be again required in Paris, when I hope you will not think a recollection of you improper." He waved his handkerchief as the packet quickly departed from the pier upon which she stood—she kissed her hand, and in vain strove to suppress the rising tear which fell during her walk to her new habitation; and no sooner had she reached her chamber, than she indulged plenteously in that luxury: "Ah!" she exclaimed "why are not all men, like this amiable youth, the protectors of our too exposed and helpless sex? Why are there betrayers among them, when an opposite conduct would attach us by confidence and esteem; would virtue and honour lose their value by being too general? or, is the foil of vice necessary to set off to greater advantage the lustre of virtue? How brilliant does the conduct of this excellent youth appear, contrasted with his who wished to betray me!"

Thus absorbed in sentiment, she was discovered by Mademoiselle V———y, who used every soothing means to prevail upon her to join the family party.

For some time Caroline could derive but little pleasure from society, until she became more familiarised to the language, for which

purpose she applied herself assidiously to the study of it, and by that means soon improved her knowledge.

A length of time glided on without any intelligence of Mr. Severs. She was alarmed by a thousand conjectures—the fate of battle might have torn from her the only object by whose existence her's was rendered desirable. She was unwilling to address Mr. Vere, and knew not to whom she could apply; for she gave particular injunctions to Mr. Clement not to disclose to any one the refuge she had sought, which she was determined not to quit till either family affairs should recal her, or Mr. Severs demanded her promise of joining him:—Two years and an half had now elapsed since that solemn engagement—a firm dependence upon his faith precluded all apprehensions of losing his affection—the safety of his life occupied her mind, which, from the moment it admitted doubts of his personal safety, became a prey to anguish.

Retiring one evening to her apartment, into which the sun obliquely sent his softened and departing rays, Caroline wasyielding to all the train of thought, produced from the complicated causes of them, when, in the midst of her reverie, her ears caught the most exquisite and dulcet strains—enraptured, she listened, and at first from its *soft* harmony, imagined it must be the fan-

cied music of the spheres, and that no mortal touch could produce a sound of such magic swell; quick the modulations succeeded each other, and discovered it to be the most masterly hand upon the harp—her soul was harmony, she was enjoying a luxury so much in unison with it, that she melted into tears—her pleasure was succeeded by anxiety to know who the musician could be, from whom she had received so high a delight. She recollected Mademoiselle V———y had mentioned a family that had apartments in their house, which being large, and they occupying an entire wing to themselves, were detached from all intercourse with Monsieur V———y; curiosity prompted her to enquire—she rang her bell to request Mademoiselle V———y would come to her: "Have the complaisance, Mademoiselle, to inform me, from whom I have received so great a pleasure? What charming musician inhabits this house!" Caroline's animation brought a smile upon the face of her companion, who replied, "That they had the honour to have for inmates Madame la Comptesse de B—, and Monsieur le Compte her son; who, quitting Paris in the commencement of its troubles, had made a short emigration." The curiosity of our heroine was yet more excited—she begged a description of them:

"The lady, Mademoiselle, appears about forty; elegant in person and manners, her understanding places her at the head of her sex—her foible is in having too strong an impression of her high birth, which is of the first quality in France. The mortification of this lady is most severe at a moment when the Convention is meditating the destruction of all distinctions in the rank of citizens. Her son, your charming musician, Mademoiselle, the idol of her affections, is about twenty-three, graceful and accomplished, less tenacious of the pride of blood, though his virtues would be an ornament to the most illustrious. Free from the dangerous errors which have plunged the fate of this unhappy country into the hands of an abject and base banditti, the suggestions of his own mind alone, noble in native excellence, convince him, that to the vices and not to the dignities which they possessed above the multitude, are to be attributed all those misfortunes which threaten to lay their honours in the dust; having no equal society, they are without any, satisfied with the amusements they can procure to themselves.

A description so congenial to the mind of Caroline filled her with the most ardent desire to become acquainted with so amiable a pair; but she had not a ray of hope to lead her to such an attainment. For several days

he received all the pleasure which the sound of the harp could afford her, at the distance which separated her from it. The situation of Caroline was not only comfortable, but in happier circumstances might have been desirable. From the conversation of Mademoiselle V———y she derived both relief and improvement; she began to speak with ease and propriety. This amiable girl also studied the happiness of her companion, in promoting every thing that she imagined could produce it; her ardor, however, would sometimes exceed exact propriety in the means she employed for that purpose.

Mademoiselle V——y had for some time had a very strong inclination to throw Caroline in the way of the Compte. It was considerably her wish to bring them acquainted with each other. She knew this young nobleman generally walked alone in the evening, and thought, if at that hour she could prevail upon Caroline to accompany her, she should be certain of success. In visiting the apartment of our heroine, she found her already equipped for a solitary walk in the garden. Her appearance was light and *degagée:* "You intend visiting a public *promenade*, *ma chere*, I suppose; for you are too elegant to be within the narrow limits of a garden to-night."

A white muslin robe, a chip hat, lined with pea-green, trimmed, and tied in the

gypsy fashion, with the same colour of which also she wore a shawl-handkerchief; her beautiful hair turned lightly upon her forehead, and descended below the middle of her waist, gave her a charming appearance, exactly appropriate to the lovely evening of a scorching summer's day. "Pray my dear, change your project and accompany me?"—"Excuse me," replied Caroline, "I have a particular wish to go to the garden this evening."—"You make me suspect you have an assignation, and are unwilling to let me into the secret."—"I have certainly an inducement," said Caroline, "which I will communicate to you; and inform you that I have an object there, whom my project is to go off with this evening."—"What!" hastily interrupted Mademoiselle V——y, "are you going off with a favourite lover?"—"With a favorite *convolvolus*," replied Caroline, "which I have suffered to attain perfection, that I may convey its lovely tints upon my piece of embroidery."—"Oh!" said Mademoiselle, "we can easily take the garden on our return." She then led our heroine to the rampart, from whence they had a charming view; the sea gently agitated, reflected the rich colours with which the sky was beautifully contrasted, in all the glowing tinges of a departing sun. Caroline wrapt in contemplation this interesting object, was di-

ed from it by the appearance of an ele-
t and manly figure, who gracefully salut-
them *en passant*. "Who is that?"
eagerly demanded. "It is Monsieur
ompte, your charming musician." She
led at the reply of Mademoiselle V——y,
was prevented only by good-manners
n turning her head. Her companion,
hout scruple, infringed the rule, but was
ected by the Compte, who was standing
ake a view of Caroline. Unwilling to
ive him reason to suppose she wished
hrow herself in his way by continuing
walk;—she requested they might pro-
l to the garden. "Would not this,"
l Mademoiselle V——y, "be a good
ortunity to form an acquaintance?—
haps in another turn the Compte might
nduced to join us, and confer on us the
our of his company home."——"It
ht," replied our heroine, "produce the
ct you mention, but that is not the way
hich I wish to be introduced to a man
is rank; neither would it agree with my
ent situation; if therefore time will not
rd me a more favourable one, I must, of
essity, drop all hope of that which would
d me considerable pleasure." Although
grined at her disappointment, Made-
selle V——y ventured not to dispute
propriety of Caroline's request; they hast-

ened to the garden—she soon possessed herself of her favourite flower, and transferred its lovely tints to adorn the elegant bouquet, with which she was ornamenting a fire-screen.

Thus employed in the beautiful regions of fancy, Mademoiselle found her a few mornings afterward, and shewing her tickets for the play, requested she would be of the party. "Who compose your party?" demanded Caroline. "My father and mother will accompany us: I beg of you also to do us that honour." Unwilling to offend by refusing a request which evidently had her amusement in view, she cheerfully consented.

They had not been long seated at the theatre, 'ere Caroline observed the Compte handing into an opposite box, a lady, whose appearance left little doubt of her being Madame la Comptesse, his mother. Her situation was favourable to take a view of their persons. She contemplated a face softened by visible touches of sorrow. An air equally dignified and commanding, which combined to render the Comptesse a most interesting woman. She appeared to possess those attractive powers which operated upon the mind of our heroine by those secret impulses which are known and felt only by mental sympathy and discernment; from a single glance Caroline revered her.

Monsieur le Compte was of that size which constitutes a fine figure, his countenance manly and sensible, appeared naturally animated, though from circumstances, it had assumed something of the *penserosa*.

The attention of our heroine was so much excited by these noble personages, that she gazed upon them without being sensible that she was, at that moment, equally the object of their consideration; the instant she observed it, she felt some confusion at the unguarded manner in which she had been caught, and, not without embarrassment, returned a respectful bow from the Compte. This recognition produced an address from the Comptesse, who directed a look at Caroline with a fixed and penetrating eye; Caroline modestly withdrew her's, and felt herself relieved when the curtain was drawn up, and discovered to her the new appearance of a French provincial theatre.

She soon discovered the play to be taken from the interesting *Memoirs of Sydney Biddulph*. A display of vivacity—The national characteristic—Shrugs that convey whole pages—Action often redundant, and ill-appropriated—A total want of that elegance and sentiment which ever reigned in the soul of the amiable Sydney.—But, above all, the situation of the prompter, whose head arose from a trap-door in the middle of the stage, convinced the critical Caroline

it "they order those things better in Eng. id," and she returned less delighted than e expected.

A lively tap at her door the next morning, nnounced Mademoiselle V——y. "I have ost agreeable news to tell you, which will, hope, produce something to afford you pleasure; Madame la Comptesse sent her woman to me this morning, desiring to speak to me—I immediately attended—she made a thousand enquiries about you, Mademoiselle, and desired I would give her all the information in my power; you may be sure, I said, every thing to your advantage; I also took the liberty of saying how much you had been delighted with their music. (Caroline frowned) Pray don't be angry, for I thought, when the Comptesse found that you had a taste for music, it would increase her wish to see you; she expressed herself pleased with your appearance, and asked if you were able to hold a conversation in French, which I told her you spoke remarkably well."—"Indeed, my kind friend, you have far exceeded the truth, for I apprehend my imperfect accent will shock the ear of an elegant speaker,—but you have erred wit so good an intention, that I consider myse considerably your debtor, in the account friendship; and it is not unlikely, since t lady has condescended to make particu enquiries, that it may produce consequen

favourable to me." In this idea Caroline was not mistaken, for 'ere the morning expired, a card was left, which, in a day or two she acknowledged, by having her name announced to the Comptesse; who, on Caroline's entrance, made barely an attempt to rise. The latter advanced with an air of modesty, ease, and grace, and discovered to the Countess that she had been accustomed to approach the first ranks, and mingle in their circles. The young Compte, conscious of his mother's *hauteur* and *etiquette*, when addressed by one undistinguished by title (of which she seemed more tenacious since the danger of its privation) perceived the reception was ill suited to the personal merits of our heroine—he took her hand and led her to the sofa, on which his mother was seated, who with some abruptness said, "It excites in me considerable surprise, Miss, that you should not only have had an inclination, but also the courage to visit us, at a time when strangers of every description, and natives themselves, are flying from us." —"I trust, Madam, their apprehensions exceed the danger—I wish not to admit an idea of any; and the distance from England is so inconsiderable, that if even driven to an extremity, I do not imagine there will be any difficulty in returning; and from the well-known hospitality and politeness of this country, I have no fear of receiving improper

treatment during my residence amongst them."—"But you have a mother?"—"The most respectable of women?"—"Must she not suffer?" Caroline averted her face, "I hope not, madam," her voice faultered. "Ah! were I that mother nothing should have torn you from my protection." Caroline was silent—a tear which trembled in her eye, spoke her feeling—This was discovered by the Compte, who, to relieve the subject, exclaimed, "Charming resolution, which in the midst of our afflictions, has procured to us the blessing of your presence, whose influence like that of a benign star, will relieve the gloom that is overshadowing us."—"Compte," replied our heroine, "darkness will I trust be soon dispelled, and returning day dawn upon you with superior light."—"Ah no!" said the Comptesse, "the sun of our happiness is set, never to rise again resplendent upon us!"—"Let us not, madam, thus without hope involve our charming visitant in so dreary a vision, by misapplying the opportunity afforded by her society." The Comptesse sighed, and turning to Caroline, said, "I understand, Miss, that one of the daughters of Monsieur V——y, is teacher at a school in which you were educated, a circumstance that must be mutually agreeable."—"I feel its advantage, madam, by their respectful attentions."—"Are you fond of

sic ?"—"Passionately so."—"You En-
h do not excel in taste; your style of
cution is less elegant than our's, and
r compositions inferior to most other na-
s."—"Our genuine style is bold and
racteristic, madam; and we are not a-
ıst adopting any advantage from our
ghbours which our judgment approves."
Do you understand Italian ?"—"I can
l it with tolerable ease, madam."—"I
pose also you play on the harp ?"—"I
considerable regret, from being unac-
inted with that instrument."—"Ah!"
laimed the Compte, "what an opportu-
I shall have to become your instructor."
Give Mademoiselle a specimen, my
." The Compte performed an *affettuoso*
n a fine style---Caroline was delighted:
ou certainly perform, Mademoiselle ?"
Not with your excellence, Monsieur."
took her hand and led her to the piano---
ras in vain that Caroline pleaded the
gth of time since she had touched that
rument—not a single excuse was admit-
and she was obliged to yield. With a
e recollection she played an Italian air,
which her beloved Severs had never lis-
ed undelighted, neither in this moment
the Compte—His mother condescended
ay, "If you are disposed to become a
il of our school, you will soon attain per-
tion—your taste is fine, and deserves the

highest cultivation." Upon the wings of enchantment two hours quickly flew; regretting, yet fearful of intruding too long, with reluctance she departed.

That the Comptesse approved of our heroine was beyond a doubt; nevertheless, on her son's account, she wished not to be too precipitate—it was that consideration that prevented her retaining Caroline as her guest for the day. Her manners and taste convinced the Comptesse that her society was of the utmost value in any situation, but more particularly in her present retirement—the same consideration she was certain would also increase her son's desire for such a companion; but she dreaded the consequence that might follow from such an intercourse.

The separation deeply affected them both—they had suffered a privation of something necessary to their happiness, which rendered the remainder of their days joyless. A desire to gratify the wish she had to attach Caroline to herself, induced the Comptesse to re-consider what had appeared objectionable; which was counterbalanced by the charms she was certain to derive from the society of so amiable a girl;—dismissing every obstacle, and determined in favour of our heroine, she resolved not to delay her felicity beyond the next morning.

While Caroline was employed in giving
nishing touch to some heads, which she
executed with admirable skill, she
rd a carriage draw up under her window--
advanced and saw it was that of the
nptesse, who was then alighting.—Caro-
reached the stairs just time enough to
ient her hand to conduct her noble visit-
into her apartment; "You must consi-
this call, Mademoiselle, as a proof that
ish to improve our acquaintance—It is
first I have made since my arrival in
place, where I could not reasonably ex-
t to form any."—"I am sensible of the
inction with which you have honoured
madame; and it will add considerably
ny happiness if my society can in any
ject promote your's."—"My child, you
confer a great deal; but in the acc.m-
hments you possess, you have resources
ch make you independent of others for
r own. These heads are charmingly
cuted!—how delightfully you employ,
how advantageously improve, that va-
ble 'Stuff that life is made of,' which,
ers not knowing how to use, too often
ow away!"—"The beft of mothers, ma-
ne, taught me early the immense value
time, which from my infancy, I have
sed as little as possible unemployed."—
How could a discerning happy mother,

after rearing such a blossom, suffer herself to be deprived of its sweets, when arrived at perfection ?"—" I trust, madame, our separation will not be prolonged beyond the time proposed for our re-union."—" I will not, my love, by observation, give you pain; whatever may have been the influence of the gale, which has wafted so choice an exotic upon our shore, mine shall be the task not to suffer its sweetness to be wasted on the desert air." Caroline, in one of her eloquent looks, offered the tribute of gratitude : " I have," continued the Comptesse, " taken the liberty, without your permission, of disposing of your time this morning; for although I suppose you to be of the Protestant church, I am sure you are too liberal to be the enemy of any—I wish to go to mass, and that you should accompany me thither; we will afterwards proceed to view the convent, which, with its furniture, will in a few days be sold by public auction, and finish our morning by driving a few miles into the country,"

Caroline had never before been present at the celebration of mass—she beheld with surprise the variety of their ceremonies and apparel ; but felt herself a spectator only: the solemnity inspired her with a kind of awe, not that devotion she was wont to feel, when assisting in religious duties : Ah ! she thought, is then mere custom or form the

only difference between us! Are they not adoring the same Deity that I have sought? Is not this sanctuary in the hearts of all his creatures? whatever colour their vest, whatever form, whatever posture, under whatever title, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord?

The education of Caroline had been raised upon the basis of religion—the sacred ray had been kindled in her infant breast by the most respectable of mothers—it had supported her trembling steps—had been the healing balsam to her lacerated mind, and had illumined her footsteps in the thorny path of ripened years. Caroline had ever considered the intercourse which man enjoys with his Maker in prayer, as the greatest, the happiest privilege which his nature is capable of receiving. In that the soul, communicating with its divine Original, renews its energy, its power, its grace;—in that, the created being, attending the immediate presence of his benefactor, pours forth its petitions, its wants, its gratitude—It is by prayer only whereby the human soul is qualified to attain the perfection of an immortalized spirit.

When they had proceeded from the church to the convent, that gloomy retreat, humble furniture, and broken relics, froze the genial current of Caroline's blood: "I see, my dear," said the Comptesse, "that monastic mortifications are not suited to an English

constitution—the effects of these retreats have been various; to some they have proved a haven after a boisterous passage through life; to the guilty, penitence has here sought and obtained forgiveness and the hopes of future bliss; but, like other institutions for general purposes, they have been misapplied, and produced the most unhappy events—too often have they been profaned by the most unholy zealots, who, bursting asunder the sacred ties which connect man to his equal, counteracted the wisest purposes of his creation in rejecting the influence of the most tender and virtuous affections——insulted these sanctuaries of God, while the unholy eye, the guilty hand, assuming the elevation of devotion to his pure spirit—their polluted bosoms were stained with those passions, which degrade man below the vilest of the brute creation. Here also, alas too often! the beauteous victim of an hopeless love, or of parental power, while with conscious trembling steps she approached the altar of her God, would with His, mix the loved idea of her guiltless flame."

The Comptesse paused—and sighed profoundly. "My soul, at this moment, feels the affliction it suffered two and twenty years ago, in the fate of a favourite sister, who, unhappily fell a victim to the cruelty of our father. Marguerette was incompar-

ably lovely, and possessing a chastened vivacity, was the idol of all who knew her—At the time I allude to, she was not more than seventeen, and adored by a young nobleman, her equal in every respect but fortune; which to the Compte, my father, was a sufficient barrier to their union. At that time she was demanded of him in marriage, by the Marquis de St. L———, a widower, and considerably older than herself; but her noble soul resisted every parental command to betray the youth she loved, in accepting this nobleman; who, imagining that the Compte was the only impediment to his wishes, obtained an order for him to join his regiment in Flanders. The amiable youth, ignorant of the cause that tore him from his mistress, endeavoured to soften the mutual tortures of a separation, by the hopes of a lasty and speedy reunion.——But—he fell in the first engagement. This unhappy catastrophe threw the dear girl into a state of distraction, which had no other effect upon my father, than to make him regret the disappointment of his views. In a few months she recovered, and again suffered the severest persecutions.—She was, however, still more unyielding, and the Compte, my father, inexorable, offered her the alternative of a convent, which she gladly preferred.——But—the effects

of his cruelty, the death of her lover, and a life so different to the natural tone of her disposition, caused her to become a tenant of the tomb, six months after she had entered the convent.———Yet, perhaps," she added, clasping her hands, which with her eyes she raised to Heaven—" Perhaps we see not the hand of an Almighty Power in these impending calamities; long lost to him, and intoxicated with the world—we know not how to make the enquiry of our hearts, whether its passions and pursuits have not merited his long-threatened and most just punishment—too long, indeed, has a guilty people abused the suspension of his arm—But, who shall dare to trifle with the Omnipotent?—Is not his retributive justice sure?—It is arrived, and vengeance is stretched over a guilty world, wide spreading.——Ah! my love, my present sufferings and retirement from its delusions have been most salutary—I have ventured to look into, and converse with my own heart—the acquaintance was at first difficult to form—it is now softened to my wishes, and become the companion of my better hopes."

The Comptesse dropped her veil to hide the effects of this short abridgement of her sister's sufferings. Caroline in tears at the recital, followed her thro' all those apartments in which misery had reigned trium-

phant; her philanthropic heart expanded, when she considered that a ray of reason was rising upon the gloom, to chase those errors of fanaticism and superstition, to which victims without number had become a sacrifice—for could nature, true to herself—could reason her best guide—condemn mankind to sequestration, and a total separation from the enjoyment of social intercourse? Impossible! Caroline's conclusion was, that both must be abused when their laws were rejected; exultingly she thought, I arrogate to myself more merit in my actual conflicts virtuously sustained than these mistaken people in all their self-denials, early matins and still-life. Standing at the grate of the parlour, she pensively reflected how many of the loveliest of her own sex, had declined and expired within these gloomy walls. How often has this grate, worse than adamantine bars, divided those in whose bosoms glowed the purest flame of sensibility and love. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "sequestered gloomy mansion, vanish—vanish into the air, and leave not a wreck behind." The Comptesse smiled and said, "I see Mademoiselle, your mind has received a full impression of the nature and abuse of these religious institutions, we will now dissipate the gloom by breathing the pure air, and cheerfully accepting those gifts which nature has so bounteously presented

to us—I am a disciple of your charming poet, who says, that to enjoy is to obey."—"This," said the Comptesse, when they were again seated in the carriage, "is a reform that my heart approves—I wish every vestige of arbitrary oppression and tyranny to be destroyed.—Oh! that Frenchmen might, by honest efforts, obtain that degree of freedom, which should discover to them that they are men!—that the rich and powerful, no longer grasping the iron scourge of oppression, would suffer his fellow-creature, the humble and laborious peasant to eat the scanty morsel for which he toils! were this their object, it would become a common cause—our nobles would not have to fly for refuge to foreign shores, to provoke their armies to unsheath their swords upon our unhappy country in their defence. But our misfortune is, we know not where they will end, perhaps in the annihilation of its devoted nobles; for those miscreants who have with the gripe of lawless violence seized upon the reigns of our administration, are hurling us to destruction—are indiscriminately offering up the most worthy and distinguished characters of their country victims to the rage of a madened multitude!—not, as they pretend, to sacrifice her natural enemies—not to equalize her laws—but to possess themselves of our ancient inheritance—to drain the fountain of honour, that

hey may fill it with the blood of those, for he reward of whose brave and virtuous anestors its grateful streams first flowed.—My ear child," continued the Comptesse, "you annot form an idea of the miseries, into the idst of which you have entered."—Oh!" aid Caroline," my dear madame, when they pproach nearer, we will fly from them toge-ier."—"Never will I add to the wrongs of ıy country by flying from her distresses, nless to preserve my life—yet I have long ished to visit a nation whose laws and go-ernment form the security and happiness f her people, and command the admiration f the world.—Herself an host—in her neu-ality rest all our hopes—As long as Eng-nd enters not the league against us, we ave little to fear from the combination of her powers."

The carriage drove up—the Compte im-ediately descended, presented each a hand, ıd retaining that of Caroline's, said to his ıother, "This I accept as a peace-offering, ıadam, for your unusually long absence." -"It is necessary, my son, sometimes, to ive an idea of our value, which a short pri-ıtion only can teach you."—"With so ch an addition it is immense."—"You :e Mademoiselle," said the Comptesse, how difficult it is for mothers to obtain a sinterested compliment. Having long ased to charm; we must content our-

selves with being respectable, and rising in value to our children, as we are necessary to promote their pleasures and happiness.—However, my dear Antoine, I readily admit the companion I have brought to be a considerable acquisition, but, in return, I expect you will exert all your talents to make our time pass agreeably."

The Compte seated himself between the ladies on the sofa, and taking a hand of each, pressed them to his lips.—"Here shall be my world—here the only objects for whose felicity I wish to live."—"Stop," said the Comptesse, withdrawing her hand. (Carolene followed her example, but not till the Compte had conferred upon it a warm salute.) "I myself will reign and prescribe its laws, and remember, Antoine, I expect my subjects shall not become the slaves of that little usurper, whose artillery would soon lay my dominion in ruins.—In order to guard against the danger of any attack, I will dedicate you both to the Muses—At the harp, and for greater perfection in the Italian language, Mademoiselle shall become your pupil—You her's, should leisure and her goodness allow, in attaining part of that excellence with which she speaks her native one.—Thus, with the addition of painting, conversation, and walking, our time will not only be advantageously, but also delightfully, employed here."——

"Friendship shall exert her softest power—perfect esteem, enlivened by desire ineffable," added the Compte. With a gravity half relieved by a smile, the Comptesse rejoined, "I have given the law, Monsieur, which I expect you will not transgress.---Beware!"

How often did the virtuous Caroline congratulate herself upon the attainment of so accomplished a friend, whose character rose higher as it developed itself. Their days were inseparably passed together, and by a constant *routine* of interesting and valuable employments, her mind had little leisure to yield itself to reflection upon her actual situation.

Mr. Clement, faithful to his trust, had not failed imparting to her every occurrence since her departure from England; among which, there was not any thing to afford her pleasure but the account of her mother's health, and belief that she was the guest of her friend, Mrs. Aimsworth.---Not a line or circumstance had appeared to lead her to any conjecture of Mr. Severs---nor any movement in the Court of Chancery to restore her to her country and her friends.

The power of so amiable an instructress soon produced our heroine the most honourable success with her pupil:---"The English." he would say, "is a nation, which, of all others, I esteem; and I rejoice in the

advantages I shall have in holding a free intercourse with that enlightened people. There, female beauty and virtue with all their train of modesty and delicacy hold their court---I have ever been enamoured of the charming sex of that country, without a hope of enjoying the society of one in whom their perfections are united." To receive compliments of gallantry was nothing new to Caroline, she smiled, and returned it by saying, "Compte, the ultimate end of our labours to be agreeable, is rewarded in the approbation of those of the opposite sex, who are capable of appreciating the little merit to which we aspire."---"Amiable Caroline," warmly exclaimed the Compte, "he is the most enviable of men whom a happy fate has destined to the felicity of possessing such exalted merit as your's." Caroline was alarmed, fearful he might mistake and misapply what she meant as a general remark. The Comptesse had a presentiment to what she had apprehended might take place, from a constant intercourse of two young people of their age and accomplishments. "Take care, my children, or my empire will be taken from me by the the means in which I placed its security. These compliments are subtle and penetrating."---Caroline blushed, and aukwardly pierced her finger with the needle with which she was embroidering the drapery of a beautiful figure destined for her noble friend.

"My dear madame," gaily exclaimed the compte, "is not this potent usurper you dread, he by whom monarchs are subdued —Invades he not equally the gorgeous palace, and the humble cottage;—the heart of the proudest prince and of the simplest peasant—Would he not tarnish his honours by neglecting the conquest of minds who have so long invoked the aid of the muses and the graces, his ancient friends and allies!"—The Comptesse appeared dissatisfied, and turned suddenly in her chair.

This noble youth, ingenious and warm in his attachments, knew not how to disguise his feelings when worthily excited; perhaps he knew not exactly the nature or extent of those sensations he felt for Caroline, though disclosed by every involuntary symptom of an ardent passion. His fingers trembled when they conducted her's upon the harp—he sat breathless to the sound of her voice and still seemed to listen when the melody of it had ceased. Caroline was considerably alarmed. She dreaded equally the *eclaircissement*, and the consequence of such a sentiment. "What shall I do," said she one day to herself, "to spare our mutual sufferings?" In that moment of painful embarrassment, dinner was announced. Caroline, presenting her plate to the Comptesse, perceived under it a folded paper—

smiling, she held it up between her finger and thumb. "What have your there, my dear, a *billet-doux ?*"—"I am ignorant of its contents, madame."—"It is," said the Compte, blushing, "a little composition which I beg of Mademoiselle to translate; I wish to see how well the English language can express an ardent mind."—"If that is your meaning, Monsieur, you will find its superior energy will give considerable force to your subject—and yet, charming Caroline, there are breathings of the soul, for which all figure of speech and language is inadequate." Caroline's cheek felt a glow—her eyes were modestly cast down---silently, she admitted the Compte's opinion---she had felt all those unutterable sensations for her beloved Severs---Conscious, she breathed a sigh, and raising her eyes, too plainly read in those of the Compte, all that ardent and respectful love which a noble and virtuous mind alone is capable of conceiving for an object of congenial worth. Caroline instantly assumed a gravity which awed---a corrected look---the composure of indifference. The amiable youth saw he was discovered, and perceived her indifference---the fervent glow of his breast was chilled---a confused blush overspread his animated face.---Nor was Caroline in a more enviable state.

The discerning Comptesse saw their situation. She fixed her expressive eyes upon her son, in which beamed tenderness and apprehension. "My beloved Antoine, too much have I cause to dread that the narrow sphere in which, at this unhappy moment, affairs oblige you to move---softens and enervates your mind. From necessity, deprived of a companion of your own sex, and appropriate employments, you are with the most dangerous sensibility, sinking to the tenderness and effeminacy of ours---sentiment, my son, is amiable---it is the loveliest polish of the human mind; but we must not by refining too much wear a way its most noble and solid parts, so necessary to sustain it in the various conflicts it has to encounter with in life--too much a virtuous mind yields to its enthusiam, till it becomes the tyrant of the soul. On the onset, the path appears strewed with roses, and exquisitely delightful; but how few penetrate with a single glance into the labyrinth to which it conducts, and from which there is no return, till the thorns and briars, with which it is overgrown, pierce their equally-subdued and lacerated mind!--My beloved son, 'ere yet it be too late, recollect your particular situation—fortify yourself—guard against those dangers pointed out and felt for you, in the heart of the most affectionate of mothers."

The Compte for a moment pressed his hand upon his forehead—suddenly arose—bowed to the ladies and retired. A sigh escaped from the bosom of his mother, which penetrated the heart of the tender Caroline, whose blushing cheek and tearful eye bore testimony of her feelings—she ventured not to look upon the Comptesse, who, regardless of her companion, softly exclaimed, "I only am to blame—and the consequence of my indiscretion has proved too important to my Antoine." Roused by this soliloquy, Caroline seated herself on the sofa by the Comptesse, and affectionately throwing her arm round her, cried, "My most amiable friend, prescribe to me, in this moment, how your happiness can be restored." The Comptesse started, and disengaging herself, said, "At present, Mademoiselle, I feel myself unfit for discussion, and request you will excuse me." Caroline taking her hand, which she respectfully raised to her lips, bowed—took her veil and withdrew; her mind pierced with anguish. She stopped, after quitting the presence of her friend, and considered that if she returned home under her present disposition, the searching looks of Mademoiselle V———y would discover what she wished to hide. Having always a key of the garden, she sought in its tranquillity the calm she wanted, but which the perturbed

state of her mind was then unfit to receive. She flung herself upon the sofa in the summer house—reflection broke in upon her, and with it all the train of misfortunes which had so long influenced her life, but more particularly those which immediately attended her: Severs, and the hopes expectant upon his loved idea, terminated the point of a too distant perspective: "Ah, time!" she exclaimed, "tardy messenger to the expecting mind, how large a portion must elapse of thee, 'ere on thy leaden wings thou bearest my long promised and desired happiness?" With anguish she re-traced the painful events which had conducted her to her present situation, on which again storms and clouds were rising. The state of her finances rose before her, which 'ere now must have been exhausted, but for the hospitality of the Comptesse, of whose friendship, from the *eclaircissement* of that day, she disinterestedly dreaded a total loss: "Must I," she exclaimed, "ever lose the society of those most dear? again be deprived of those amiable friends—loved companions in my exile? Cruel destiny! unhappy Caroline! yes, all these thou must again relinquish, and sacrifice every selfish consideration to restore the tranquillity of those amiable and noble sufferers; but whither shall I turn for happiness? a wan-

derer! an exile from the dear country which gave me being! from the fostering care of a beloved mother! Ah wretched—wretched Caroline!" She hid her face with her hands, and sunk down upon the sofa—then gently rising and extending her hand to heaven:—"There seek for happiness; the same Almighty Power, who hath hitherto been thy conductor, still inhabits that glorious mansion--still his compassionate eye beams upon thee! its benign influence shall gently soften the anguish of thy bosom, and convey to it the exquisite joy which must accompany reflection on having acted rightly." Thus having relieved the overflowings of her mind, she became more tranquil—she quitted the garden, and in order to avoid the observations of the family upon her pale and altered looks, pleaded writing engagements, and retired to her chamber. As calm and tranquillity are the offspring of storms and tempests, so was now the peaceful state of her bosom—its murmurs were hushed, it was attuned to meditation! She seated herself at the window--she hailed night's sable drapery, as congenial to her soul. Ah, solitude! loved companion of the sensible mind! how often has the virtuous Caroline sought thee in the hour sacred to contemplation! fled from active scenes to tranquil thought, to converse with nature and its God—Illumined by the pale lamp of night how often have

her eyes, with ardent gaze, reflected the mild lustre of its silver orb, surrounded by the innumerable gems which sparkled in the azure vault of heaven; while her soul, fraught with seraphic rapture, elevated by thy inspirations, escaping from terrestrial bonds, pierced beyond etherial space, to the abode of Deity, and with holy awe presuming, entered into the sacred presence, humbly pleading with the apology of the beatified bard;

> "Led by thee, into the heaven of heavens.
> "I have presumed, an earthly guest."

During the first two years of the exile of George Severs his father expressly forbade all conversation which could possibly lead to his name, or even to his remembrance--A resolution so arbitrarily established by the assistance of Mrs. Gossip, that, except herself, no one, not even the faithful Trustwell, had ventured upon the subject—She, indeed, by the most artful invention, confirmed to the old gentleman the actual marriage of his son with Caroline, and their consequent beggary—she had however failed in her principal scheme of prevailing upon her master to confer upon her a legal claim to the honors of his wife—This disappointment, occasioned her to abate in her hitherto unremitted attentions to that gentleman at a time when he particularly required

them. A violent attack of the gout confined him several months to his chamber—he was on that account excessively displeased at her untimely neglect; and, as she sunk in his esteem, he began with abated severity to admit his son to a place in his remembrance—With a painful sensibility he recollected the filial attentions and successful endeavours, on former occasions, of that amiable youth, to amuse the intervals of ease, and sooth the tortures of pain; and that, except in the circumstance of his love and marriage with Caroline, he had been an example of filial obedience. The old gentleman was also sensible that, in every other respect than that of fortune, no woman was more deserving the affections of a man of sense and discernment than our heroine; but avarice, his primary passion, absorbed the whole man, to the exclusion of every liberal and generous sentiment—Curiosity, however, mingled with a small share of paternal feelings, would frequently make him wish to be informed of some recent accounts of George and Caroline, from those whom he supposed held an immediate correspondence with them—He made an excuse for Trustwell to be sent to him, who, though surprised at the summons, had for some time watched with pleasure the gradual decline of Mrs. Gossip's influence: "Sit down, Trustwell; I think I have never had so long

a fit as this before."—"I think, Sir, you have had a very severe bout; but time hangs heavy on your hands, for want of company."—"Right as thou sayest; my neighbours have been very sparing of their endeavours to relieve me by their society."—"I assure you, Sir, it is not their fault; for Sir John Beaumont and Mr. Leapwell have frequently called; but Mrs. Gossip always said you was either asleep or engaged, and both the gentlemen told me the other Sunday, at church, that they were sorry they should always chance to come at an unlucky time, for they should be very glad to drink a bottle or two with you occasionally."--Sayest thou so? I have understood from her that they constantly neglected my door."—"I assure you, Sir, it is one of her many falsehoods; for, I believe, you have never heard the truth from her."—"I'll hear no scandal, Trustwell, I believe she always meant well, even by these little inventions." "Excuse me, sir, but I think, on all occasions, falsehood is wrong, but particularly when it is meant to separate friends." "Well, let me hear no more, Trustwell, if either of those gentlemen should call again, tell them I am disengaged." So delighted was the faithful Trustwell with this dawning of hope, just rising upon them, that he lost little time ere he imparted it to sir John Beaumont, who, though equally glad, determined to

proceed cautiously and with more indifference than he felt, knowing by that means he should still increase the ardor of the old gentleman.

In the course of a week Sir John turned his horse toward Alban Park, and was soon discovered by the steward, who led him through the hall to conduct him up stairs, when they were accosted by Mrs. Gossip: "Dear me, Sir! bless me, Mr. Trustwell! I am surprised you should take upon yourself to shew any body up stairs without asking if my master wishes to see company."—"Don't trouble yourself, good woman," said Sir John, "I will myself ask your master that question."—"Good woman! forsooth Sir! I am not used to such freedom." She endeavoured to reach her master's door before the baronet: "Hark'e! Mrs. Gossip," said Trustwell, "I believe his honour has a little misapplied the word; but, however, I advise you to keep out of the way, for your tricks shall no longer prevent my master seeing his friends—March woman, get out of the way." The housekeeper was surprised at the unusual courage and freedom of the steward, but seeing no imme diateremedy, muttered her way down stairs.

Mr. Severs, on meeting Sir John, seemed undecided what aspect to assume. He was soon relieved from his embarrassment by a hearty shake of the hand, and reproof from

is friend that he had so long been banish-
d from his society: "Do you call it a ba-
ishment, Sir John? if so, let us offer a free
bation to the restoration of our friendship;
or, if I may speak the truth, I have had no
ajoyment during its dissolution—my con-
nement has been almost a bondage in the
rivation I have suffered, and I am almost a
ranger to public as well as domestic con-
rns, though I understand a war with
rance is impending."—"Yes, Monsieur
hauvelin has actually received orders to
uit this country in an unusual way, which
ill no doubt bring its consequences; for
y own part, I see no reason (whatever
rance may meditate for her own internal go-
rnment) that we should disturb the tran-
uillity of ours, by an interference."——
Right, Sir John; but insensible of the
essings which we enjoy, superior to those
every other nation, we shall, I fear, plunge
to an evil which ought cautiously to have
en avoided. Equally the object of the
ar and envy of our neighbour—as a neu-
al power she would respect us; but if
ostile, her utmost vengeance will be turned
on us, as the foe most powerful against
r designs. This, however, is but a se-
ndary consideration to a man who can on-
offer his best wishes to his country,
ithout a power of administering to its wel-
re, and whose heart is torn by domestic

rebellion; for, Sir John, though we may from violent causes inflict a temporary banishment to nature, time and circumstances will, in spite of our resolution, restore to her her supreme right. Though in a lacerated state, my reflections cause my solitude almost to unman me, when I consider the ultimate disappointment (of my expectations and labours in) the conduct of my children.—The dishonour of my daughter covers me with shame, and the disobedience of my son, in whom all my hopes were centred, with the brightest prospects, adds a ten-fold bur den, and makes me lament the hour in which I became a father."—"My dear friend," interrupted Sir John. "I cannot admit your sorrow in the degree you rate it; for, exclusive of Mrs. Malin, whose conduct must certainly have caused you the most painful reflections—I know not a father more enviable than yourself in the possession of such a son as my friend George, who is quite innocent as to the faults you attribute to him."—"What! don't you call it a principal act of disobedience, when a son marries a woman, not only in open defiance of your commands, but heaviest threats! What hold can the father have on such a heart?"—"My dear Sir, you are in two-fold error; in the first instance, I consider it as the greatest and most arbitrary infringement upon the laws of nature, when, at a certain pe-

riod, a parent expects to hold the primary place in the heart of his children, which nature has, beyond all doubt, devoted to the object of his love alone, and future partner—A choice so well directed as that of your son's, (pardon me, Mr. Severs, when I say it) ought, in my opinion, to have met with your approbation; and the little sacrifice which you could well have made of Miss Harman's fortune, would have been rendered to you a hundred-fold—in the happiness, such an acquisition to your family would have yielded."—"They ought, Sir John, to have waited the event of a little time, which might have soothed my anger, and gained from me, what they have shewn they could do without; for if they had not actually married, I might at length have relaxed, and yielded to their entreaties."—"But—my good Sir, who has suggested to you an idea of their actual marriage?"—"Who? Gossip informed me that it took place immediately on George's arrival in town, where they are now enjoying the fruits of disobedience, beggary and repentance." "A great deal of your sufferings, Mr. Severs, are to be attributed to that dangerous woman, who, being the only person admitted to your ear, has made what use of it she has thought proper. On some accounts I am sorry to say, that George and Caroline have been now two

years separated, by an immense distance.—Miss Harman, Mr. Severs, refused all overtures from your son, which were unsanctioned by your approbation; and—"—— "What! are they not married?—Did she; could she from that motive refuse to marry George? Are you not deceiving me, Sir John?" "Why should I deceive you my dear friend? Caroline preferred those sufferings to which she was inevitably exposed, rather than accept any offers from your son, which threatened him with a total estrangement from your affections and fortune." Mr. Severs, overpowered with excess of joy, and forgetful of his gout, seized the hand of his friend which he hugged with such ardor that Sir John was glad to force it from him. "Confirm what you have said, and I will immediately send off the coach, with the four bays to recall him, and make both amends by an instant marriage.——I always thought her a good girl, but could not suppose any woman who loved as I believe she does, would have acted so generous and disinterested a part."—"I shall be extremely happy, Mr. Severs, to assist in such a design, but perhaps you do not exactly know their respective situations—Your son, driven to extremity under your displeasure, which no united efforts of our's could appease, was forced to exile himself in pursuit of fortune; by my recommendation, he obtained

an appointment to the East-Indies." Mr. Severs sunk back in his chair. "Whence I have received letters, though not of so late a date as I wish, and I very anxiously wait the arrival of the next packet."—"My son, do you say, Sir John, has been forced from his native soil in consequence of my cruelties? Oh! my noble boy! why did I, by by so inexorable a conduct, bear so hard upon thy generous soul! Sir John, I feel in the most violent compunctions the cruelty of my conduct. Oh! what happiness might I have procured to myself and them, by sacrificing part of that which, without George, is indeed of no value. Obdurate Father! I knew not the extent of his mind till this unhappy proof convinces me it was far above my comprehension. I judged only, and tried, by the common rule of parental force and power to obtain my wishes, without a single consideration of the share he had in his own future happiness or misery. Coroline—amiable girl—virtuous sufferer! a full recompence awaits thee.—Ye kindred souls, formed to be the partner of each other, your bliss shall be accomplished, and my happiness in future consist in promoting your's.——You see, Sir John, the condition my hands are in from this cursed gout; I am incapable of holding a pen, but do you, my dear friend, send off an immediate dispatch to hasten my boy.---Good God! perhaps I

may never more behold him!—What a distance of time, and space lies between us!—I would sacrifice half my fortune to fold him in my immediate embrace; but, in the mean time, I shall derive some satisfaction in communicating to Caroline the happiness which awaits her.——Let her be informed of my intentions, and placed out of the reach of danger. Nothing shall be spared to make that excellent girl amends."———"I will," said Sir John, "use every means to find out Caroline.—She has however, since your son's departure, kept herself so retired, that several attempts of Lady Beaumont and myself to find her, have proved fruitless; but I feel such joy in the commission you have given me, that I shall not lose a moment in setting about it."—"You will, I hope, Sir John, henceforward be a daily visitant; and tell Lady Beaumont, with my respects, that a dish of tea made by her fair hands, would have the finest flavour in the world.---Leapwell, shall also introduce his wife, that I may in the society of my friends, regain some portion of my former comforts.—As a commencement, I shall immediately empower Trustwell to dismiss Gossip and request your Lady to replace her, by one of her own recommendation." All this, Sir John willingly took upon him, rejoicing that the attainment of their wishes was only retarded by the absence of the parties.——

"Yet," said he, as he went down stairs, "it may be a considerable time before their sufferings are over."

No sooner had the enraged Mrs. Malin quitted her landlady in Westminster, than she determined to re-trap the rescued prey. Too violent for restraint, her passions knew no interval; she gave orders to be driven to the corner of Hill-street---determined that Stanford should again either fall a victim to her, or to the dagger. Thus doubly prepared, she sought the object. Thus doubly disappointed in her design, the devoted sacrifice was spared, and guilt left to torment the bosom that had conceived it. Desperate from the defeat of this attempt, she determined retirement should assist her to form an inevitable snare. Happily her retreat proved propitious to Mr. Stanford, who, before her grand scheme was mature for execution, had already gotten beyond the danger of pursuit; yet, although this object was irretrievably lost, her insatiable revenge had still another victim to contemplate. Betty, her confidential servant, had gained intelligence that Caroline was in London—unprotected! Poignant remembrance presented to Mrs. Malin, the conspicuous part performed by our heroine, in the scene at Lady Cavendish's; but more particularly, that of bearing off triumphantly the deluded Stanford, to the arms of an amiable wife.

Caroline remained, and she was satisfied. Sometime was however lost before they could trace her to her residence at Mrs. Goodwin's; where Mrs. Malin was considerably assisted in her design, by one she formed of becoming acquainted with the two Spaniards. To affect this purpose, she took an elegant apartment in the opposite house. Betty made use of every shop which Mrs. Goodwin's Molly was observed to frequent, which soon put the two servants upon a footing of relating the secret anecdotes of their respective families.

"My Lady," said Betty, "would kill me if she knew I mentioned that she is desperately in love with the elder of your gentlemen."——"Lord!" answered Molly, "with sich a sqallid yellow-faced thing! I often tells my mistress, that all the water in the river Thames would not make him look a bit the cleaner.—The nephew is, in my opinion, a great deal handsomer; and to tell you another secret, he is very much smitten with Miss Harman, though she has kept herself so close, that he never knew she was in the house till last week." With a sneer, Betty exclaimed, "Miss Harman live at your house!—mercy on us!—what will this world come to, when sich as her sticks themselves up for ladies and gentlefolks!" Without waiting to see the effect of her poison, the incendiary ran off, leaving her compani-

on in some perplexity as to the real character of Caroline.

Over this girl, Pedro had long obtained a power; she failed not to impart to him Betty's account of her mistress's attachment to Don Antonio, and also of Caroline.

The intriguing valet, with foul aggravation, related both to his master, Don Carlos, who emboldened by the calumny, ventured to accost our heroine with that air of impertinence in the passage, as well as to intrude with so much rudeness into her chamber.

With all the attraction of dress and manners, Mrs. Malin would, with the utmost caution, sometimes display herself at the window; naturally disposed to gallantry, as the Spaniards are, the conquest of a fine woman was no inconsiderable victory to a man of sixty. Don Antonio was enraptured with the hopes of such an amour; for some time he was content with the interchange of bows, and sentimental curtesies, till at length becoming impatient for a nearer approach, he determined to demand an interview.—A supplicating billet obtained a cold permission—Mrs. Malin played her part with chastened dignity—suggested she knew not how he had eluded the *etiquette* of introduction, which she elegantly attributed to his own irresistible powers, which had exceeded the efforts of many competitors for such a favour.——"Gratitude shall be expressed in

my eternal devotion to you, my angel!"—"Alas Count! I am so inseparably wedded to the memory of my adored husband, that I can never re-admit a sentiment for any other."—"On my brow, my life, place the wreath of victory—I will not rise from this supplicating posture, till you promise to confirm my happiness."——"Importunate man! I have already relaxed too much from my accustomed severity—I will, however, permit your visits, on condition that you never mention the subject of your passion." The lover, vowed nothing but her charms should make him swerve from her severe restrictions. "I think," said Mrs. Malin, "I have observed a young female in an apartment over your's."—"It is an interesting shy creature, of whom my nephew has become excessively enamoured."—"Do you know her name, Count?" "Miss Harman—My angell, why are you so interested?" Mrs. Malin counterfeited a look of astonishment, and emphatically observed, "Can it be the Caroline Harman so publicly spoken of?—are you acquainted with her reputation?"—"Not at all—my life—I behold all women but yourself with indifference.—Perhaps any information might remove a few difficulties out of the way of my nephew!"—"There cannot be any with her," rejoined Mrs. Malin, "however, if her conduct is now good, she may have seen her error."

This conversation was communicated by Don Antonio to his nephew, who instantly dispatched to Caroline that insulting letter, which determined her to quit Mrs. Goodwin; a plan inimical to Mrs. Malin, who, seeing a most favourable opportunity in her visit to the theatre, assured Don Antonio, that she only wanted the decency of force to bring her to any terms, and failed not to renew the fabricated story of the apothecary; suspecting from these circumstances, that our heroine had lost all claim to respectability. Don Carlos was determined to pursue, and gave orders for Pedro to take her from the play-house. Again defeated by Caroline's rescue, Mrs. Malin turned the full force of accumulated rage against her faithful Betty; who, stung at the assurance of her mistress for daring to risk a quarrel with her, threatened to make a discovery. Alarmed at such a menace, Mrs. Malin, by a handsome *douceur*, re-purchased her confidant; who, by a solemn vow, bound herself not to rest until she had obtained again the object whose removal to the continent gave a final blow to their machinations.

Entirely occupied by her new lover, Mrs. Malin gave up every enterprise to that of turning the acquaintance with him to the best advantage—In her condescensions to Don Antonio she far exceeded his wishes, so much indeed, that he began to doubt the

former propriety of her conduct—he found himself involved in an intrigue which would have suited him better twenty years before. In him passion was succeeded by disgust—in the mind of Mrs. Malin avarice had fixed its standard. The Spaniard was necessary to her support, her income was expended, and the real property being settled upon her sons, she was entirely without resources. In gratitude for the transfer of Pedro's affection to her, Betty had left nothing untold respecting the history of Mrs. Malin's seduction of Mr. Stanford, as well as her plot against our heroine. The valet, faithful to his master, re-told the tale with improvements. Don Antonio, terrified at the dagger-scene, apprehended he should have great difficulty in breaking off the connection. He daily expected letters of recall from Spain, and, until, that event should take place, judged it proper still patiently to play the lover. With tenderness and well-feigned sorrow he confirmed to his mistress the sad tidings of his approaching departure, vowing he would return the moment cruel destiny would permit: "Why may I not accompany you, my Antonio? would not the voyage be mutually delightful? would not my attention charm the tedious hours of sailing?"—"My kind angel, it cannot be; yet to me the pangs of separation will be insupportable!"—"When is the parting hour, my Antonio?"—"The

present, my love ; I set off the next to Falmouth." Mrs. Malin paused. "Then let our separation be instant—farewell, till next we meet."

With astonishment the Spaniard found himself again free, and hailed the moment in which his captivity ceased.—Mrs. Malin instantly summoned her confidential Betty, and declared her intention to reach the port of Falmouth before her lover : "I am determined to pursue him, or I see he will dupe me." Delighted with the thoughts of following Pedro, Betty's expedition outstripped any practicable idea of speed, which enabled Mrs. Malin's chariot to be on the road previous to the equipage of the Spaniards, whose astonishment was unutterable when they found Mrs. Malin and her servant already on board the packet. Mrs. Malin met his surprise with fondness : "My Antonio, from the moment you left me, I found it impossible to exist in a state of separation—the wings of love have borne me to you. The lover was speechless : "Madam," said Don Carlos, no wonder my uncle should be in mute astonishment at such an amazing proof of regard." Then addressing his uncle in Spanish, the latter seized her hand with the most extravagant raptures : "What a surprise is this, my angel, to love so desponding as mine—depend on my eternal care of you."

Favourable gales brought them safe to Corunna—lulled into security by the most gallant attentions, Mrs. Malin congratulated herself upon her stratagem—her happiness indeed was a little clouded when her lover intimated the pains of a temporary separation: I must provide suitable accommodations for you, my love—my nephew will, I am sure, consider the important trust I commit to him—adieu, till next we meet." "Why may I not accompany you?" she replied. "Your reputation, so dear to you, my angel, would be entirely destroyed—I mean to place its security against every risque of danger." The last embrace was given—Don Carlos conducted Mrs. Malin to the carriage, which proceeded with rapid speed: "What distance is the Count's chateau, Don Carlos?"—"At least one hundred English miles from Corunna."—"Heavens what a distance! why cannot we go to Madrid?"—"We can avoid it much better, madam."—"Where is my servant?"——"With Pedro, waiting his master's orders."—"I hope you are not under any alarm from my society?—On my uncle's account I consider you sacred, tho' he certainly forgot the treasure he has entrusted to my care." The traveller had no reason to complain of neglect—she received every accommodation upon the road. On the second night they arrived at Avilla, an

ncient city in the province of old Castile, a ollow sound discovered they were passing ver a wooden bridge. They stopped at a ile, whose terror-frought aspect struck a anic into the mind of Mrs. Malin: "Lord less me!" she exclaimed, "this appears a ery ancient place."—"A very venerable ne," answered Don Carlos.—"Is my dear Antonio here?"—"He cannot yet have arived at Madrid." Mrs. Malin sighed. 'I feel myself strangely anxious for his resence." The deep-toned bell, responded by night's solemn echo, fell dreadful on her ar. With frigid caution a porter half exended the inhospitable gates, which grated pon their hinges to receive the visitants—trembling, Mrs. Malin gave her hand to her conductor, who led her through a damp and gloomy passage, faintly enlightened by an expiring lamp: "Heavens! where am I, Don Carlos?"—"You shall be immediately in the presence of a respectable female, madam." He attended her to a parlour, when, retiring with a respectful bow, Mrs. Malin had leisure to contemplate a scene which conveyed the most strange and awful sensations; nor were those dispelled by the appearance of a female, whose religious garb and mein inspired her with terror: "Where is Don Carlos?" she demanded, in French: "On his way to Madrid," an-

swered her solemn companion, who, with a look, though smiling, yet severe, said, "I hope, my daughter, you mean to abandon the licentious life you have hitherto led; and by the severest mortifications and self-denial merit, if possible, forgiveness of your manifold sins." Contemptuously Mrs. Malin turned: "How dare you," she said, "to insult a stranger, one whom you know to be protected by Don Antonio and his nephew?"—"This freedom, daughter, is excusable, on account of your ignorance—you are, I know, unacquainted with the sacred dwelling you now inhabit, as well as the dignity of my holy office. Know that I am prioress of the convent of St. Theresa, a severe order of Carmelites: our rules and abstinence are remarkably so. To a soul like your's, running with the guilty torrent of sin into perdition, their effects may be wholesome; and by leading you to penitence, at last obtain your salvation—May ——————." Here the prioress was interrupted by Mrs. Malin, who running to the door screamed for her Antonio and Don Carlos. "Daughter, your cries are vain; you are now an inhabitant of this monastery, and must conform to its laws." Mrs. Malin fainted---the prioress rang the bell and ordered that she should be conducted to the care of sister Madalene. For some time Mrs. Malin's rage defeated every mild at-

mpt to calm her---she made many efforts scape and practised all her flights of passi-n, until threatened with the cognizance of ie holy inquisition, to which she, as an he-etic, was particularly obnoxious: "All assions, in this sanctuary," said the mild Madalene, "must be restrained; and no motion felt, but that of religion."---"How ong," she demanded, "am I to remain ere? may I not write to Antonio? yet it as he who betrayed me into your hands -- will write to England."---"To whom?"---I have not a friend there that would inter-st himself for me---Where is my servant? s she not to attend me?"---"Oh no!" re-lied Madalene, "she was reimbarked at orunna---here we need no appendages."

Mrs. Malin found herself irretrievably lost -dreadful upon her ear had fallen the in-uisitorial threatenings---shut out from all opes, despair succeeded: she was seized ith a most alarming fever, and in her deli-ums committed the most extravagant acts -her recovery became doubtful; yet far om adding to her afflictions, the superior nd sisterhood endeavoured by every means o soften them. After some weeks her dis-rder began to intermit---her exhausted ind sunk into a state of apathy, from which o efforts could rouze her. Pacifio, the onfessor, spoke to her of the healing pow-rs of religion, the only balsam for a wound-

ed spirit.—The subject was new to M
Malin, she had ever considered it as the c
trivance of priests; a sacred fable, or
most, one only fit for life's last scene
death bed—her reasoning had been, "w
we have life and passions, are we not to
joy them?" The passions themselves as
the question, for she had not yet admi
her reason and conscience parties in the
cision. After the departure of the confes
a serious reflection obtruded itself.
prived now of external temptations, and
sailed by a wounded conscience, she felt
self awfully disturbed—Involuntary tears
from her cheek upon her hand—"Whenc
she demanded, "are these drops?" Her
som felt relieved. "Whence this myster
calm in my soul?" She beheld the m
and pious looks of her sister. "Can
inform me why I am thus?—Why the
which I was almost unable to bear, is
moved from me?—I know not whether
cause is physical or moral?—perhaps
disease under which I have so long
guished, may have produced this salu
effect.——Perhaps."——Here Mrs. M
sighed, and was interrupted by the te
zeal of Madalene; who having herself
perienced the divine influence of reclai
grace, felt jealous of a misapplication
attributes. "Do you then," said the
sister, "suppose that our holy confe

who has so gently probed the wounds of your guilt, and poured in the healing balsam of religion, (soft as descend the drops of rain into a fleece of wool,) has done nothing for you !—That the affectionate exhortations—the maternal kindness of our superior, have had no part in this happy event." Mrs. Malin sighed and sunk back upon her pillow. Then it was that the calm voice of reason, reached her ear—and with mild authority demanded, " whether moments of the highest sinful gratification, could equal the present serenity ?—Whether she could review the past, without emotions of horror and disgust, or from her immediate tranquillity, contemplate the future, without hope of that divine mercy, which willeth not the death of a sinner." Mrs. Malin gently waved her hand, and desired to remain alone during the day. Early the next morning, she requested the attendance of the confessor, whose meek persuasion obtained an unreserved recital of her life with all its aggravations. After she had finished her narrative ; " You see, my daughter," said the venerable Pacifio, " the deadly poison introduction by the passions ; from the moment we yield to solicitations, so congenial to our depraved nature, they gain admittance into the soul.—By degrees, they become necessary to it ; till having obtained an influence, too powerful to be resist-

ing happiness."—"Father," answere
Malin, "if instead of the olive-branch
you have held out to me; your uplift
had brandished the terrors due to my
my soul must have been lost in despa
benign as the genuine graces of religi
have led the most hopeless culprit
throne of mercy—Yes! faithful ser
the restorer of lost humanity, I hail
my preserver!—Witness the since
my contrition, and let thine approvi
beam upon me, while it beholds my
life, sanctified by an atonement for the
which marked each former day.—Ye
ous tears of penitence sincere, wash
out for ever."

Never did the convent of St. Tl
boast a more penitent and pious inh

presented to him, he remitted a considerable sum for her board and contingent expences, desiring she would not yield to the enthusiasm of monastic inspirations, but in a short time seek the sanctuary of a paternal roof and benediction, as the merited and ultimate reward of the victory she had obtained over herself. This was a remote wish of Mrs. Malin, and at the expiration of her first year, she addressed Don Antonio, who, in Spain, was a nobleman of high family and honour; and who, notwithstanding his lapse in England, had considerable reputation in his domestic character, being justly esteemed an exemplary husband and father. This nobleman promised her every assistance, whenever she should be disposed to put her design in execution of returning to England.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN this state of pious rapture Caroline withdrew from the window, and with an humble prostration before the Almighty Father of mankind, in behalf of her unprotected state, implored the continuance of his guardian care. Although fortune smiled not, yet sleep deigned to light on her eyelids, moistened with tears of tender woe and

sensibility. Happy were her slumbers—the cell of fancy resounded with the adored name of Severs; letters were scattered in the vision, and her idea associated with England. Ecstacy broke the charm, and awakened her—to what? To a conviction that the golden dream was passed, like a solar ray, and left her under a cheerless cloud; to a remembrance, that the day must pass without the delights of friendship.

Unable to enjoy again the pleasing vision or reflection, she arose, and descending gently, that she might not disturb the family, who were still in the arms of Morpheus, tried to dispel her gloomy thoughts by visiting those beautiful plants which she had reared with tender care. A calm and serene sky had succeeded a night of devastation; the soft touches of a morning Zephyr restored the elasticity of her mind—She contemplated the lovely infancy of day, the delicate tints of the rose, and carnation—the hyacinth and convolvolus appeared with renovated lustre—she exhaled their fragrance, yet pure and unsullied by the mixed atmosphere of contaminating day. With admiration she contemplated nature in its minutest form: perceiving a dew-drop still trembling on a thorn, she addressed it: "Pellucid trifle, insignificant as thou appearest to be, I hail thee as much the offspring of the Great Creator as that glorious

luminary when he shall have attained his meredian splendor. She plucked odoriferous flowers to form a bouquet for her chamber—she arranged them in the summer-house, and while thus innocently employed, she diseovered the Compte advancing with a pensive and unequal step—his visage pale and disordered—his eyes robbed of their lustre, were vacant and inexpressive. At first Caroline made an attempt to go—instantly she considered that an explanation might take place serviceable to all parties: "Caroline," said the Compte, "fly me not—listen to the most miserable of men—do not despise me for a too visible effect, of which you are the lovely cause."——"I "have," said Caroline, "ever considered the Compte de B—— as the most respectable of men."—"Esteem and respect!——Ah! what are those sentiments to the warmth of a bosom that glows with the most ardent love, which also aspires to that of your's, and without which life has nothing to bestow,"—"Time, Sir," replied Caroline, "will, I trust, restore to you the fulness of happiness. Believe me sincere, when I tell you, I have nothing to offer—undistinguished by fortune and title, pre-eminent only in affliction, I am totally disqualified for moving in a sphere so elevated as your's."——"Your love, Caroline, would transform a cottage into a palace."—"You are romantic,

Sir—Ah! Compte, forgive the confession to which honour and necessity compel me, that I have not even that to give you."—"Recal the declaration, unless you mean to drive me to an act of despair; but 'tis impossible such a mind as your's can live in a state of indifference.—Tell me, I conjure you, who is the happy object of your affections?"—The bouquet of flowers fell from her hand: "Thus," said the Compte, "lie scattered all my hopes, which, till yesterday, floated in my imagination in the gayest colours." Recovering herself, Caroline drew from her bosom the picture of Mr. Severs—she suspended it over her finger, then carrying it to her lips, "Here is the only object of my love!" The Compte recoiled: "I am lost!" supporting himself upon a vase, "Caroline, I have nothing to hope!"—"From my love, nothing—a monarch should not divide it from the dear object whom this resembles; but, Compte, a friendship, pure as that of the most affectionate of sisters is your's—fate shall in you replace the most beloved of brothers." She held her hand: "Take this, Sir, as a pledge of what I freely give; and permit me, as in the bosom of that tender relation, the privileges of friendship, in confidentially reciting to you those circumstances which have placed me in this country." Kneeling, the Compte received the offered hand, and for a while bent over it in

speechless emotion. Caroline requested he would be seated, when, with as much connection as her agitated mind would allow, she related the leading circumstances of her life. Breathless, though torn with contending emotions, the noble youth listened to the tale of misfortune; "Matchless Caroline! whose strength of mind could guard from my observation a heart so oppressed and situated?" He arose, and looking tenderly upon her: "When I contemplate that frail delicate form, driven from the santuary of a maternal bosom, to shelter itself in that of strangers!—Ah! Caroline, my soul is in tortures!—My sister, let me conduct you to our mother, that her tears may be sanctified by weeping over your sorrows!"—"Dear Compte, excuse my accompanying you at present; but I permit you to confide to my beloved friend this scene and conversation—Alas! I have known no happiness in my exile but her friendship and esteem.—Remain in the garden, that we may not be observed together------Adieu, till I hear from you."

Scarce had our heroine placed herself at the breakfast-table, when Modemoiselle V———y entered precipitately and informed her, that from the high winds of last night the packet boat was driven upon the sands—Impressed with her dream Caroline hastened to the watch-tower, whence she had

an extensive view—Soon her eyes discovered the object of their pursuit—with terror she beheld tremendous waves dashing against the devoted vessel; in vain were the exertions of the sailors to bring her off at high water. Exhausted with anxiety, Caroline descended, and sought Madame V———y, that she might disclose to her the apprehensions which possessed her for the fate of the packet: She found the object of her search drowned in tears of maternal anguish for the loss of her two sons, slain in the last engagement. Here the soft sympathy of our heroine failed—The pang occasioned by an eternal separation from those we love, resists even the most gentle touch of friendship, and yields only to the lenient hand of time—Agony delights to wrangle in the sanctuary of the heart, in which she leaves everlasting memorials of having dwelt there. Observing the disconsolate mother wished to indulge in grief, Caroline's attention reverted to the packet—she returned to view its situation—what were her raptures when she beheld it in full sail, riding triumphantly into the harbour! That extasy subsiding, doubts arose whether there were letters for her. What a repository is the human heart! joy, grief, hope, fear, trembling with each alternately, the transit is instantaneous. All those passions were now transferred to the postman—

she knew his step, she saw him enter, with a pleasant air in sympathy with her anxiety, he held up her packet—Instantly she seized it, and thought, breaking the magic by which it was bound, would intrude too much upon time; yet such was her caprice. She gazed upon it, conveyed it to her pocket, and walked pensively up stairs—for some moments she dwelt upon its possible importance; she drew it from its obscurity, and with trembling fingers broke the seal. In the cover appeared conspicuous the name she loved. Mr. Clement informed her, that a gentleman had called upon him that morning, in the name of Mr. Severs, of Alban Park, who requested Caroline's address; but as Mr. Doliff had made use of a variety of means to obtain that knowledge, Mr. Clement's reserve and caution rose in proportion to the urgency of the enquirer; but that he made every offer of faithfully transmitting a letter or confidential message, which was refused with contempt, mingled with threats of compulsive measures. The same gentleman had returned and left a letter, which was enclosed. Mr. Clement begged Caroline would take it into consideration, the dangers which were hovering in the event of a serious war between the two countries, expressing no doubt of being able to provide her an asylum from the pursuit

of Mr. Doliff. A letter from her mother conveyed the painful event of Mrs. Doliff's death, who fell a victim to the grief occasioned by the unfortunate issue of Caroline's efforts to assist her, and the renewed cruelties of her husband.

The papers dropped from the hand of Caroline, and she fell senseless on the floor—alarmed by the unusual noise, the ever kind and assiduous Mademoiselle V———y entered: she uttered a scream and raised the lifeless body of her friend—In that moment the Comptess appeared: "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "what new calamity has brought that heroic soul to this?—my Caroline, relieve my tender apprehensions!" Caroline heaved a sigh, and perceiving herself pressed to the heart she revered, threw her arms round the neck of her friend, and burst into a flood of tears, which the Countess wished not to restrain.

As soon as these companions were left in the society of each other, and Caroline was recovered, she explained the cause of her affliction. Then opening the third letter and perceiving the signature of Simpson, joy thrilled through her veins. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "to what will this lead?" With extreme politeness captain Simpson expressed his more than regret, in the necessity of making a letter his missionary; complained of Mr. Clement's resolution in

withholding from him the pleasure of an interview, in so happy an event as a commission from Sir John Beaumont, in the name of Mr. Severs, who not only invited her to his immediate protection, but had recalled his son expressly to fulfil his engagements with her; indicated a general uneasiness that no late accounts had been received from Mr. George Severs;—entreated she would favour him with an immediate appointment, that he might conduct her to Alban-Park, where she would be received by Lady Beaumont, and remain to console Mr. Severs till the arrival of his son. A bank-note of fifty pounds accompanied this letter.

The powers of Caroline would have been again suspended from the effect of an opposite passion, had she not received an allay from uncertainty of where her lover was; "And my Eliza, whither is thy gentle spirit fled?—Perhaps thou art appointed the guardian angel of thy Caroline; and thy petitions before the throne of grace, have been already heard in her behalf."——"In the sight of the unwise thou mayest seem to die, but thy Caroline beholds thee full of immortality." As soon as our heroine could explain to her companion her exact predicament, the Countess dignified her with those appellations due to virtue and fortitude.—"Ah, my love! what hours of true enjoyment have I derived from the unhappy

cause which drove you hither?—how inadequate was I to conjecture the reasons?—but as love is generally the most distinguished event in the affairs of youth, to that I always attributed your situation.—That of my Antonio's is now hopeless, yet I trust the judgment which has ever influenced his conduct will again preside, and an ardent passion become tempered into the sentiment you have offered. Let us, without delay, make him a partner in our felicity." Caroline was arranging her papers to accompany her friend, when she was surprised and interrupted by the captain who brought her over. He made many excuses for the liberty he had taken in requesting she would return with him to England. "The French embassador," says he, "has orders to quit, and a very dreadful war expected. I am uncertain whether I shall make another voyage?" The Countess turned pale. "Must I lose you, my sweet girl?"—"Accompany me, my dearest madam?"—"That will be an impossibility!—but captain, are there not flags of truce?"—"Yes, madame, but I really would not advise this young lady to delay till then."—"I cannot, my good captain, conveniently go by this packet, but I will certainly hold myself in readiness against your return, which will, I hope, take place next week. I shall communicate my *intention* to a gentleman, who will come

over to conduct me to my friends." To her friends! How Caroline exulted in this declaration!

With more solemnity than she thought the occasion required, the captain departed with a lingering dissatisfied air. Joy, such as our heroine had never known, now reigned in her bosom---Unallayed by any reflection but that of a separation from the Countess and her son. "Another week and then---I shall be folded in a mother's arms! congratulated, and pressed to the bosom of friendship---permitted to ask the paternal benediction of the father of my Severs—What a world of solid happiness lays before me!" Yet far from being intoxicated with her happiness, Caroline neglected not to pour forth her gratitude before the Fountain of Mercy, from which her blessings flowed.

As soon as Sir John Beaumont returned home, he dispatched his own servant to town, with letters to captain Simpson, requesting he would immediately endeavour to discover the abode of Caroline... It was captain Simpson's opinion, that an application to Mr. Drummond would be successful; that gentleman referred him to Mr. Clement, as the medium of his own correspondence; and great was the mortification of Captain Simpson, when Mr. Clement possitively re-

fused to satisfy his enquiries. Thus deprived of the power of discharging Sir John Beaumont's commission, he was driven to the necessity of making use of the only expedient which was left in addressing Caroline by a letter. Willing to remedy the inconvenience into which he was thrown by the reserve of Mr. Clement, in an instant Mrs. Harman occurred to his recollection, he was uncertain whether she yet remained in the unfortunate situation represented to him in Berkeley-square; determined, however, to make the enquiry, he instantly repaired to the King's-Bench, and on Mrs. Harman's account, was sorry to find that no change had yet taken place. Captain Simpson's manners were naturally conciliating; when approaching the unfortunate, he assumed particular tenderness, which for a season drove sorrow from their bosoms. Never till that moment had the gloomy inmate been banished from Mrs. Harman, since the departure of Caroline. "Nothing," said the afflicted parent, "could alleviate my sufferings, but a consideration of my daughter's happiness, in the society of her beloved friend, Mrs. Aimsworth."——"Is Miss Harman, madam, that lady's guest?—How I rejoice in the power I have of assuring you, of the happiest prospects, in the event of Mr. Sever's consent to the union of his son with

Miss Harman.———Letters of recal have been sent to the East-Indies, and I have also the pleasure of being appointed to conduct your daughter to Alban-Park.—A project, which will, perhaps, surprise you; madam; but the reason assigned by that gentleman is, that she will console him during the absence of his son, for whose sake he wishes to make her all the amends in his power, by personal acts of kindness and attention.——— On that account, I think it will be adviseable to wave any objection to a caprice originating in friendship. The resolutions of Mr. Severs are strong, from which I hope the happiest purposes will now be accomplished. I shall obtain leave of absence to attend Miss Harman to-morrow, and I think you may promise yourself the felicity of seeing her in a day or two.———In the mean time, madam, I beg to offer every service in my power, which can contribute to deliver you from this cruel state of bondage, during which the happiness of all parties must be incomplete."—" I apprehend the suspension of my affairs, Sir, renders my situation irremediable; it is in their adjustment alone that I must hope for permanent relief; an imprisonment of three years, Captain Simpson, leaves little room to hope."—" Forgive me, madam, when I avow my former inattenions to your situation; henceforward, I pledge myself to exert every power to redress your

for the present, let joy revive in your bosom; from the happy prospects that await Miss Harman."

The motive of Captain Simpson's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Aimsworth, produced mutual embarrassment; his reception was deserving the amiable friend of Caroline, but his commission filled them with alarm.

"It is now three years, Sir," said Mrs. Aimsworth, "since Caroline made us happy in being our guest; I received a long letter from her a fortnight ago, and have constantly addressed mine to the care of Mr. Clement. I know she resided there some time, and I was ignorant that any change had taken place. The mystery that appears upon her situation alarms me excessively. Mr. Clement must be in the secret, and ought certainly to satisfy her friends; poor Mrs. Harman, how will she support herself in the discovery?—the affair must be investigated."——"The crisis," said Captain Simpson, "is dangerous in the present disposition of Mr. Severs towards Caroline—should disappointment affect his mind, or suspicion upon her secret situation change his opinion, all our present prospects would vanish."—"Our views," said Mr. Aimsworth, "must be directed to bring Mr. Clement to an explanation, without which nothing can be done; I have an idea that my presence would be of service in your in-

terview with him, and under that consideration, Captain Simpson, you will, I am sure, excuse my seeming inhospitality; we will take an immediate refreshment and return to town."—"Relieve my apprehensions," said Mrs. Aimsworth, "by sending me a line to-morrow." When the gentlemen arrived at Mr. Clement's, they discovered the greatest anxiety upon his countenance.—"Your request, Sir," said he to Captain Simpson, "shall now be satisfied, after receiving an assurance from you, that you are not of Mr. Doliff's party; for although Miss Harman is personally out of his power, he might still employ means to injure her reputation. It was on this account that she exacted a solemn promise of me not to disclose her situation; circumstances now make the secret not only dangerous but burthensome to me."—"We do not know, Sir, to what you allude, but presume that in every circumstance that affects Miss Harman, the names of Mr. Aimsworth, and Captain Simpson will be a sufficient security."——"In those names, Sir, I recognize her firm friends; perhaps, Captain Simpson, you never knew of Caroline's affectionate, though unfortunate, interference in the cause of her sister, Mrs. Doliff?"—"Never Sir." "Nor even your lady, Sir?" (addressing Mr. Aimsworth) "My wife was informed by Miss Harman of her sister's visit to town,

but we never were made acquainted with any particular event, except the death of Mrs. Doliff, which I read in the papers. A friend of mine in town wrote me word, that Doliff had made a brilliant *éntrée* in the gay world, with the necessary appendage of a companion, whom he was seen driving in a fashionable curricle and four in Hyde-park; he is a worthless fellow, for I am confidentially informed, this woman resided in his house during the latter part of Mrs. Doliff's life." When Mr. Clement related Caroline's misfortunes and present situation.—"In France ! ! !" said the gentlemen, "devoted Caroline——what evil demon could betray thee into the miseries of that self destroying wretched country !"—"In vain," said Mr. Clement, "I urged her to consent to my writing either to Mr. Vere or Sir John Beaumont; instead of which, she obtained my sacred promise of secrecy—too faithfully I have kept it."—"Too late, I fear," said captain Simpson; "what is to be done ?—I cannot proceed a step without the advice of Mr. Severs or Sir John Beaumont."—"I think," said Mr. Aimsworth, I may be of service in going down to Mrs. Harman with a pretence of requesting her consent to Caroline's remaining another week, when we will ourselves conduct her to town; stratagem must be used to prevent a mother's anguish."—"You cannot do a more charit-

able office, and as I have no time to lose in ceremony, adieu." In three hours captain Simpson was in the presence of Sir John and Lady Beaumont. "Where is Caroline?" said the latter. "I fear out of our reach, my dear madam."—"Good God! what do you mean?—she is not dead I hope?"—— "She is in danger, madam, perhaps even of death, if we cannot snatch her from it."— "Where is she, Simpson?" said Sir John. "In the most dangerous situation on earth —she is in France."—"Heavens! how came she there?" When captain Simpson explained the cause. "Why," said Lady Beaumont, "did she not apply to us, she had every thing to hope from our friendship, or that of Mr. Vere.—What will he say when he hears of her danger?—Why did the dear girl meddle with affairs so difficult and out of her power to redress."—"Do not, Sophy, throw the smallest reflection upon Caroline; her errors spring from virtue; but how shall we save her?—all intercourse with France is daily expected to be cut off; we shall in that event be without remedy. I will accompany you to Alban-Park. We must be very cautious in our accounts to the old gentleman, who has entirely surrendered his heart to this affair; already he occupies himself in forming the establishment of these young people; and he told me last night that he had even fixed their wedding-

day."——"I must," said captain Simpson; "request a favourable introduction, my first may have left unfavourable impressions."—"Those have been long banished," said Sir John, "repeated conversations on your character, make him rejoice in the event to which you allude." From the great improvement which had taken place in captain Simpson, Mr. Severs had not the least idea of the person before him, his name, when announced by Sir John, procured him a cordial reception:—"The reports of your conjugal felicity, Sir," said Mr. Severs, "afford me sincere pleasure—you shall bring Mrs. Simpson to witness ours when a certain event takes place at Alban-Park. You have news of Caroline, I hope—her reception is already prepared, and I am not a little disappointed that you are come alone."—"My dear friend," said Sir John, "we are come to advise with you upon an event that may produce general uneasiness." "What has happened?" said Mr. Severs. Sir John Beaumont recounted the history: "Bless me!" said the old gentleman, rising from his chair and throwing his arms behind him, while he walked with a hurried step: "This is shocking indeed! what an unforeseen misfortune! Somebody must set off immediately to Dover, and if money can purchase a vessel to sail ever, it shall not be wanting—Caroline must be restored to us

—which of you, gentlemen, will undertake the task?"—"Either or both of us," replied Sir John. "I fear," observed captain Simpson, "as a military man, I could not in this juncture venture into an enemy's country—I will accompany you to Dover, and wait there until you return with Caroline."—"Does Mrs. Harman know of her daughter's situation?" demanded Mr. Severs.—"No, Sir; and in order to preserve her it will be necessary to keep her ignorant."—"Is she in town?"—"Don't you know her unfortunate situation, Mr. Severs?"——"You know I have been dead to every thing since my son's departure—"—"During which, Sir, Mrs. Harman has been a close prisoner in the King's Bench."——"You don't say so! what is be to done? is the debt considerable?"—"There is a large property from the sale of the estates—the money has unfortunately been placed in the hands of her son-in-law, who has driven her to the necessity of applying to a court of equity for the recovery of it."—"What has been her support in these misfortunes?—"Caroline's industry."——"This is a new calamity," said Mr. Severs,. advancing and taking off his spectacles: "the law's delay is dreadful, without an active friend."——He resumed his walk and appeared in a deep study, then turning to the gentlemen, told them he would

provide for their departure by six o'clock in the morning, drank a couple of glasses with them, and begging his excuses for quitting them, ordered Trustwell to attend him to the house in the wood: "I have been thinking, Trustwell, that this house might be better disposed of than merely to afford us a retreat once or twice a year: here are three rooms on a floor, two stories high, which would be a sufficient reception for a small family; the situation is delightful, the views from this window are luxuriant; to the right you have a clear extensive prospect, and on the left those hills exhibit a bold variety of uncultivated nature, contrasted with the toil of the husbandman: the plantation rising on that beautiful slope, receives considerable advantages from the stream which glides along its base, whose undulating sound, harmonized by that gentle fall, incites to meditation. This I am certain will be a favourable retreat to Caroline—I have more useless furniture at Alban Park than will be required to supply it with every necessary—let workmen be immediately appointed to beautify it."—"I understood, your Honour, that you would not have any of the men disturbed till the paintings and ceilings in the drawing-room were finished."—"I have changed my mind, and will have every thing given up for this new project—You must also order Prior to have the chintz bed well

aired, and hold yourself in readiness with the coach and four by six o'clock to-morrow morning." Trustwell knèw it was not his place to enquire into the motives of his master; but he had a natural right to wonder.

Sir John Beaumont and Captain Simpson were not a little surprised to find Mr. Severs was to be their companion to town: "I shall set you down on Ludgate-hill, gentlemen, and then take my leave of you—Remember, Sir John, money must not be spared in this affair—I shall be extremely anxious until you return."—"Trustwell," said Mr. Severs, when they were left together, "I have a particular commission for you—you must go to the King's Bench, and demand of the Marshal there the amount of Mrs. Harman's debt, and the name of her attorney."—"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Trustwell, "is the poor lady in that situation? how I rejoice, your Honour, at being employed in the business!"—"I believe thou dost, Trustwell; I know the goodness of thy heart, and never did mine anticipate an act with half the pleasure as that when I shall lead the widowed parent forth to the blessings of freedom. The house in the wood I intend shall be the future residence of Mrs. Harman—What dost thou think of that, my friend?"—"That your Honour is laying up treasures in Heaven, 'where neither moth nor rust can corrupt,' and that

your bed and pillow will be softer when pain and sickness shall overtake you."—"Thou art over rating an action of common humanity; but to tell thee the truth, I feel even a present recompence; the very thought makes me breathe more freely; I have not felt my mind so vigorous and elastic these twenty years—hitherto I have made a wrong estimate of life, and am determined to try a new speculation;—habit, and not nature, has made me what I have been; henceforward thou shalt see me what I ought to be—I will wait for your return at the York Hotel."

A soul elated by being appointed the happy missionary of humanity, proved Trustwell a swift footed messenger. He returned 'ere his master's calculation of time was half expended. "Mrs. Harman has a debt, Sir, of two hundred pounds to settle with a very litigious creditor, aggravated by her son-in-law, who has himself laid a detainer of fifty pounds."——"What a villain!" said Mr. Severs. "I think your honour had much better let me settle the business; perhaps I can make them compromise matters a deal easier."——"I will employ my own attorney," said Mr. Severs, and immediately repaired to Lincoln's Inn. "Mr. Doliff, Sir," said the attorney, "cannot have any claim against Mrs. Harman for a sum which, from your account, is pending in a superior court. Pleased with the pow-

er of disappointing a villain, Mr. Severs drove to the King's-Bench, and obtained a discharge for the debt. He desired to be immediately conducted to Mrs. Harman's apartment, where he beheld a widowed parent pining away those lonely hours which were leading her fast down in sorrow into a vale of years: Surprised at the appearance of a stranger, she arose; for some moments Mr. Severs looked upon her with ineffable complacency and silent attention—he held his hat, pressed between his hands, in an inclining posture: "I know not, Sir," said she, "to whom I am indebted for the honour of this visit."——"To a friend, madam," approaching gently and taking her hand, "who selfishly to purchase to himself the felicity of doing one action worthy a Christian, waits to conduct you hence." Mrs. Harman sunk down in her chair·—"Perhaps, Sir, you are come to trifle with my sufferings, by exciting emotions to which my exhausted mind is unequal."—"The name of Severs, madam, will I hope dispel all apprehensions—the father of the future husband of your daughter—behold in me your protector!—Alas! the widow needeth one! I will charge myself with the management of your concerns—already your establishment is planned, and I mean to have all the pleasure of your society in your vicinity.

to Alban-Park. Let us immediately quit these walls of sorrow for the little elysian that awaits you." Mrs. Harman was almost unable to sustain so sudden a revolution—joy seized her faded form, that one bright ray yet should beam upon her evening hours, she was conducted to the carriage which was waiting. Mr. Severs leaving a sum to be distributed among the necessitous objects in the prison, himself enriched a hundred-fold by having done a good action, drove off without stopping till they reached Alban-Park.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Caroline had descended from her height of rapture, and sober reflection had restored her mind to its natural tone, she was enabled to reflect upon the painful situation of the Compte, "How can I expect that amiable youth to derive felicity from a source that has produced his sorrow? to partake of my happiness while his heart is a prey to disappointment?" The Comptesse observed her pensiveness: "The revolutions of your mind have been very great to-day, my love, why are you so immediately thoughtful?"——"Your amiable son, madam, engages my concern; I cannot give

him pain by communicating my own happiness. Indulge me, my dearest friend, by relating it in my absence, and even then I think it would be best to speak of my letters as merely those of recal." "Admirable Caroline! your tenderness for my Antoine claims my gratitude; superior in every thing your mind is ever prepared for events the most delicate, which, in this instance, even I had not discovered."

When the Comptesse returned home, accompanied by our heroine, the graceful and assiduous youth (who had ever been heretofore anxiously waiting their presence) appeared not. The muses had deserted the temple, and the Graces no longer presided. The melodious harp, which had ceased to resound under the trembling touch of love and friendship, stood useless in a corner, covered with a green baize. Affected by the dreary scene the Comptesse hastened to seek her son—she found him in his study extended on a sofa; with tenderness she took his hand: "You are feverish, my love."—"I feel it preying upon me, madam."—"My Antoine, in thus yielding yourself a victim to grief, you lose all consideration for the most affectionate of mothers."—"She is the only cord that binds me to life; for her sake I will struggle with it—judge then how dear she is to me." His head sunk upon her bosom, while in tears the Comptesse excla-

led him in her arms. "Caroline is in the next room, my Antoine."—"Is she?" said the youth, a colour suffused his face, which was instantly succeeded by a deadly paleness: "Shall we not go to her, my love?" —"Let me not detain my mother from her amiable companion; nor offend her by saying, my mind finds relief only in solitude."

The return of the Comptesse alone, and an explanation of the cause, made Caroline intreat permission to attend the Compte: "Permit me, madame, to devote the remainder of my time to sooth and alleviate his mind—it is impossible that mine should taste of happiness, while his is excluded from it." The Compte was half reclined upon the sofa, his head resting on one of the pillows—he started, and arose on the appearance of the ladies—he presented his hand to Caroline: "Thank you, my best of angels, whose presence, like those of celestial beings, has chased from his prey that gloomy demon, Despair, which was haunting my imagination with the darkest visions. —Dearest Caroline, I am particularly alarmed in the prevailing rumour of a war with England; yet I have considered that (if that calamity must fall upon us) flags of truce in those cases are always appointed; in that hope I will not add to the gloom of the moment by a contemplation of your removal." —"But, Compte," replied Caroline, "is

it not most natural to suspose that my friends will wish to remove me from those troubles which are inseparable from war; under that most probable event, why will not those so dear to me consent to be my companions?" —"As long," answered the Comptesse, "as we are allowed to enjoy tranquillity here, I should consider it as a species of ingratitude to desert my country; I cannot think of adding to a multitude, amongst which are too many who have rashly thrown themselves upon a generous people; yet, in an extremity, I shall consider it as a duty to preserve my life—this is a desperation to which my beloved Caroline would not wish to see us driven." Caroline clasped and raised her hands. The mind of our heroine was the seat of emotion—joy did not reign alone—anguish kneely pierced it. The conversation of the Compte convinced her that he made an effort only to displace the apprehensions of his mother, and that his spirits were in danger of sinking under his disappointment.

When the hour of retirement came, she considered the necessary preparations she had to make for her departure to England, that idea restored felicity to her mind, and with gratitude she sought repose.

Now Aurora with lively step advanced, and drawing aside night's sable curtain, began to dress the gay chambers of the

East with crimson drappery to receive the potent god of day—quick mounting with rapid course, his chariot-wheels rolled o'er etherial space, and threw reproachful rays upon the couches of the drowsy slumberers:—Gently awakened by the salutation as he passed her window (round which the graceful foliage of the jessamine and woodbine united to soften his ardent beams) Caroline started from her pillow, on which balmy sleep had rested upon his downy pinions—softly he fled, and left her to re-animated nature and happy recollection—quickly she prepared for the welcome task of discharging her trunk of its deposit, that she might repack for the happy voyage: In this employment the Comptesse surprised her with a visit:—"Thus unusally early, you may judge, Caroline, of my night, part of which has been passed in the chamber of my son, to whom, after your departure, I gave some distant hints of your return to England. Without appearing to pay any attention to it, he preserved an uninterrupted silence, till the hour of retirement—anxious and uneasy I visited him at midnight, to observe if he slept, when to my astonishment, on entering his chamber I beheld him writing at his desk—vain were my endeavours to prevail upon him to seek repose—he intreated me not to injure my own health by solicitude for his:

'That bed,' said he 'might, yield repose to a happier mind; but would render the anguish of mine insupportable.' Equally fruitless were my attempts to draw him into conversation: 'I am unequal,' said he, 'even for the pleasure of your society.' He became reserved, and at length disturbed. The tears of his mother brought him to my feet; but it was only to tell me that they added a ten-fold weight to the oppression already upon him—he attended me to my apartment, kissed my hand with unusual affection, and left me to an unhappy presentiment of some unforeseen calamity—how dear at that moment would have been your society, of which, alas! this employment tells me I must be for ever deprived." Tears were mingled in that idea——the Comptesse rang the bell, wrote a line with her pencil, which, with a key, she ordered to be sent to her woman, who in return delivered a casket to her lady —for some moments the Comptesse bent over it in contemplation; she became pale, and raising her head, with a fixed look of tender regard upon Caroline, continued silent—At length, with a trembling hand, she opened the repository, took from thence a pair of pearl bracelets, the golden clasps of which shone in brilliants. She arose, advanced to Caroline, and in the most graceful manner presented them: "Accept of these, my love, as a token, though inadequate, of

my affection and friendship—Caroline, in these ornaments recognize that approbation which would have attended the choice of my son, had not the decrees of fate placed insuperable barriers to his wishes---Oh! that they had kindly ordained our days to have been passed together !—Never, Caroline, let the remembrance of your maternal friend depart from your memory. Ah! must we live to each other in idea only? Something in this parting my love, pervades every avenue to my heart with a grief incomprehensible; in this event I feel myself the most forlorn of human beings—how shall I be able to forego your sweet converse!"

Scenes of the heart interest those only who have the power of sympathetic feeling: reluctantly, and overpowered by the commands of her friend, Caroline accepted the gift, not less valuable as the pledge of inestimable friendship than intrinsic worth.—— Charged with her treasure, the Comptesse quitted our heroine with strong injunctions to join her as soon as her employment should be finished,

Now the black plume again surmounted the beaver, and the habit was resumed for the happy visit to Albion's shores——thus equipped, Caroline hastened to the watch-tower, that she might behold the wantonness of the zephyrs filling the sails——her heart beat for the expected hour of the pack-

et's arrival—her wishes were delayed, the object appeared not. Anxious she hastened to her friend, forgetting that her dress was the signal of a speedy departure—grief sat conspicuous on the features of the Comptesse: "Heavens?" exclaimed the Compte, "what does this mean!" and instantly left the room. Between the two ladies silence reigned, which was broken by a servant who entered in great agitation, followed by a municipal officer—a national scarff crossed his shoulder. The Compte immediately entered with a firmness nobly dignified: "I wait upon you, madame, and the Compte to communicate to you the will of the Convention, which is that you repair to Paris within forty-eight hours, there to appear before a commune, who will further signify their intentions."——With a respectful bow the Compte replied, "The will of the Convention shall be obeyed, Sir." "Guilt, my son, has no shafts against us in this event; let us meet our fate with firmness."—"The man whom nature has distinguished by that title, madame, shall act worthily of it—The son suffers only in the mother—Oh! that these arms could bear you hence, the companion of our beloved Caroline."

Caroline hitherto transfixed with fright at the presence of the officers, sprang from her chair, and throwing herself at the feet of

the Comptesse, entreated her to fly from the impending danger with her."—"It is now too late, my love, but that I may guard against possible events, I will confide to you the casket which contains considerable property not only of family jewels, but also the bridal presents of my deceased Lord, whose munificence knew no bounds; this has been for some time my intention, but I deferred investing you until your departure.—Our lives cannot enrich Robespierre, our treasures may;—in your care they will be sacred —the happy moment may arrive in which my beloved Antoine or myself shall reclaim them.——But should accounts reach you, that we have no further claims upon the world, I devise them to you for ever." Caroline clasped her arms round her friend, and sobbed upon her bosom. "Oh! I cannot—cannot leave you thus!"—"Consider, my sweet girl, you will soon reach the bosom of your friends.—How dreadful would it have been if I had left you still here; your immediate departure abates considerably my grief. I am not so selfishly absorbed in my own fate, as to forget the happy prospects of my Caroline; from my own removal I shall have also fewer local ideas of you, which will, in some degree, soften the pains I should suffer from your absence." So deeply was Caroline buried in the calamity of her friend, that she scarcely listen-

ed to this address; she had thrown herself on the sofa, entranced in thought, without observing that her companion was called out of the room. "What all the English!" exclaimed a voice in the street. Roused by these words, Caroline hastened to the window, time enough for the answer.—"Yes all." Astonishment held her fixed for a moment—in a conjecture of words uttered by two simple passengers. Unabled to satisfy herself she went in search of the Comptesse; she received additional inquietude, when she beheld that respectable character supported in a fainting fit by the Compte and her waiting-woman.———— "Some dreadful calamity," said Caroline, "hovers around us—why, dear Compte, do you leave me in painful anxiety, and to the horrors of my own imagination; in pity explain to me the cause of this affecting sight. —Oh! that I could prevail upon you to quit this scene of misery, and fly with me to England.—Let my arm support my beloved friend."

The Compte's agitation still encreased that of Caroline's.——A mind in anguish heightened the fervor of his complexion and eyes—he was incapable of utterance. With agony he seized the hand of our heroine, and pressed it upon his forehead. Instantly the beating of a drum encreased their terror —Caroline hastened to the window. What

were her sensations, when she heard the public decree of the Convention, for the English to surrender themselves prisoners. At that moment Mademoiselle V——y precipitately entered, and taking her hand in the utmost perturpation, told her an officer from the Commune, waited to speak to her, unable to understand the extent or nature of the sufferings which threatened her, Caroline appeared before the officer—he opened a paper and announced to her a decree, that she must prepare for her removal to the prison of Arras, where she must remain during the pleasure of the Convention. "I hope, Sir," answered our heroine, "ere that take place, I shall be safely lodged in the protection of my friends, one of whom I hourly expect in the packet to conduct me to England."——"I am sorry, Mademoiselle" replied the officer, "to be under the painful necessity of informing you that the packet is now on her way back to England, without being suffered to land either letters or passengers."——The officer had just time to catch the form of Caroline, which fell lifeless into his arms.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. Simpson received Sir John Beaumont with gratitude. That gentleman be-

held a smiling family around her; with conscious delight, he reflected upon having been primarily concerned in the foundation of the happiness before him: Say ye insignificant sons and daughters of voluptuousness and ease, have ye ever tasted a pleasure amongst the constant *routine* you take, capable of yielding such exquisite delight as that derived from assisting to gather one wanderer into the fold of virtue."—"How feebly," said Mrs. Simpson, "shall I express my feelings in declaring my distress at the dangerous situation of poor Miss Harman.——To-day's paper holds out the most alarming accounts—here is the paragraph, my dear, (presenting the paper to her husband) 'We are assured, that all communication will immediately cease between France and England, nor will any flags of truce be appointed, as in preceding wars.'—"One would think," said Sir John, rising and pulling up his boot, "that all she mischiefs of fate conspired to separate this luckless pair." A post chaise and four, (the horses foaming and panting with fatigue) gallopped up to the door; a loud and impatient knocking resounded through the whole house. "Who the devil have we here!"said Captain Simpson, "so *mal a-propos*,"—instantly the door opened, and George Severs appeared before

them; all were transfixed. "What! not an arm open to receive me!"—"My dear George!"—"My dear fellow!" Were uttered in a breath—the embraces of friendship enfolded him. "My Caroline?—Jack!"—"My dear George, what a sudden surprise, how have you arrived thus critically?"—"I will explain every thing, only lead me to my Caroline.—Mrs. Simpson, excuse my inattention, I read the index of your happiness, but cannot taste of mine till remitted to my love." "That cannot be immediately, my dear fellow, Miss Harman is not in town."—"Then I have no business here, I threw up my commission on purpose to obtain an appointment of bringing over dispatches to England, that I might return with Caroline, if no change had taken place in my father's disposition towards me."—"Your happiness, George, is the sole occupation of his soul; some secret plan brought him to town this morning, which he has not thought proper to confide to us.—Forgive my zeal, but your duty requires immediate haste to him; I myself will accompany you in Simpson's chariot, which is now waiting."

It was with difficulty that Sir John could wave an explanation of Caroline's exact situation, till they arrived in the presence of Mr. Severs, as a preparative he mentioned the revolution and war with France; George

listened with equal surprise and astonishment, not unmixed with horror at the unprecedented history. Thus diverted from the principal object of his thoughts, he again beheld those well known vestiges that conveyed to his mind ineffable delight. Oh scenes of youth, and infancy of life!—how dear are ye to the heart, pure and uncorrupted! Scarcely were they arrived at the Park-gate, leading to the avenue, when they discovered Mr. Severs's carriage drawing into the coach-house. A chariot and four, driving up with uncommon speed, brought the old gentleman to the window; he rang the bell---an old domestic hastened to the door---in an instant George trod on the paternal threshold. "My young master!" exclaimed the servant. The sound reached the parlour from which issued the old gentleman, nerveless and faultering; the servant caught hold of him, while George was lodged in the arms of his father.

"My kind, my indulgent father!"——"My beloved, my darling boy!----welcome to my arms!---never have I tasted joy, since deprived of thy presence."---"You are then propitious to my happiness!"---"To all thy wishes, would to God that————but it is now over. Yet our dear Caroline!---are you made acquainted with————."---"What do you mean! have you a calamity to tell me of in her name?"---"My dear George,"

said Sir John, "I wished to lay our plans in the presence of your father."---"What can you mean? or why delay the relation of this alarming something!" Sir John, with cautious regard to the feelings of his friend, related the circumstances. "Let me have immediate relays of horses to Dover, altho' I have travelled from Portsmouth, I must yet be a stranger to rest until I press Caroline to my heart; the hours are painful while danger hovers over her."---"Before you go, my boy, accompany me to the drawing-room."

George found the hall filled with servants waiting to behold him as he passed along. In a moment he was introduced to Mrs. Harman. "Best of fathers," said he, "a life of duty cannot repay this act of goodness!"——"Rather consider it, my dear George, as only part of a debt I owe you; return but with Caroline, and no earthly felicity will be wanting; yet, you are altogether so changed that she will hardly know you."

George was considerably altered in his person; he was in his twenty seventh year; his complexion so orientalized, that with the fine stature he had now attained, nothing could surpass the manliness of his appearance. Grace and dignity accompanied all that he did: with rapture his father gazed upon him, and could hardly sustain the

thoughts of another separation after that had taken place. "Let us now," said he to Mrs. Harman, "hasten the improvements of your little retreat, that you may do its honours to our children.—I intend Caroline to relinquish her claims upon your property, in favour of her sister Jane, which will be a means of obtaining her a respectable establishment, till which time she must reside with you. I have very pleasant accounts from Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, who say they possess every happiness but the society of their friends. I also expect the arrival of Mrs. Malin before the end of the summer, so that you see the measure of our happiness is near running over. You shall read her history, written in her own hand, on which, I am certain, you will felicitate me." Thus in mutual congratulations, and looking forward to a long continuance of happiness, they endeavoured to beguile the moments that delayed it.

With little interruption, George and Sir John Beaumont arrived by eight o'clock the next morning at Dover, they observed a packet in the harbour unfurling her sails. "To what port are you bound?" demanded George. "To Calais, Sir."—"Thank God!—propitious gales waft us over!"—"I fear it will be the last time, Sir."—"It will be sufficient for my purpose," rejoined George, stepping in, "with this wind we

mind in which they returned to Dover; whence Sir John immediately sent off an express to Captain Simpson, who set forward to Elmwood, that he might be assisted by Mr. Leapwell in disclosing the event.

No sooner was the sad tidings told at Alban-Park, than melancholy and despair hung their sable veil over the gayest prospects, which the brightest imagination had ever conceived.

> More than the visionary phantoms of a dream,
> When mimic fancy heightens every scene.

The disconsolate youth was conveyed to his father, and gave strong indications of a disturbed reason, when sleep stole upon his senses the lacerated form of Caroline appeared imbrued in blood, struggling under the fatal engine of death, or pining with grief in the unwholsome air of a crowded dungeon; his bed became deserted for the damps of the fields and midnight dews.

"Shall thus thy story end unhappy youth! —with horror, imagination dwells upon thy nerveless form, and fain would linger there —let us drag her from the painful sight, force her to contemplate the affrighted Caroline; when returning reason, and the tears of the afflicted Comptesse, who was weeping over her, brought back to her recollection the decree that had ordained their eternal seperatation." On the bed of her friend,

this child of sorrow found herself extended —the threats of imprisonment rushed upon her memory, and she relapsed into her fainting fits which continued successively during the night. The Compte had mysteriously separated himself from the ladies, and appeared wholly engrossed by the faithful Jacques, an ancient domestic of his noble house.

In the evening of the succeeding day, he appeared in his mother's dressing room. "Dearest Caroline, this is the eighth hour from our separation!" Inconceivably agitated, he traversed the room, clasped his hands, and at length involuntarily sinking upon his knees, ejaculated. "Thou, Almighty Power, who beholdest the bitter afflictions of thy creatures, sustain them in this hour of trial; strengthen this feeble arm that it may do wonders in the attempt it meditates." Struck with awe, the ladies beheld him with amazement; his countenance appeared with a dignity above humanity—for some time he remained silent—he advanced: "Let us have some refreshment, my spirits are exhausted; Caroline, we will not separate to-night.—My beloved mother, think not of seeking repose." Jacques gave a signal—the Compte attended. Instantly he returned, resumed his walk, indicating a mind big with great designs. The domestic entered—"All is ready, Sir."—"What

is the hour ?"—" It is past one."—" Propitious be the darkness that covers us!"—Oh! my child, what dreadful idea strikes you ?—" My beloved parent, it is liberty or death!—Ye souls of heroic virtue, be prepared for either; behold in me the humble instrument of a great principal, to rescue you from the guilty tyranny of the triumphant Robespierre; already has my imagination beheld his accursed mandate, devoting your beloved forms to the fatal engine of death.——Prepare, Jacques!" The faithful servant immediately laid at the feet of the Comptesse; and Caroline the dress of the *Poissardes*, then left them together. Trembling the Comptesse sank down upon her bed: " Oh, my Caroline, what a project!—should we fail in this desperate attempt, how shall I support the agony of your encreased sufferings and danger."—— " My soul resumes her energy!" exclaimed Caroline, " Again hope beckons me to her, and snatches me from despair.—'Tis the soul of a Briton, panting for its native sanctuary." The blood which, affrighted, had made its retreat into the heart of the Comptess, re-visited its channels; re-animated, she flew into the embraces of Caroline—a divine ray beamed upon them, and envigorated their minds---they assumed their woolsey cloathing—the Compte attired in kis, re-joined them: " Jacques," said he,

" present to the ladies their badges; repeat the watch-word, that they may be prepared at the port: thus must your baskets hang over the back of your heads, and your tender feet submit to the hard pressure of the *sabots*; be not alarmed (when passing thro' the hall) at the appearance of the covered bodies of those whose cloaths we wear; they are our fish people who have been regaled by Jacques for this purpose, and are now fast bound under the strong influence of a soporific potion.——Their faithful dog is also in the same state." Again the Compte bent the knee, while Jacques unlocked the door. " Lead thou the way," said he, " and may the Almighty Power go with us."

The Comptesse crossed herself, and Caroline ejaculated a prayer: arrived at the guard-house they returned the watch-word, and unmolested reached the fishing-smack, wherein was the sleeping body of the dog—Jacques laid him on the shore, drew forth the chain which held the boat, and with the Compte assisted the ladies to enter. They plied the oars, and put off from land—they launched forth—' darkness sat upon the face of the deep'—a dead silence reigned, save when broken by the breeze hissing through the curling waves, or the oar's undulating sound. For some time they were uncertain what way they steered—Cynthia, unwilling

to witness their danger, conscious shrunk behind a cloud: thus immersed, their terrified imagination yielded to an idea of danger,

> "When prime cheerer light, of all created beings first and best efflux divine,"

Began to brood upon the waters. Albion's shores at length presented their white bosom to the enraptured Caroline—she hailed it with a scream of joy, and hoisting a white handkerchief, ensign of peace, a boat from Dover put off to assist them. Soon was Caroline prostrate on her native soil. The Comptesse and her son knelt and crossed themselves—multitudes flocked to meet them, amongst whom our heroine recognized her captain: she beckoned him: "Good God! dearest lady, how have you been able to attempt such an undertaking?"—"There has been my support," pointing to heaven, "here you see the means."—"Hasten, my dear young lady to the relief of a gentleman who was coming over with me when my packet was driven back—you cannot arrive too soon."—"Good God! whom do you mean?" She was convinced by the account that Severs was returned—she entreated the captain to procure her two carriages and four, with relays that she might proceed without interruption: "Can you bear with my impatience my dearest friends," ad-

dressing the Comptesse and her son, "I cannot suffer myself to rest until I find it at Alban-Park."—"Dearest Caroline, we have not a wish separate from your happiness; but our appearance, my love!" said the Comptesse, "has been our passport to happiness—nothing shall induce me to alter it."

They proceeded with incredible speed, their appearance on the road attracting general notice. They refreshed themselves at Canterbury and at Dartford, and arrived at Alban-gate 'ere darkness had thrown her sable veil over the mourning family. Roused at the appearance of the rapid coursers, which seemed to tread on air, Sir John and Lady Beaumont hastened to the window, where, attracted by the uncommon appearance of the travellers, the former hastened to the door. Unknown to each other, Caroline let down the carriage-window and attempted to open the door---she reached the step, had power to faulter out, "It is Caroline," and fainted: In his arms Sir John bore her to a separate room—they were surrounded by murmurs of indistinct and unutterable demonstrations of joy. The Compte immediately explained their situation, and brought the attentions of Lady Beaumont to himself and the Comptesse, whose rank (although yet unknown) shone in dignity and grace, even through their

woollen attire—Caroline was senseless upon the bosom of her mother, one of her hands pressed between those of Mr. Severs.

When the fugitive, George, who had wandered to the house in the wood, (whither Trustwell sought him) returned; with a surprized and vacant air he entered—speechless he examined each person attentively; he looked upon the interesting face of the Comptesse—the Compte tenderly took his hand; he appeared dissatisfied—he advanced to contemplate the insensible object in the arms of Mrs. Harman—he gazed! he recoiled! he looked in his father's face, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "Great God! is it not?—yes it is my Caroline!" and fell upon the bosom of Sir John.

Caroline's recovery not taking place, they conveyed her to bed; for several hours she gave no other signs of life than a gentle respiration. At length she opened her eyes, and called out, "My beloved friend!" The Comptesse hastened to her: "My Caroline! my child!" cried Mrs. Harman. "Whose voice is that? how like my mother's!—Good God, where am I? must I go to prison?"—"In the arms of your mother, my life, look upon me."—"Oh what happiness!" said Caroline, clasping her arms round her mother and bursting into a flood of tears. A composing draught lulled her into the gentlest slumber, from which she

did not awake until the sun had half attained its meredian.

From the soothing care of his attendant friend, George awoke to a returning day: with mental composure and recollection he called Sir John Beaumont to his bed-side: "Where is the vision I beheld last night? no disguise could hide Caroline from me; err not from a mistaken caution—does she live?" "She lives for your happiness, my beloved George."—"My God, I thank thee that thou hast restored my wandering reason by thy gracious protection of this object!—entreat my father's presence, that his happiness may not be delayed—from him I wish to receive both my love and his benediction; and request Lady Beaumont to prepare Caroline for the interview." When the latter discharged her commission, "How am I to bear my happiness?" said Caroline.

'If after every tempest come such storms, may the winds blow till they have wakened death.'

"But, my dear friend, only consider my situation——I have not a single article of dress except my blue woolsey jacket and its appendages—our cloaths were left to console the Convention for our disobedince to their sacred decrees, and I expect they will certainly have the honour to be constituted *less biens nationaux*,"—"The jewels of the Comptesse were all we could charge

ourselves with—in this case, how am I to appear :"——" My wardrobe," said Lady Beaumont, "will be sufficient for you and your beloved Comptesse——her charming son, (for I am half in love with him) must be assisted from that of George."

Soon an elegant morning dress of the most transparent muslin enwrapped the graceful form of Caroline—the heavy *sabots* were exchanged for a pair of pale blue slippers; and her luxuriant air was negligently confined with a bandeau of the same colour; on her arms she wore the bracelets of her friend, and suspended from her bosom the picture of Mr. Severs——that bosom the mansion of bliss, the fruition of peace which virtue alone can bestow. Thus atired she descended with her train of female companions, and was met at the foot of the stairs by the father of her lover—he saluted her, took her hand, and separating her from all but her mother, led her toward the drawing-room—Caroline's heart palpitated—she breathed with difficulty—her hand trembled while it was held by Mr. Severs—he opened the door, her head sunk upon his shoulder—George appeared, he rushed forward: "My Caroline! my life! moment of unutterable felicity!"

"My soul has her content so absolute that not another comfort like to this succeeds in unknown fate."

Sanctified in their affections by parental

benedictions, the introduction of the Comptesse and her son took place—George immediately urged the completion of his happiness—Caroline spoke of three months—the lover applied to the company for judgment against his mistress: "Three months!" said Mr. Severs, "if that is your intention, George might as well have returned with his dispatches to Calcutta—Pray, Miss Cary, let me see how gracefully you can condescend to name an earlier day?"—"Dear Sir," answered Caroline, "a month, then,"—"I know, Caroline, you are too much a lady of *etiquette* to remain in the house with your lover; it would also be very indecorous in me to hint the propriety of your departure—I will therefore dispatch George to-morrow upon a little commisson to the Orknies, whence he will be able to return to your appointment: My dear madam," turning to the Comptesse, and respectfully taking her hand, "there is not a British heart of integrity and honour that would not interest itself for you—let us entreat that you will make the bosom of this neighbourhood your sanctuary—I have a beautiful cottage a mile from hence, that under your management, will bloom a little paradise. I meditate an early visit to town, when I shall consult one of the first jewelers, agreeable to your wish, to dispose of part of your diamonds."

"I do not, Sir," replied the Comptesse, "depend upon their produce—I have considerable property in the Bank of England, to which I will present my claims, when your happiness shall begin to remit a little."—"That, I hope, will not be very soon, madame, and I shall still increase it by promoting your's. In regard to the Compte," turning to him, "if I augur right, a British prize will soon become his conquest, which will secure a grateful friend to the best of sovereigns, until peace and justice shall enable your native country to reclaim her sons."—"The British fair, Sir," replied the Compte, with a respectful bow, laying his hand upon his heart, "are the perfection of nature, as her government is of justice."

"To-morrow, Caroline," said Mr. Severs, "I give a *dejeuné*---I have sent cards to the Veres', the Leapwells', Captain and Mrs. Simpson, and your friends Mr. and Mrs. Aimsworth; nor are Mr. and Mrs. Clement forgot in the invitation, with many of my neighbours to you unknown.---On this occasion, I shall expect you to do the honours of my house."

When our heroine awoke to a second day of happiness, which was earlier than usual, she arranged herself for the reception of the expected guests. Soon the avenue to the park was crouded with carriages; she received the tender congratulations of Mr. Vere

d Mrs Aimsworth, with tears of joy. Af-
· a slight refreshment, they made a circuit
explore the beauties of the grounds, the
ttage destined for the Comptesse, and the
use in the wood, the immediate residence
Mrs. Harman---Not an object remained
noticed, every scene was new to Caroline,
every thing she dwelt with delight.——
ıat he might have an uninterrupted enjoy-
:nt of her sweet converse, George had
)arated his mistress from the party to a
lk of lime-trees, which looked into the
ıd---they were attracted by the hollow
nbling of a carriage, which impressed
:m with an idea of a funeral cavalcade---
a little time four pages, in solemn pomp
vanced followed by a hearse and four,
:orated with escutcheons, on which Caro-
e soon observed the crest and arms of the
ıliff family: "Heavens!" she exclaimed,
s it possible! can that vehicle contain the
ly of my Eliza's guilty husband?" She
mediately spoke with one of the out-ri-
·s, who informed her that Mr. Doliff had
en a victim to dissipation in an illness of
ee days. "How awful!" said Caroline,
hus unprepared, to be summoned before
grand tribunal, with unrepented iniqui-
s on his head."---George tenderly took
· hand, and led her from the dreary mo-
to join the lively troop of virtuous enjoy-
nt. "There is great neatness and beau-

ty in the simple architecture of our church," said Sir John Beaumont, pointing to it.--- "Where, Miss Harman, a month's hence," said Mr. Severs, "will condescend to ratify her vows at the alter."——"If we had the key," rejoined Sir John, "I would shew you the heraldry of our neighbours---"—— "And my alterations," said Mr. Severs, "for my new establishment---I have already presented a new pulpet-cloth, of which I should like your opinion.---Trustwell, fetch the key."

The sacred mansions received its numerous visitants, heraldry soon told her pompous tale: "Vain pageantry!" said Caroline, "all wait alike the inevitable hour!"—"You don't intend to moralize in this manner on my pulpit-cloth, I hope, and tell me that in time it is also doomed alike to inevitable corruption, as by journeying so far you will perhaps overlook its present beauties, which were purchased exclusively for you." —"As your gift, dear Sir," said Caroline, "its latest fragment will be of value." —"It is not the only gift," observed Mr. Severs, which I hope will prove of the same consideration."—"True," said Sir John, advancing and taking her hand, "who gives this woman to be married to this man?"— "I," said Mr severs: "Oh no! not yet!" said Caroline, receding with a lively step, "Upon my word," said Mr. Leapwell, "why delay

felicity that is to take place, when so many congratulating friends await."—"My Caroline," said George, "why procrastinate; remember, my love, you promised to fulfil your engagement, when the moment arrived wherein I should be enabled to claim it." Although Caroline wished to treat it as a joke, yet she saw something like an arrangement. "In a month, Severs, I will fulfil that engagement; in this moment it is impossible —There is no officiating clergyman."—— "Then you must think my plan has been very defective fair lady." said Mr. Severs, "here is even your golden fetter," shewing the ring. At that instant the Rev. Mr. Meekly appeared before the altar. Caroline alarmed, burst into a flood of tears, and ran into the arms of the Comtesse. George knelt!— "Caroline, my love, perceive you not the goodness of my father shine through every act?—is it not to confirm our mutual—a general happiness!"—"Time flies, fair moralizer," said Mr. Severs, "the canonical hours are nearly passed.——Caroline give your hand with as much pleasure as I shall bestow it!"—"Oh, Sir!" said she, wiping away her tears, and rising from the bosom of her friend, "forgive a reluctance arising from so sudden a surprise.—I dare not disobey your wishes." With transport George advanced to receive the nuptual benediction.

With transport George advanced to receive the nuptial benediction.

A *groupe* of village-maidens, lovely and simply clad, appeared before the bridal train, and led them through a path of roses to the park, were a *degeuné* was prepared of every delicacy the season could yield.

"Well Cary," said Mr. Severs, are you not obliged to me for taking all this trouble off your hands?" She sunk at his feet, from which he raised her to his bosom: "Daily, my dear girl, will be my recompence from your virtues---I propose an immediate departure to town, where you may purchase yourself all the paraphanalia of nuptual attire---A reception awaits you in St. James's-square." The coach and four bays appeared, accompanied by three other carriages of their principal friends. Before our heroine entered, she raised her hands and eyes with pious joy, and exclaimed,

"Oh! hope, propitious friend, through what anxieties and dangers dost thou sustain thy virtuous followers—encouraged by the good thou holdest out, they pursue with patient step, then grateful—reach the promised bliss."

FINIS.

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